

For Jesus' Sake.

There is a word which, murmured low
By humblest child of human woe,
Soothes sweetest to the eternal ear.
And angels hush their harps to hear—
"For Jesus' sake."

It is the one true countersign
That passes every guard divine;
The golden key that, borne from far,
The inner temple can unbar—
"For Jesus' sake."

All precious things in earth or heaven
The Father to the Son hath given,
And we, through holy gates of prayer,
May enter in and freely share—
"For Jesus' sake."

Though weary cares oppress our years,
And sorrow fills our cup with tears,
The hope that angels cannot know,
The peace of God is ours below—
"For Jesus' sake."

Oh, let us then that watchword take,
And bear life's cross "for Jesus' sake;
And when we lay our burden down,
Be ours the victory and the crown—
"For Jesus' sake!"

—FRANCIS H. MACR, in *Congregationalist*.

Sparks from my Anvil.

BY REV. E. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D.

...However prominent the place we fill, our death will not jar the world. One falling leaf does not shake the Adirondacks. There will be other seamen on deck when you and I are down in the cabin, asleep in the hammocks.

...Corrupt literature is doing more to-day for the disruption of domestic life than any other cause. Elopements, martial intrigues, sly correspondence, fictitious names given at postoffice windows, clandestine meetings in parks, and at ferry gates, and in hotel parlors, are among the results. When a woman, young or old, gets her head thoroughly stuffed with the modern novel, she is in appalling peril.

...I rejoice in the popularization of out-door sports. I hail the croquet ground, and the fisherman's rod, and the sportsman's gun. In our cities life is so unhealthy and unnatural that when the census taker represents a city as having four hundred thousand inhabitants, there are only two hundred thousand, since it takes at least two men to amount to one man, so depleting and unnerved and exhausting is this metropolitan life. We want more fresh air, more sunlight, more of the abandon of field sport.

...Multitudes of children because of their precocity have been urged into depths of study where they ought not to go, and their intellects have been overburdened and overstrained and battered to pieces against Latin grammars and algebras, and coming forth into practical life they will hardly rise to mediocrity, and there is now a stuffing and cramming system of education in the schools of our country that is deathful to the teachers who have to enforce it, and destructive to the children who must submit to the process. You find children at nine and ten years of age with school lessons only appropriate for children of fifteen. If children are kept in school and studying from nine to three o'clock, no home study except music ought to be required of them. Six hours of study is enough for any child. The rest of the day ought to be devoted to recreation and pure fun.

...The reason there are so few good talkers in prayer meeting is because they have so few good listeners. When a brother gets up and makes a slip of the tongue, don't snicker, or, what is worse, look mortified. Let your countenance say, "Try that again." We have all been through the same process. We must creep before we walk. It is a heavy cross to carry. One-half of the people who talk in prayer-meetings go home discouraged, half sick and cross about the remarks they have made. They feel disgusted. Seek them out and tell them they did first rate (that is, if you can do so without lying). The genuine Christian man never does half so poorly as he thinks he does.

...There are many who have trust funds. It is a compliment to you that you have been so entrusted; but I charge you, in the presence of God and the world, be careful; be as careful of the property of others as you are careful of your own. Above all, keep your own private account at the bank separate from your account as trustee of an estate, or trustee of an institution. That is the point at which thousands of people make shipwreck. They get the property of others mixed up with their own property, they put it into investment and away it all goes, and they cannot return that which they borrowed. Then comes the explosion and the money market is shaken and the press denounced and the church thunders expulsion. You have no right to use the property of others except for their advantage, nor without consent, unless they are minors. If with their con-

sent you invest their property as well as you can, and it is all lost, you are not to blame, you did the best you could; but do not come into the delusion, which has ruined so many men, of thinking because a thing is in their possession therefore it is theirs.

...A child's nature is too delicate to be worked upon by sledge hammer and gouge and pile-driver. Such fierce lashing, instead of breaking the high metal to bit and trace will make it dash off the more uncontrollable. Many seem to think that children are flax—not fit for use till they have been hatched and swinged. Some one talking to a child said: "I wonder what makes that tree out there so crooked." The child replied: "I suppose it was trod on while it was young." In some families all the discipline is concentrated upon one child's head. If anything is done wrong, the supposition is that George did it. He broke the latch. He left open the gate. He hacked the bannisters. He whittled sticks on the carpets. And George shall be the scapegoat of all domestic misunderstandings and suspicions. If things get wrong in the culinary department, in comes the mother and says, angrily: "Where is George?" If business matters are perplexing at the store, in comes the father at night and says, angrily: "Where is George?" In many a household there is such a one singled out for suspicion and castigation. All the sweet flowers of his soul blasted under this perpetual northeast storm, he curses the day in which he was born. Safer the child in an ark of bulrushes on the Nile among crocodiles than in an elegant mansion amid such domestic gorgons. A mother was passing along the street one day and came up to her little child, who did not see her approach, and her child was saying to her playmate: "You good for nothing little scamp, you come right into the house this minute, or I will beat you till the skin comes off." The mother broke in, saying: "Why, Lizzie, I am surprised to hear you talk like that to any one?" "Oh," said the child, "I was only playing, and he is my little boy, and I am scolding him, as you did me this morning." Children are apt to be echoes of their parents.

What a Pastor Can Do For Missions.

It is becoming more evident every year that the present rate of progress in missionary effort can be maintained only by a corresponding increase in interest and liberality on the part of all God's people. It is equally evident that if this result is ever to be realized, its attainment must depend chiefly on the pastors of the individual churches. Special appeals, visits of missionaries, secretaries and others, may have a temporary effect; but the real work of enlarging the views, awakening the sympathies, kindling the desires, and increasing the liberality of the great body of believers in relation to the great work of giving the gospel to the nations, must be done by the pastors if it is done at all. They only have the ear of their people constantly. They are the divinely appointed teachers and leaders of the flock.

What then can the pastor do? 1. He can himself embrace the missionary idea, divinely taught, of the missionary character and constitution of the Church. This, too, many pastors utterly fail to do. The local church, its interests, its preservation, or its progress, limits and engrosses their attention. If the thought of missions comes in at all, it is only on rarest occasion, and then rather as the thought of two hungry boards or companies of men who are continually begging, to whom something must be given for the sake of decency, or to stop their mouths as often (?) as once a year, but to whom care must be taken not to give too much, lest it should be so much subtracted from the strength of the local church. Never was a mistake more radical or fatal. These are the churches that dry up down to their very roots, that find it hard to hold their own and make good their annual losses. Wiser than they was He who said, "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth." "Give, and it shall be given unto you."

2. The pastor, impressed with this truth himself, can press it upon his people, illustrate it, enforce it in a multitude of time and ways. He can make it prominent in his prayers and conversations, and draw his frequent illustrations from the work and history of missions. He can show how this thought runs through all the Scriptures, and is especially prominent in the last utterances of the Lord, from the first coming after his resurrection, when he said to his disciples, "As my Father hath sent me even so send I you," to his last appearance on Olivet, preceding his disappearance in the clouds of heaven, and his last declaration, "Ye shall be witnesses unto me in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and

Samaría, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth." And this the faithful pastor is bound to do, if he would "teach them to observe all things whatsoever he has commanded." The responsibility of obedience, whether men will hear or forbear.

3. He can carefully inform himself, and then inform his people, in regard to the nature, history, methods, progress and prospects of the missionary work. There was a time, perhaps, when it was not easy to do this. It is easy now. The volume of missionary literature is great and constantly increasing. No branch of literature is more thrilling and inspiring, or furnishes richer food for thought or material for discourse. Denominational periodicals are abundant, furnishing details of work and progress in distinct fields of operation; while general publications, such as the *Missionary Review*, or the *Gospel in All Lands*, cover the broad field of the world.—*Free Church Monthly*.

How Primitive Christians Prayed.

It will do us good to observe how those early Christians did their praying. There is not one wordy, long-winded, rambling specimen of prayer to be found in the record which Luke has left to us. Just turn to his account of the prayer-meetings which he has given in the fourth chapter of his Book of the Acts, or in the twelfth chapter. Compare them with the average prayer-meeting of our modern churches. At the first-mentioned meeting the apostolic company had a specific want to be supplied. They asked God to give them "boldness to speak thy word." Their printed prayer occupies just seven sentences. In the following sentence it is narrated that they were at once filled with the Holy Ghost, and they spake the word of God with boldness. That was praying at a mark. They did not scatter their fire over an acre of vague generalities, as is the manner in too many of our prayer-gatherings. A distinct aim brought their requests to one given point. What they asked for they got. Not a shadow of doubt appears to have crossed their minds that God could not give them, or would not give them, the very thing they wanted. In drawing a cheque at a bank we never put anything on the face of the paper but the sum of money we require. Faith should be equally simple and concise when it "draws" on the Giver of all grace.

Observe, too, that in that little assemblage in the house of John Mark the one aim was to deliver Peter from the dungeon. They prayed until they got him. In fact, the answer came so quick that they were taken all aback when Rhoda reported that Peter was actually standing at the front door! They told her she was crazy or had seen his angel. There is many an imprisoned soul fast bound by Satan's chains, for whose deliverance we are to pray. Nor should we cease praying until we see him at the gateway of life, knocking for admission. "Is it wise to present requests for prayer for particular individuals at prayer-meetings?" We should say, Yes, provided that it is not done out of mere formality and then utterly forgotten by those before whom the request is presented. We have heard such requests read by the leader of a meeting, and no more attention paid to it in the subsequent prayers than to an advertisement for a lost child in the daily newspaper. Certainly Peter's individual case engaged the thoughts of the company assembled in Mark's house; but they were in dead earnest and never lost sight of their man until they had attained their object. All pastors who have had any considerable experience can point to persons whose conversion followed right after the fervent prayers of believing hearts for their salvation. Individual cases stir us as vague statements about a "community lying in sin" seldom do. I did not realize the Brooklyn theatre calamity until I saw one poor widow moaning over the charred and disfigured remnant of her dead boy. And the pulling of souls out of the fire must be an individual process. So, when we can concentrate thought, effort and prayer upon personal cases, we are most likely to achieve successful results.—*T. L. Cuyler*.

For Christ's Sake.

In one of my early journeys I came, with my companions, to a heathen village on the banks of the Orange River. We had travelled far, and were very hungry, thirsty and fatigued; but the people of the village rather roughly directed us to halt at a distance. We asked for water, but they would not supply it. I offered the three or four buttons left on my jacket for a drink of milk, but was refused. We had the prospect of another hungry night at a distance from water, though within sight of the river.

When twilight came on a woman approached from the height beyond which the village lay. She bore on her head a bundle of wood and had a vessel of milk in her hand. The latter, without opening her lips, she handed to us, laid down the wood, and returned to the village. A second time she approached with a cooking vessel on her head, a leg of mutton in one hand and a vessel of water in the other. She sat down without saying a word, prepared the fire and put on the meat. We asked her again and again who she was. She remained silent, until we affectionately entreated her to give a reason for such unlooked-for kindness to strangers. Then the tears rolled down her sable cheeks, and she replied:

"I love Him whose you are and surely it is my duty to give you a cup of cold water in his name. My heart is full, therefore I cannot speak the joy which I feel in seeing you in this out-in-the-world place."

On learning a little of her history, and that she was a solitary light burning in a dark place, I asked her how she kept up the light of God in the entire absence of the communion of saints. She drew from her bosom a copy of the Dutch New Testament, which she had received from a missionary some years before. "This," she said, "is the fountain whence I drink; this is the oil that makes my lamp burn."

I looked on the precious relic, printed by the British and Foreign Society, and the reader may conceive my joy while we mingled our prayers and sympathies together at the throne of the heavenly Father.—*Moffat*.

Your Best Always.

Sir Joshua Reynolds was one of the most distinguished painters of his day; and, in answer to the inquiry, how he attained to such excellence, he replied: "By observing one simple rule, namely, to make each painting the best." Depend upon it that the same thing is true in the service of God. He who wishes to preach well should endeavor each time to preach his best. The audience may be small and the hearers illiterate, but the best possible sermon will not be thrown away upon them. It may be that the minister is invited to make one among several speakers at a tea-meeting. Never let him talk mere nonsense to fill up the time, as so many have done in days past; but let him use the occasion as an opportunity of quietly uttering most important truths. It is for the preacher's own good that he should never descend into mere drizzle. Beyond all expectation, he may be accomplishing a great work, when his only idea is that he is doing a little one as well as he can. Our firm opinion is that we often accomplish most when the occasion appears to be the least favorable.

Well do we remember a young man who was called to preach on a certain week-day morning at the anniversary of a village chapel. He was somewhat surprised to find that only eight persons were present in a spacious edifice; but he gave himself up, heart and soul, to the service as thoroughly as if eight thousand had been gathered together. It was a time of refreshing to the eight, and to the preacher himself, and so nine were benefited! What was the result? In the evening the audience filled the place; the rumor of the morning sermon had been industriously spread by the villagers, the scantiness of the audience being a factor in the singularity of the news, and every available person was mustered to cheer the poor young man, who was such a singular preacher. What was far better, there were memorials of good having been accomplished in the salvation of souls. A brother minister, who was present in the morning because he was the preacher of the afternoon, remarked that if it had been his lot to conduct that morning service, the slender congregation would have taken all the life out of him, but that he saw the wisdom of always doing one's best under all sorts of circumstances, it would be sure to lead up to something larger by and by. Let every young speaker think of this, and throw all his energies into a discourse in a cottage to a dozen hearers.—*C. H. Spurgeon*.

The Wonderful Cure.

"Who touched My garments?" He asked. "Master," said some one near, "do you not see how all the people press around us, and do you ask, 'Who touched Me?'" "Yes," he replied; "some one has touched Me in a way the others have not." And looking out among the noisy crowd He caught the eye of the poor woman. Then she saw she need not be afraid of One whose face was so full of tenderness and love. She came close to Him, and told Him all the truth about herself. Think how she

must have felt when she heard Him say, in a gentle voice: "Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace and be whole of thy plague."

Do you not suppose that woman loved the One who healed her, and afterward was always ready to do any thing she could for Him?

I am sure you know who the Good Physician was. There never was another like Him. Yes; you know, His name is Jesus, and are you not glad that He is living now, and is just as ready to help and heal us as He was to cure that poor woman?

We are very ill, you and I. We are sick with sin. We do not know how ill we are; but the truth is, we are going to die very soon if we do not find the Great Physician. We may try all the ways we can think of, as that woman did, but like her we will never grow better, but worse and worse every year we live, unless we come near enough to Jesus to touch Him and hear Him say: "Thy faith hath saved thee."

He does not want us to join the crowd and talk about Him, and say we believe in Him, and yet never come near enough to Him to be cured of sin. There were a great many people in that multitude around Jesus who were never any better for being there. No doubt they talked loud enough, and asked the Lord for a great deal; but they never were in such heart-earnest as was the woman who wanted truly to be cured of her sickness.

Jesus wants us to be whole, pure in heart, speaking truth with our lips, loving what is good, hating all that is evil.

BACKSLIDING.—Terrible is the falling away of any who make profession and act quite contrary to conviction. A lady here (Huddersfield) thus relates her own case: "Once Mr.—— and I were both in the right way. I drew him into the world again. I am now the most miserable of beings. When I lie down I fear I shall awake in hell. When I go out full dressed, and seem to have all the world can give me I am ready to sink under the terrors of my own mind. What greatly increases my misery is the remembrance of the dying speech of my sister, who told me she had stifled convictions and obstinately fought against light to enjoy the company of the world. 'Sister,' said she, 'I die without hope. Beware this is not your case!' 'But, indeed,' said Mrs.—— 'I fear it will.'—*C. Venn*.

"UP AND BE DOING."—"Up and be doing!" is the word that comes from God to each of us. Leave some good work behind you that shall not be wholly lost when you have passed away. Do something worth living for, worth dying for; do something to show that you have a mind and a heart and a soul within you. Is there no want, no suffering, no sorrow that you can relieve? Is there no act of tardy justice, no deed of cheerful kindness, no long-forgotten duty that you can perform? Is there no reconciliation of some ancient quarrel, no payment of some long outstanding debt, no courtesy or love or honor to be rendered to those to whom it has long been due? If there be any such, I beseech you, in God's name, in Christ's name, go and do it.—*Dean Stanley*.

Random Readings.

Seek God in those hours which have appeared to you so empty, and they will become full to you; for He will Himself sustain you in them.—*Fenelon*.

It is the possibility of trials too great for our strength which rightly reminds us to pray that we may be kept from temptation. The prayer is not that of fear, but of a wise humility.—*Selected*.

The religious sentiment will and must be expressed. Here it resembles not the fire in the flint, which is struck out by concussion, but the light of a lamp, which is itself radiant.—*Dr. E. A. Park*.

—Remember in Christian life every moment and every act is an opportunity for doing the one thing, of becoming Christ-like.

—There is many a Christian who feels the irksomeness of the duties of life, and feels his spirit revolting from them. To get up every morning with a firm resolve to find pleasure in those duties, and to do them well, and finish the work which God has given us to do, that is to drink Christ's cup.

—Have you learned the lesson of yesterday or the infinite meaning of to-day? It has duties of its own; they cannot be left until to-morrow. To-morrow will bring its own work.

—It is not talent, nor power, nor gifts, that do the work of God, but it is that which lies within the power of the humblest; it is the simple, earnest life led with Christ in God.

—Human innocence is not to know evil; Christian saintliness is to know evil and good, and prefer good.



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

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

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Fast Express from Halifax 15.15
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Eastern Standard Time.

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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. Vancorbor, 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 Shore 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.; Woodstock Junction 11.10 a. m.; 2.00 p. m.; Vancorbor 10.45 a. m.; 12.25 p. m.; St. Stephen 8.50, a. m.; St. Andrews, 8.05 a. m.

ARRIVE EN FREDERICTON.

12.45, 2.10, 6.40 p. m.

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

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