

All Things New.

Old sorrows that sit at the heart's sealed gate,
Like sentinels grim and sad,
While out in the night-dark, weary and late,
The King with a gift divinely great,
Is waiting to make us glad.

Old fears that hang like a changing cloud
Over a sunless day;
Old burdens that keep the spirit bowed,
Old wrongs that rattle and clamor loud,
Shall pass like a dream away.

In the world without and the world within
He maketh the old things new;
The touch of sorrow, the stain of sin,
Shall flee from the gate when the King
Comes in,
From the chill night's damp and dew.

Anew in the heavens the sweet stars shine,
On earth new blossoms spring;
The old life lost in the life divine.
"Thy will be mine, my will be Thine,"
Is the song which the new hearts sing.

Mary Love Dickinson.

A Patient Heart.

A CHAPTER FOR THE SICK AND INFIRM.

All of us want to give something to God. You hear of others giving time, money, service, and it is a grief to you that you have nothing to render to the great and tender Physician for whom others are so busy. Once you could take your place in His vineyard and feel yourself of some little use to God and man, but now something whispers to your heart that you are a cumberer of the ground, and can render nothing to the Lord for all His benefits toward you. Those wise men must have rejoiced; they could bring the new-born Saviour gold, frankincense, and myrrh, but a little Sunday-school scholar said to me once, "The shepherds did better still; they gave Christ themselves." It is in your power to-day to bring to the Master a very precious offering, whatever your circumstances may be, and however weak you may feel. If He needed you just now in the vineyard, you would be there; if He required money from your purse, He would have first put it therein; if He required the service that health and strength can render, His loving hand would not have weakened your strength in the way. This little verse will show you what you can render to the Lord:

"My full day's work is done,
And this is all my part—
I give a patient God
My patient heart."

Or is it an impatient one you offer to Him just now? Perhaps you feel inclined to say, "Did you know all, you would not wonder at my fretfulness. There is this worry, and that worry, and the other, and infirmities have laid hold upon me and nothing goes on as it would were I well enough to see to things. Nobody cares for a poor creature like me now, and I am all alone."

But even if it were possible that not one of your fellow-creatures cared about you, which I think in your heart you know they do, still you would be the object of such love; at this moment, amid all the pains and anxieties and weakness, it is as true that God loves as that God lives; and as to your being all alone, do not forget that the great, wise, merciful Lord has said, "Certainly I will be with thee."

Friend, if your Master loves you so truly, and is with you now, can you not bring forth the fruit of patience? True, the way seems long, and mysterious, and past finding out, but what He is doing He will explain to you hereafter; just now what He asks of you is a patient faith.

It will help you to be patient when you remember that the roughest, hardest part is given to those whom the Commander most trusts and honors. The hardest lesson is given to the scholar who will do the teacher the most credit. It is not because you have failed, but because you have glorified God in the sunshine, that now He gives you the highest training of all—to be made perfect through the things you suffer.

"O impatient ones," cried a good minister, now in the land where there is no unrest, "do the leaves say nothing to you?" He pointed out that their glory is not the creation of an hour; every leaf-stem has a cradle in which is an infant germ, and rocking winds and rain as well as sunshine will cause its beauty by-and-by to unfold. And thus is God working for you; accept His winds and His rain, believe in His present love and in His unshadowed hereafter, and deny not to Him who is mindful of His own, a patient heart.—The Quaker.

How To Find Rest.

BY REV. T. L. CUYLER.

When Noah's dove found no rest for her weary wing, what did she do? We read that she "returned into the ark." Here is the duty of every restless, sin-troubled soul. God says "return unto Me"; listen to the invitation of the

divine love. When the dove returned, she brought nothing but herself. So you can bring nothing to Jesus except one poor, guilty, unsatisfied sinner. Do not bring your sins; do not bring any claims of self righteousness; they will not pay for the transportation. Jesus wants you, and you need Jesus. Then come to him just as you are, a weak, crippled soul, utterly powerless to help or to heal yourself. The prodigal son only brought one ragged, shoeless, half-starved wretch to his father's door, but that was all the good old father wanted to see. Jesus wants you.

Remember that there was only one ark for Noah's dove to fly to; on every side was the desolation of a drowned world. So God has provided only one ark for your weary wandering soul. He has not provided a variety of religions, and left us to take our choice. He does not perplex you with several "historical religions," for there is none other name given under heaven where, by you can be saved, than the name of Him, whose blood cleanseth from all sin. Prince and peasant, philosopher and pauper-child, have the same disease, and can only be cured by the same Physician. The core of all true creeds and confessions of faith are this: "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." And the sweet win-some message he sends to your troubled heart is "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest."

Observe too that the ark had only "one window." All the light and air came in through that single casement. Beautifully does that single, open window typify unto you the illumination of the Holy Spirit. How strikingly it illustrates the fact that every soul which flies toward Jesus must come into the new life through the guiding and renewing influence of the Divine Spirit. Regeneration brings the penitent sinner into vital union with Christ; the Spirit alone regenerates.

Troubled friend, the window is open; the blessed Spirit is drawing you now. It is not a pastor, or an evangelist, or a visit to an inquiry-meeting, that you need, or can give you relief. Cooperate with the Holy Spirit. Go whither He leads; do what He bids you. Quit the sins which hold you back, and yield your whole self up to Christ. In fact, the coming in through that open window of light and hope into the pardoning love and strength and fullness of the crucified Son of God, is *being faith*. It is not the opinion about Christ, but the act of grasping yourself fast to Christ that alone can save your soul. When you do what the weary dove did—you give over everything else, and just betake yourself straight to the only ark of refuge, and light down there, your immediate duty is done. Then the infinitely loving Jesus will do for you what the patriarch did for the returning dove, He will "draw you in." Into covenant union with Himself. Into a new life, new light, new strength, new hope; everything is become new. Into a wondrous and satisfying peace. As your fluttering soul yields itself to the all-sufficient Saviour, you will hear Him say "My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you; let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." When you find Jesus, you have found Rest.

Barking for an Excuse.

As I was walking along one of the streets of our town one day last summer, I saw what I had never seen before; that was a dog pulling a lawnmower, and two boys, one guiding the dog and the other the machine. As I was walking quietly along the sidewalk, being, as far as I was aware, in good-will with all my surroundings, that dog actually stopped his work to bark at me. I felt like saying to him that it would pay better for him to attend to business, and never mind barking. Stopping a little to take in the situation, one of the boys, who was managing the affair, good-naturedly said to me, "He just barks for an excuse." "Oh, yes!" I said, "he finds it easier to bark than to pull." Then, as I went on my way, I thought, there is an explanation of a great many difficulties. "Barking for an excuse!" Easier to bark than to work, therefore we will employ the time barking! How many things in the Church this explains!

Some do not love to go to church. Their hearts are not in it. They prefer to lounge around the comfortable home. So they just bark at the preacher. His sermons do not suit them; they are not deep. They want deep sermons; so deep that they cannot understand them. Something like some who want boots so neat that they cannot wear them. Or perhaps he said something they did not like, or he did not show them the respect he should have done, or something they scarcely know what, so they will stay at home and read a sermon, they say. No, they will stay

at home and bark. They, I fear, are "barking for an excuse."

Some do not like to pay for a good religious paper. So it is too dear. They know cheaper papers. The editor offended them. He is not on the right side of politics, or at least they think he is not. He admits too much of something in his paper that he should not. Well, he does not manage to please everybody. He does something they would not do if they were there. So they will not take his paper, and at it they go, barking at the editor. Brother, "barking for an excuse," are you?

Some do not like giving. With them it is like pulling a tooth. It shakes them up so, and makes them feel so badly. So they begin to bark. Something is wrong, or they know there will be. The officials do not handle the money properly. The minister or his family live too expensively. So they give nothing, but "bark."

Thus we might go on, and we would find a great deal of "bark" given because that is easier to give than real, earnest work. Then I thought if we could get that dog in love with the lawnmower and his work, how soon the barking would cease. Get our hearts filled with love for God and his work, and how soon the barking and fault-finding will cease. We will be thrilled with delight at the privilege of working for God, and instead of stopping to find fault with any one we will gladly press onward in the path of duty.

Then how much more beautiful earnest work for God will make the world look than will barking or fault-finding. I noticed that that dog did not improve the lawn a particle by all his barking, but he did by pulling. We never make the world, or the church, or our friends, better by barking at them. Some people deal largely in vinegar and sour-knead, but it takes a lot of either to make a man very fat. The cold, hard, complaining spirit never wins many for Christ. Then I noticed that after the barking the dog had his work to do still. The boys seemed to be in no way inclined to accept barking in lieu of work. So, bark all we may, the work is there for us still. God never accepts the fault-finding spirit for the Christian spirit and Christian work.

Then I find in this somewhat homely illustration an argument for holiness. Our hearts, naturally evil, must be so thoroughly changed that we will love him with the intensity of purified spirits. Then we will delight with holy rapture in his work, and instead of stopping to find fault and scold and complain, we will run gladly in the way of his commandments. Then when the blood cleanses from all sin, and "holiness unto the Lord" becomes our watchword, and our hearts are filled with "perfect love," we shall have some blessed understanding of what the Psalmist meant (Psalm 119:32), "I will run in the way of thy commandments when thou shalt enlarge my heart."—Chris. Guardian.

Clean Living.

The Apostle James assures us that it is pre-eminently the duty of a Christian to "keep himself unspotted from the world." We are living in a world that is by no means morally clean. We walk amid impurities from a thousand sources. The most diligent and painstaking effort will not protect us from the near presence of things that may bring, and, in practice, do bring, defilement to multitudes of souls.

Two brothers are directed by their parents to go on an errand, at the end of a muddy street. One of them goes anxiously and carefully, watching every step, turning now to this side, now to that, to find the clearest and driest portion of the road. He comes home as clean as when he first set out. He has kept himself "unspotted" from the defilements of the way. The other pursues an opposite course. If there is a mud-hole, he goes splashing through it. If there is a garbage barrel, he rubs up against it, and gives it a lick and a poke. If there is a particularly dirty alley along the route, he investigates it. Dead dogs and cats are his delight. Holes in back fences, gutters running with mud, sooty corners, and foul-smelling paths are his delight, and he comes home with torn clothes—that incorrigible source of terror to mothers, and disgust to all decent people—"the boy who is always getting into the dirt."

The errand of life on which all of us are sent, is performed under very similar circumstances. The road we must travel is by no means well kept or clean. By the grace and Spirit of God we may avoid its defilement. Watchfulness,—an eager desire to keep clean lives, and to walk in clean ways, is, however, constantly necessary. Living "unspotted from the world" often requires us to avoid tempting paths and portions of the "city of

destruction" that are thronged with eager and interested spectators. Dirt and daze are astonishingly near together. With all our care to choose clean ways, our treacherous feet will often lead us into the "back alleys of sin." We persuade ourselves that they cannot be so foul after all. It is a treacherous plea, and always leads to defilement which only bitter tears of repentance can wash out. But if a man is a Christian at all, the general course and tenor of his footsteps is towards clean ways and a clean life. He does not naturally seek the foul things. He does not watch eagerly for the garbage cart, or voluntarily turn rag-picker in the gutters of society. If there is a mud-puddle in his way, he goes around it. In other words, while the tendency of unconverted men is to grow more in love with the vile things and sinful things of this world, and to be increasingly defiled therewith, the true Christian becomes more and more careful to avoid defilement, and to keep himself "unspotted from the world."

All this requires constant vigilance and constant prayer. The man who thinks that without divine help he can tread such a journey, has very imperfectly estimated the perils of that journey, or sadly over-estimated his own powers. If Paul could declare, in the sublime confidence of a living faith, "I do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me," he was also obliged, in bitterness of soul to confess, "When I would do good, evil is present with me. Who of us, unaided, can claim to be sufficient for these things?"—Christian Index.

A New Household.

When two people stand before the hymeneal altar and are made one, a new household is created. It is different from the household in which the bride grew up, different also from that which claimed the bridegroom. It has its own inherent, fundamental, essential requirements, and its peculiar laws based on these peculiar requirements. No one but the newly made husband and wife can know these requirements and these laws, and even they must wait till time reveals what these laws shall be. A stranger cannot intermeddle therewith, and everybody outside the dual unit is a stranger.

It is well for the newly wedded pair, therefore, to have for the first year or two, at least, a home entirely to themselves, in order that they may get acquainted with each other in this relation, which changes man not less than woman, and adjust themselves to their new environment. They may each and both take counsel of friends, and they will probably find no lack of advice; but they are the court from which there should be no appeal. They must decide what shall be, or no permanent decision can ever be reached.

If the young husband and wife have each a father and mother living, there will be at least four people who will, unless they are very wise, wish to have a fore-finger (and perhaps all four fingers) in the new deal. That will make six separate persons for each member of the dual unit to consult and please. The husband will naturally want to please his wife, himself, his father and mother, and his wife's father and mother; and the same is true of the wife. Both pairs of parents will want to be pleased whether their children are or are not. Don't they know what their son or their daughter should do and be? Haven't they known ever since the birth of said son or daughter what was good for him or her? Perhaps before marriage changed the two, yes; after that, no.

If parents could wait till their advice is asked by the newly wedded, if then they could be contented to have it accepted or rejected by those who ask it, matters would crystallize a great deal more quickly and regularly than they do where impatience prevents patient waiting. The child learning to walk falls down many times before it can balance itself perfectly, and this is a type of man in all his undertakings. By the mistakes they make the newly wedded will learn their way far more surely and effectually than they can learn it by the interference of interested friends.

Concentration in Prayer.

There is too much prayer that does not lay hold of the thing desired—too much catalogue prayer, that simply enumerates before God a long list of items in respect to which His benevolence might properly enough be exercised, but which do not enlist the vital sympathy of the petitioner. Such prayer is never prevailing, and seldom helpful. What Christians, and especially young, active Christians, need in their devotions, is more concentration. Deeply realize the need of something, and then pray for it with a singleness of spirit which shall uplift the whole being and bring it, as it were, into the very audience chamber of God. If you feel the need of personal purity above

everything else, just leave the progress of the kingdom, the conversion of the heathen, the upbuilding of the visible church, and every kind of general petition to Him who knows infinitely and loves infinitely and blesses infinitely—leave these world-problems to Him, and cry out of the depths of your sin-sick soul, "O God, my Father, help me to be pure! O Christ, my Brother, help to be pure! O Holy Spirit, my Comforter, help me to be pure!" Let this be your prayer, and your only prayer, until your great need is answered.

So let it be with all your soul's deepest needs, and with all the deepest needs which you find in humanity about you. Do not pray about the bush. Select something—or, rather, let something get possession of you—and then pray for it with all your mind and soul and strength. One archer places five arrows in his cross-bow, so as to be sure of hitting the target; but they all fall short. The other archer puts all the strength of his bow into one well-aimed shaft, and it flies swift and straight and quivers in the centre of the mark.—Z. Herald.

Keep the Commandments.

Turn and listen to the simple universal rule given by our Lord, the rule which all can understand and all can accept—Keep the Commandments. If thou wouldst enter into life, if thou wouldst know the good, you need not hurry about the world after this rabbi, and you need not hunt up the secret in the baffling masses of wrangling philosophers; you need not run to and fro and waste yourself with trouble and anxiety, in terror lest you should have missed the true receipt or taken the wrong training; you need not lose yourself in endless disputes and inquiries. No, it is all perfectly plain how it is to be done.

There is no royal road peculiar to the privileged, no doubt about it which can entitle you to defer it to tomorrow. Why ask concerning the good as if it were a curious riddle which lacked an answer? If thou wouldst enter into life there is one receipt, and that is open to you and to all—Keep the Commandments. The commandments! They are points at which the will of man closes with the will of God. They are the moments at which this fusion occurs.

The Commandments express the very nature and character which constitute the enormous goodness of Him who is the only good, and in keeping them we come into touch with Him; we are made one with Him; they embody the temper in which communion takes place. Whenever we loyally keep a commandment then our will is God's will, and we unite the good and become one.—Canon Scott-Bolland.

SOME CHRISTIANS "do the gospel mighty wrong" by a fretful spirit. They are constantly complaining. If there is nothing to disturb their peace to-day, they are foreseeing trouble in days to come or making themselves miserable by a longing for some good which is beyond their reach. Fretting never lightens any burden. It generally shows a want of faith, and God may justly leave those who thus act to eat the fruit of their doings. Above all, people who show this fretful spirit cause those who are out of Christ to doubt as to the influence and worth of a Christian's hope. Such professors are poor witnesses for Christ.

Random Readings.

He is a gracious Saviour to all who submit to him as a Prince.—Scott. It can hardly be gain for us to die till it is Christ for us to live.—Bascam. Happiness is neither to be hunted nor manufactured. It comes of itself to those who so act as to deserve it.

He who bears failure with patience is as much of a philosopher as he who succeeds; for to put up with the world needs as much wisdom as to control it. Eye has not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. 1. Cor. ii. 9.

It is a sign that we shall prevail in our prayers when the Spirit of God moves us to pray with a confidence and a holy security of receiving what we ask.—Cassian.

The Sabbath is the green oasis, the little grassy meadow in the wilderness, where after the week-day's journey, the pilgrim halts for refreshment and repose.—Dr. Reade.

Every one must have felt that a cheerful friend is like a sunny day, which sheds its brightness on all around; and most of us can, as we choose, make of this world either a palace or a prison.—Sir John Lubbock.

Our habits change with our years, so that looking back we can hardly recognize ourselves by our former ways. Sometimes the change is not a good one, though a Christian who is true to his opportunities improves to the end.



INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

1890. 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 Campbellton 7.30
Accommodation for Point du Chene 11.10
Fast Express for Halifax 13.30
Fast Express for Quebec & Montreal 17.00
Express for Sussex 16.30

A parlor car runs each way daily on express trains leaving Halifax at 7.15 and St. John at 7.30 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 17.00 and take sleeping car at Moncton.

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

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

Express from Sussex 8.30
Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec 11.10
Fast Express from Halifax 15.50
Day Express from Halifax and Campbellton 19.25
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Muirgrave 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. POTTINGRE,

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 intermediate points.

10.00 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John and points east, Vancleave, 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.; Fredericton Junction 11.35 a. m.; 1.17, 3.37 p. m.; Acadia Junction, 11.10 a. m.; 2.00 p. m.; Vancleave, 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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Fancy Dry Goods
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Fine Cotton, Lisle and Silk Hosiery, in Black, Colored and Balbriggan Hose.
Cotton Merino and Cashmere Half-Hose; Ladies' Jersey-lace styles; Lace Mitts; Lisle, Silk and Kilo Gloves; Lace Mitts; Handkerchiefs of all kinds; Braoses; Gents' Collars and Cuffs; Corsets; Buttons in endless variety; Trimmings, Braids and Bindings.

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In this department, especially, we keep our stock fully assorted all the year round. In ordering Dress Goods, Prints, or Cloths customers can always have them correctly matched with Buttons, Trimmings, Braids, etc., or whatever is necessary to make up the goods.

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