

**The Hour of Comfort.**

O merciful One!  
When men are farthest, then Thou art most  
near;  
When men pass coldly by, my weakness  
shun,  
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face  
Is leaning toward me, and its holy light  
Shines upon my lowly dwelling-place,  
And there is no more night.

On bended knee  
I recognize Thy purpose clearly shown  
My vision Thou hast dimmed that I might  
see  
Thyself—Thyself alone.

I have naught to fear.  
This darkness is a shadow of Thy wing;  
Beneath it I am almost sacred; here  
Can come no evil thing.

—John Milton.

**Comfort in Sorrow.**

There are "light afflictions which are but for a moment"—afflictions that are medicable and consolable. There are wounds that heal over, and leave scarcely a scar behind. There are sorrows that we shake off, as the flower shakes itself of dew at the first breath of the morning. There are griefs that yield to the voice of human sympathy, as the ivory gates yielded to the touch of the fairy. At such times it is easy to "speak a word in season to him that is weary."

But there are afflictions of a far different character—afflictions that are unmedicable and unconsolable, almost; wounds that heal not; uprootings that shall bear no transplanting; losses which are to the life what the falling of an oak is to the vine that reared itself upon it—great, awful losses, for which, like Jacob of old, we "refuse to be comforted."

Yes, there are hours when "the waters come into our souls, when we sink in deep mire where there is no standing, when we come into deep waters where the floods overflow us;" hours when "that which we greatly feared is come upon us, and that which we were afraid of has come to us;" hours when "we are sore broken, and covered with the shadow of death." "We wait for the light, but behold obscurity; for brightness, but we walk in darkness." The "eyes fail with looking upward." We walk in shadows; life seems a dumb show, and the sights and sounds of earth are to us only the airy decorations of a dream.

At such hours as these, how empty and ineffectual all human speech is—all merely human speech! No words are wise enough to reach the depths of the heart's woe, and no song sweet enough to touch the dull pain away. To the mortal man, perhaps, is given "the learning that knows how to speak a word in season to him that is weary" with a great spirit-weakness like this; and sympathy often finds its truest expression at such hours in simply "keeping silence before the Lord."

And yet, strange as it may seem, these are the very hours when the truths of holy religion stand out in a beauty and distinctness never known before. By a strange way of nature, the darkness that shuts out all nearer objects reveals the stars that shine in the far-away. And so these great, overwhelming sorrows, that shut out all earthly helplessness, and discover the inadequacy of all earthly sympathy, reveal in fuller light the great, everlasting truths of religion—the great truths of God's fatherhood, and God's faithfulness, and God's unfailing and eternal love, and God's present helpfulness in time of need.

And how real, how unspeakably real, seem the promises of the Old Book at such hours! Each promise shows "fair as a star, when only one is shining in the sky." The words seem almost like voices from another world, as they come to us through the lullings of the storm: "In the time of trouble He shall hide me in His pavilion; in the secret of His tabernacle He shall hide me; He shall set me upon a rock." "He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increaseth strength." "I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour."

We cannot reason at such times; we can only trust. Just as a child rescued from some great danger, and sick with fright, reasons not, nor thinks, but lies on its mother's bosom and drops away into sleep; so in these hours of extreme sorrow, we cannot reason, we cannot think; but in some new, strange way we feel that there is a great brooding Presence near us, and that Everlasting Arms are underneath us. In spite of all our doubts and fears, it is borne in upon us with a power of reality we never felt before, that "behind the

dim unknown standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own." And up out of the darkness there comes a voice as of a mother speaking tenderly to her affrighted child: "Hush, my child, lie still and slumber; holy angels guard thy bed." And we lean on the heart of the Infinite One, and trust. —Rev. William Macafee.

**The Grace of Forgetting.**

We fancy the reader shakes his head as his eyes fall upon these words—the grace of forgetting. "Ah," he cries, "you may tell me that it is a good thing to be able to forget, sometimes—a very convenient thing, and perhaps helpful in a selfish way—but when you make it out a virtue, and what is more a grace, you mustn't expect me to endorse your remarkable statement until you have advanced something to prove it." Very well said, O cautious and reasonable reader! Therefore we crave your thoughtful attention to a few considerations in favor of an assumption which challenges your common-sense in the very statement.

You will readily admit that there are certain things which are under no moral obligation to remember; such, for instance, as the pain of a toothache or the name of a poem. It may be helpful and convenient for a person to remember such things; so that, in the one case, a memory of pain past may tend to keep one on one's guard against needlessly incurring pain in the future, and in the other case, useful information may be readily at hand; but no moral obligation is involved. Thus we see that there is no virtue in the mere act of remembering as such, neither is there any moral blame in the mere act of forgetting as such. It follows, therefore, that only with respect to certain things is the act of remembering morally praiseworthy; and it would be easy to show that there are things which it is a man's moral duty to remember. Now, among the things which we are all at liberty to forget, may there not be some which we ought to forget? That is to say, may not the moral sentiment which attaches a positive value to remembering certain things, attach a negative value to remembering other things? This is a fair supposition, and, if it can be shown to have some ground in reality, in fact, should in justice be admitted.

The question then, is—are there in reality certain things which, the moral sentiment of mankind tells us, we ought to forget? Certainly, all must admit that there is one class of things of which this must be true, and that is repented injuries on the part of others. It is also our moral duty to forget temptations, inasmuch as the mental recurrence of temptation is a constant and subtle stimulus to disobedience.

It seems no more than a reasonable deduction from what has been said, that there is resting upon all of us a moral obligation of forgetfulness. But whatever is done in response to moral law is a virtue. And whatever virtue is cultivated in a Christian spirit becomes a grace. Therefore forgetting is a grace.

If we have convinced the reader that there may be genuine Christian virtue in that *lopus memorie* toward which he was at first so conspicuously inclined, we will content ourselves with pointing out, by way of practical application, a few more particulars in which Christian forgetting is a grace. We have instanced the forgetting of repented injuries on the part of others, and also the forgetting of past temptations. Another kind of forgetting that is eminently Christian is the forgetting of obligations which we have laid upon others by doing them service. Nothing is more un-Christian, or, for that matter, more ungracious in a merely worldly sense, than to show that we retain the memory of an obligation which we have done another.

Then there is the Christian grace of forgetting past achievements. Was it not that noblest of apostles who shaped all his life "forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before?" Lastly, let us mention the Christian grace of forgetting trouble. Trouble works out its beneficent results in our lives, but not through our brooding over it. It is wrong to darken and retard our Christian lives by cherishing the memory of suffering. One mark of the true Christian is that he uses trouble, and does not abuse it.

—Z. Herald.

**Holiness in the Home.**

The home-life should be positively Christian in its character. There is a great difference between a religion for show and a showing of our religion. God has come to seek for fruit—for good fruit; not of talking well, but of walking well—the fruits of holiness in life and conversation; fruit short of this God will not regard. We cannot attain true wisdom by seeking it,

chiefly, in public ordinances. The Lord was not in the strong wind, nor in the earthquake, nor in the fire, but in the still, small voice. The wisdom which he imparts is practical and attractive. It fills the possessor with sacred peace, and diffuses around him kindness and joy. It makes the mother in her home speak kindly and pleasantly in the kitchen as well as in the parlor—at home as well as abroad in company. There ought to be no heartaches caused by neglect, or cold, cruel words, coming from those who profess holiness. We ought to be able and willing to help our kindred over the rough places in life, to kiss away the weariness from the invalid in our own home, to smooth back the white locks of the aged ones that tarry with us. We should be ready to communicate, to give books and fragrant flowers before the eyes and ears are sealed in death and the white hands clasped upon the quiet heart. We ought to make our children gladder and happier in their own home than anywhere else. The love of God does, if we let it, make us speak more gently and lovingly to our husbands and wives than to company, and be as truly polite to each other when at home as when abroad.

Oh, it means something to live so that our homes may be a paradise on earth, even when flooded with tears! How the memories of such a home come to me now—the songs, the prayers, the tears we shared together! The faces that were radiant with love are now hidden away from me here—but they are shining more gloriously in heaven. Their lives while on earth pointed my soul Christward. I praise the Lord for a straightforward, downright, whole-hearted holiness—living in my childhood home. May we have God walking in the inner temple; then may we go out to win and help others to a holy life! —Mrs. Annie E. Bolton.

**All Things For Good.**

"Really no one understands about it, and I have no one to talk with but God Himself."

For the moment it seems to us a hard experience for the earnest woman who uttered these words, with tears in her eyes; but upon second thought we know that it was one of the blessed "all things" working "for good." We know it not as a matter of theory, nor even of faith, for it impressed itself in the face and tone, and in the evidently maturing character of the speaker.

We get our best things directly from God. Human friendships, the communion of saints, and the stimulus to spiritual life which comes from association are greatly to be valued; but we learn best as private pupils in personal intercourse with the divine Teacher. It is said of Mary that she "sat at Jesus' feet, and kept listening to His word." Doubtless she often repeated to her sister Martha the things she heard, but they could never come to her with the force and stimulus with which they fell upon Mary's ear directly from the lips of Jesus. It is not so much in the great events of life that we learn this precious lesson of companionship with God. There are sorrows in some lives which are like lonely mountain fastnesses where, in hours "apart" with him, the soul has had unutterable relations. But the daily routine, "the common round," has its lonely places too, where God only "understands." If we should speak of the trial to another, the reply might come, "Why do you care? Such things do not trouble me." "True, but you are different. I see you cannot understand," and we turn away disappointed. But if to the Friend unfailing we have learned to go, and

Tell Him everything  
As it rises,  
And at once to Him to bring  
All surprises,

how soon we find He does "understand," and His peace keeps heart and mind as in a strong fortress.

Nor does this feeling of being understood by God lead to a misanthropic spirit. It does not recoil, like the sensitive plants from all human touch, but rather from the divine companionship it learns the charity which "never faileth, hopeth all things, believeth all things, suffers long, and is kind." Taking daily experiences in this way, we may truly "in everything give thanks."

"TAKING GOD AT HIS WORD."—Miss Havergal has said: "Every year, I might almost say every day that I live, I seem to see more clearly how all the rest and gladness and power of our Christian life hinges on one thing, and that is, Taking God at His word, believing that He really means exactly what He says, and accepting the very words in which He reveals His goodness and grace, without substituting others or altering the precise moods and tenors which He has seen fit to use."

**Look Higher Up!**

"Is this the door?" I asked myself, hunting up an address in a bewildering street. "I ought to know it."

"No," I said, "I doubt if this is the door."

I chanced though to look higher up, and there was the name I sought after, a name honored, beloved, valued.

Looking lower, I had failed to notice that help. I saw it now, standing out in clear, distinct letters.

A simple incident, it has set me busily to thinking.

There are many of us trying to find some door of blessing. Bewildering, we look and may be disappointed. We are in sorrow. It may be the disappointment of affliction, of sickness, of business losses. We look along the range of human resources and human helps, ever seeking some door of peace.

Look higher up! Look unto the name of him called "Wonderful." Measureless are his resources, giving a personal presence to support us, an individual reconciliation to our losses, strength now. Look unto Jesus.

We are perplexed about duty. But it may not be the thing that perplexes so much as the way; not the end, but our course to it. We want wisdom. We need advice. We seek it at human lips. We err if we stop there. Look higher up! Look unto the name of him called "Counselor." Ask the Saviour. Look unto Jesus.

We are tempted. We are weak before the hour of decision and helpless after it. We cry, "No man careth for my soul." Self then shall be the friend showing sympathy, self the friend that promises the strength of its cooperation. "Is not this the door?" some one asks. "That door is a snare," we say. No; victory has another portal. Look higher up! Look unto the name of him called the "Mighty God." He is able to save from sin and save unto holiness. Look higher up, unto Jesus!

When the end comes, when our feet may falter in death, when our sight may be dim, how precious the name of the Unchangeable One, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, his glorious name shining out in letters of fire! In the hour of dying may we look on high, and looking we shall live as we pass into the Father's house, no more to go out forever.—*American Messenger*.

**Get Ready For Work.**

By a new consecration.  
By leaving Grumblers Alley.  
By broad Christian liberality.  
By looking on the bright side.  
By rebuilding the family altar.  
By forgiving all your enemies.  
By speaking well of the parson.  
By loyalty to the prayer meeting.  
By planning large revival results.  
By parting company with the devil.  
By moving into Thanksgiving Street.  
By harmonizing churchly differences.  
By getting cured of irreligious dyspepsia.

By taking an allopathic dose of sunshine.  
By warmly greeting the stranger at church.

By being charitable toward the crooked stick.

By taking a short cut to every field of usefulness.

By keeping your bump of self-esteem well poulticed.

By planning liberal things for the church benevolences.

By going to church Sunday evening as well as the morning.

By hearty co-operation in all the legitimate churchly doings.

By paying in advance a liberal instalment of the pastoral stipend.

By showing a warm side to the fine Sunday school of your Church.

By refusing to criticize the pastor in the presence of your family.

By praying and paying in proper proportion and with due regularity.

By making a large allowance for the idiosyncrasies of your brethren.

By calling to see the new minister, and not waiting for him to find you.

By seeing that the parsonage flour barrel contains a few measures of meal.

By being willing to do service in the ranks, if the Church does not see fit to make you a major-general.—*Exchange*.

**Bemoaning the Past.**

It is not unusual to meet people who are always bemoaning the past. There are many such who spend more energy in thinking what they ought to have done and chiding themselves for not having done it, than in thinking what they ought to do, and how to do it.

Life is really too short for this sort of thing; there is too much to be achieved in the present and in the future, to justify continuous dwelling on unimportant opportunities in the past. It is always in order and in time to turn over a new leaf to begin again, to make stepping-stones of the sins and

errors and mistakes of the past, remembering them only so much and so long as to learn how to avoid and overcome them in the future.

"O, if I could live my life over again," says one, "how differently I would act." But you can not live it over again. The only thing you can do is to live to day as well as you can, to straighten your lines of action, and see that they all point upward, away from the wrong, toward the right. Time spent in mere idle regret is worse than wasted.

The atmosphere of regret is debilitating, enervating, asphyxiating. It should be avoided as we avoid malarial atmospheres, and these saturated with infection. A great purpose will lift one out of regrets, and failing a great purpose, many smaller ones will accomplish the same end. In such a world as this there is always enough affirmative, positive good to be done to occupy all one's time and thought, all one's capacity of doing and willing.—*Selected*.

THE FOUNDATIONS ON WHICH WE BUILD WILL BE TRIED. Afflictions answer one good purpose in revealing to us the weakness or strength of the support on which our souls lean. Many have discovered the instability of their foundation and the insufficiency of their comfort amid the billows of suffering which a kind Providence permitted to invade them, and have fled for refuge to a better hope. A noted Professor of Philosophy in the University of Copenhagen was until recently an apostle of atheism, trusting in human wisdom for guidance and happiness. In the introduction to a second edition of his works he makes this confession:

The experience of life, its sufferings and griefs, have shaken my soul, and have broken the foundations upon which I formerly thought I could build. Full of faith in the sufficiency of science, I thought to have found in it a sure refuge from all the contingencies of life. This illusion is vanished; when the tempest came which plunged me in sorrow, the moorings, the cable of science, broke like thread. Then I seized upon that help which many before me have laid hold of. I sought and found peace in God. Since then I have assigned to it another place in my life.

Many now groaning under a grievous burden of sorrow will live to thank God for the knowledge and wisdom which came to them through great tribulation.

HOLINESS is something more than harmlessness. An inspired psalmist has said, "The Lord is righteous in all His ways, and holy in all his works." A righteous man does righteousness, and holiness is a working principle. There are those who justify themselves by their own conscience, and perhaps dream of final acceptance, on the plea that they have done no harm. But our Lord has told us that in the last day the ground of condemnation will be, "Inasmuch as ye did it not." It should be the prayer and effort of every Christian to make his Christian life actively beneficent.

IT IS A GREAT MISTAKE TO FIX THE MIND ON THE future life in such a way as to forget the duties and proprieties of this life. Some men are intent on getting to heaven, but they overlook the fact that they must be meet for heaven before they can get there. If one is to be a king in heaven he must be a king here. No one will wear a crown hereafter who has not been faithful over the few things which were committed to him on the earth.

**Random Readings.**

God is immutable in all things and it is among his immutabilities that he will always, in dealing with men, have regard to their desires, humbly and trustfully presented before him.—*Hallan*.

Our shortsightedness or want of capacity is often the cause of our stumbling. With a clearer vision, a sounder judgment and wider knowledge we would avoid many circumstances which involve vexation and trouble. The blind ox falls into the pit.

The great feature in the unique, undivided, and mysterious personality of Jesus Christ, is undoubtedly his divinity. His humanity was subordinate to his divinity. He always spoke and acted in the full consciousness of his divine character. He was indeed God, "manifested in the flesh."

Since 1854 public houses have been closed in Scotland during the whole of the Lord's Day. There has never been any agitation in favor of a return to the old way. No Scotchman in his senses would dream of asking his countrymen to petition in favor of Sunday closing being discontinued. In her Forbes Mackenzie Act, Scotland got a good thing, and she means to keep it.

**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 ..... 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 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 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, 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. Vanceboro, 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, 5.37 p. m.; McAdam Junction, 11.10 a. m.; 2.00 p. m.; Vanceboro, 10.45 a. m.; 12.25 p. m.; St. Stephen, 8.50 a. m.; St. Andrews, 8.05 a. m.

**ARRIVE AT 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.

**BRISTOL'S Sarsaparilla.****The Great Purifier**

—OF THE—

**BLOOD AND HUMORS SPRING, 1890.**

IN addition to our immense importations of British and Foreign Staple Dry Goods, and the products of the Canadian Mills, embracing piece goods of every description, we are daily in receipt of invoices of

**Fancy Dry Goods**

From the leading manufacturers of Great Britain, France, Germany and Switzerland. These importations consist in part of:

Fine Cotton, Lisle and Silk Hosiery, in Fast Black, Colored and Balbriggan Hose;  
Cotton Merino and Cashmere Half-Hose;  
Ladies' Jersey—latest styles;  
Lisle, Silk and Kid Gloves; Lace Mitts; Handkerchiefs of all kinds; Braces; Gents' Collars and Cuffs; Corsets; Buttons in endless variety; Trimmings, Braids and Bindings.

**Small Wares and Notions.**

All the standard lines, as well as the leading novelties of the season. In this department especially, we keep our stock fully assorted all the year round. In ordering Dress Goods, Prints or other articles, customers can always have them correctly matched with Buttons, Trimmings, Braids, etc., or whatever is necessary to make up the goods.

DANIEL & BOYD,  
St. John, N. B.

M. N.  
MA

**MANUFACTURERS**

No

McLeod's A  
Extracts Ja  
Dr. Noble's  
Complai  
McLeod's Q  
Tonic Cough  
Rheumatic a

McLeod's

Contains no  
ing or oth

Strawberry,  
Lemon  
Speci

IMPERIAL

are my own  
recommend  
flavors of  
with that  
of berry.

Ask  
Brands of

EXTRA

F

APPLES a  
Fruit and  
New Raisin  
Apples, Bish  
Spy Apples,  
finest I have

November 2

THE BEST

DIET

THE MOST

RELIABLE

THE MOST

RELIABLE

THE MOST

RELIABLE

THE MOST

RELIABLE

THE MOST

RELIABLE

THE MOST

RELIABLE

THE MOST

RELIABLE

THE MOST

RELIABLE

THE MOST

RELIABLE

THE MOST

RELIABLE

THE MOST

RELIABLE

THE MOST

RELIABLE

THE MOST

RELIABLE