

He Careth.

What can it mean? Is it ought to Him
That the nights are long and the days are
dim?

Can He be touched by the grief I bear
Which saddens the heart and whitens the
hair?

About His throne are eternal calms,
And the strong, glad music of happy psalms
And bliss, untroubled by any strife,
How can He care for my little life?

And yet I want Him to care for me
While I live in this world where sorrows be!
When the lights die down from the path I
take,

When strength is feeble and friends forsake,
When love and music that once did bless
Have left me to silence and loneliness,
And my life-song changes to sobbing prayers
Then my heart cries out for a God who cares

When shadows hang over the whole day
long,
And my spirit is bowed with shame and
wrong,

When I am not good, and the deeper shade
Of conscious sin makes my heart afraid,
And this busy world has too much to do,
To stay in its course to help me through,
And I long for a Saviour—can it be
That the God of the universe cares for me?

O wonderful story of deathless love!
Each child is dear to that heart above.
He fights for me when I cannot fight,
He comforts me in the gloom of night,
He lifts the burden, for He is strong,
He stills the sigh and awakes the song;
The sorrow that bows me down He bears,
And loves and pardons because He cares!

Let all who are sad take heart again,
We are not alone in our hours of pain;
Our Father stoops from His throne above,
To soothe and quiet us with His love.
He leaves us not when the storm is high,
And we have safety, for He is nigh,
Can it be trouble which He doth share?
Oh! rest in peace for the Lord will care.

—Selected.

The Buried Talent.

Every church, in these modern days,
is a cemetery of buried talents. In no
department of life are so many precious
gifts allowed to go to waste as in re-
ligion. There are men gifted with
natural eloquence, who sit dumb in as-
semblies of Christians week after week
year after year, and never utter a word
for the Christ whom they profess to
love. There are strongly attractive
men, men of influence and winning
power, who draw young men to them-
selves in politics, and business, and
letters, like strong magnets; and yet
in the church they are cold and unre-
sponsive and inactive, unwilling, it
would seem, to devote a tithe of their
God-given power to the interest of the
Master whose vows they have taken
upon themselves. And—saddest of all
—there are women possessed of all the
sweetness of womanhood, the graces of
loveliness, the charms of culture and
good-breeding, who call themselves
Christians, and yet spend all their talents
in the service of the world, begrudging,
perhaps, even the brief hours of Sab-
bath morning and evening, when they
feel bound to gather with the people
of God in His sanctuary. Young girls
look up to such women, as young men
look up to the brilliant, successful men
of the community in which they live;
and in either case, as the example is,
so the influence will be. For every
man's or woman's talent cast into the
world's treasury, youth will fling in its
two-score mites.

Such is the problem which confronts
the minister of the Gospel to-day, in
nine out of ten churches throughout
our broad land—the problem of the
buried or misdevoted talent. Why
will not Christians use their gifts in the
service of Christ? Why should they
turn to inert blocks and stones the
moment religion makes its gentle and
reasonable demand upon them? There
seems to be a strange and wholly un-
accountable perversity about the gifted
and the notably efficient people who
come into the church of Christ. They
stand back from the work, as a rule.
If you will take a census of the active
forces in our churches, you will find
that the humbler and less ably
equipped and often too the younger
members perform most of the Master's
service. If there are in the church
great scholars, or eminent thinkers, or
noted men of affairs, or men of great
wealth, or influence, or social position,
you seldom find them leading in church
work. So far as Christ's service is con-
cerned, their talents are folded away
in elegant and aristocratic napkins.
They have a great place in the world,
but a small place in the kingdom.
They patronize the church, but they
inwardly feel that it is their prerogative
to be served rather than to serve.

Every community is more or less
cursed by men of negative Christian in-
fluence. They assent, rather than con-
sent, to religious doctrine and religious
observances. They conform, rather
than reform. They seem to accept
Christianity, with its privileges and
obligations, rather because they must
than because they desire to. There is
hardly a church but has a sprinkling
of these sullen captives of reason and
hostages of conscience. And, as a rule,
these men are men of ability and in-
fluence. But they lack the *esprit de*

corps. They are not whole-souled,
enthusiastic Christians. Somehow,
they do not seem to belong in the
church, and yet they do not feel safe
and at peace without it. They come
in half-heartedly and join half-earnest-
ly in the ordinances of the church.
They pay their dues, and walk cir-
cumspectly, and exercise a certain
broad and indefinite benevolence.
They join formally in the church ser-
vices, and if they doze and nod in ser-
mon time, it is to be understood that
nod approvingly.

But, alas! how can the church afford
to be the receptacle for so many buried
talents? How can it afford to have its
life sapped by fruitless branches? For
can it be denied that dead church mem-
bers do subtract vitality and influence
from the church? It must, it ought,
to do something—either to make active
earnest Christians of all its members,
or else to rid itself of the incubus of
fruitlessness. It is wrong, it is disas-
trous, that so much of the capital of
the church to-day should consist of
buried talents. No worldly institution
could prosper if it harbored such a
mass of idle capital. Can we not some-
how get these napkin talents into
circulation? Can we can wake up the
latent energy of the church?—*Zion Herald.*

The Daily Cross.

There is a window in an ancient
church which pictures the progress of
Jesus from the Judgment Hall to
Calvary, and underneath is the legend,
"Via crucis, via lucis"—the way of the
cross is the way of light.

Suppose there had come into that
church, instead of you, a young man
from the forests of early Britain, whose
brother had been the victim of the
Druid sacrifices, his whole being thrill-
ing with affright at the spectacle, and
terror for the darkness that shuts in
beyond that bloody altar within the
magic circle of stonehenge—as he looks
at that cross-bearer he hears the chant
of Christian song, known from its open-
ing words, "Dies Ire"—and learns the
story of sin and redemption through
the sacrifice of calvary. To him then
and there you can see the way of the
cross would be a revelation.

Or suppose there had come in one
from the great medical school at Per-
gamus, who believed in nothing not
seen and tangible, who thought lightly
of the old religions, and less of the new
religion, who believed, with many a
modern skeptic, that death ended all.
As he studies the life-work of Jesus of
Nazareth in that pictured window he
has an intelligible commentary in the
solemn chant that fills the service. By
and by the light breaks in from the
cross of Jesus. He sees new meaning
in the body and soul of man. The
mystery is solved. There is life for
the believer beyond. In the last stanza
he finds himself on his feet, his heart
glad, his lips repeating after the singers:

Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part;
His only, His forever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art.

Well, that is the way to study the
story of the cross. By such a contrast
we can get a new feeling in our own
hearts, and we gain a true apprehen-
sion of the duty and blessing of bear-
ing the cross.

There was only one man of all the
race who bore the cross of Jesus, and
he was a stranger from Cyrene in Africa.
No man now has any fibre of that cross.
If we had it all and whole as when it
upbore the form of Jesus, it would do
nothing for us. To try to bear it about
would only hinder and crush us. So
we learn that for each one there is, not
the cross of Jesus, but his own cross to
be taken up and borne daily as a sym-
bol of discipleship.

What is your cross no one may know
but you must know. Perhaps we can
illustrate a little here. On the east
bank of the Hudson, there lived two
sisters, one a helpless hopeless invalid.
There was a company starting for a
summer in Switzerland, and the
stronger girl, now worn with watching
and care for the weaker sister, was
urged to go. It was life to go, as well
as her soul's delight and desire. The
claim of duty was the cross on which
she sacrificed her longing for relief and
refreshment. O, loyal heart and true,
our tears are not for sorrow, but for
praise.

There were three young men in a
mission in New York. All were offered
fine business positions and large pros-
pects in the West. Two accepted and
went. One remained to care for and
close the eyes of a widowed mother.
Few men are great enough to lift such
crosses and get the glory of them. He
who bears it daily and bravely is near-
est to his Lord and to heaven. It is
this personal, peculiar cross which
Jesus makes the symbol of His own for
each one of us. A man who can deny
himself—put self in the second place—
and then take up his cross daily, is
worthy to be called the disciple of
Jesus.

No day has more than its own cross

for him who has left no yesterday's
cross to cumber up to-day. If one
complains of many crosses to-day, it is
a confession of neglected crosses, de-
serted duties of to-day and before.
The worst windfall into which a man
may wander, become entangled and
perish, is a cluster of these neglected
crosses. Take up thy cross to-day.
To-morrow has its own.

And if one says, "I have no cross"—
that is a confession that he has no
Christ. We are familiar with the
motto, "No cross, no crown." A truer
one is, "No cross, no Christ." If a
man will lift his cross to-day he may
find Jesus to-day. If he asks, Where
is the Christ? we point only to the cross
—there, fellow man, there at your feet
—your nearest duty, your devout duty
is the way to Jesus. Let us change
the beyond. The way of the cross is
the way to Christ.

The Great Sin of Doing Nothing.

"But if ye will not do so, behold, ye
have sinned against the Lord: and be-
sure your sin will find you out."—
Num. xxxii. 23.

What was this sin? What is this
sin about which the Spirit of God says,
by Moses, "Be sure your sin will find
you out?" A learned divine has deliv-
ered a sermon upon the sin of
murder from this text, another upon
theft, another upon falsehood. Now,
they are very good sermons; but they
have nothing to do with this text, if it
be read as Moses uttered it. If you
take the text as it stands, there is
nothing in it about murder, or theft,
or anything of the kind. In fact, it is
not about what men do, but it is about
what men do not do. The iniquity of
doing nothing is a sin which is not so
often spoken of as it should be. A sin
of omission is clearly aimed at in this
warning: "If ye will not do so, be sure
your sin will find you out."

The nature of the sin. It was the
sin of idleness and of self-indulgence.
"We have cattle; here is a land that
yields much pasture; let us have this
for our cattle, and we will build folds
for our sheep with the abundant stones
that lie about, and we will repair these
cities of the Amorites, and we will
dwell in them. They are nearly ready
for us, and there shall our little ones
dwell in comfort. We do not care
about fighting; we have seen enough
of it already in the wars with Sihon
and Og. Reuben would rather abide
by the sheepfolds. Gad had more
delight in the bleating of the sheep
and in the folding of lambs in his
bosom than in going forth to battle." *Alas!*
the tribe of Reuben is not dead,
and the tribe of Gad has not passed
away! Many who are of the house-
hold of faith are equally indisposed to
exertion, equally fond of ease. Hear
them say: "Thank God, we are safe!
We have passed from death unto life.
We have named the name of Christ;
we are washed in his precious blood,
and therefore we are secure." "Not
a hand's turn will they do. They gird
on no armor; they grasp no sword;
they wield no sling; they throw no
stone. No, they have gotten their
possession; they know they have, and
they sit it down in carnal security,
satisfied to do nothing. They neither
work for life, nor for life; they are
arrant sluggards, as lazy as they are
long. Nowhere are they at home ex-
cept where they can enjoy themselves
and take things easy. They love their
beds, but the Lords fields they will
neither plow nor reap. This is the
sin pointed out in the text—"If ye do
not go forth to the battle of the Lord,
and contend for the Lord God and for
his people, ye do sin against the Lord;
and be sure your sins will find you out."

The sin of doing nothing is about the
biggest of all sins, for it involves most
of the others. The sin of sitting still
while your brethren go forth to war,
breaks both tables of the law, and has
in it a huge idolatry of self, which
neither allows love to God or man.
Horrible idleness! God save us from
it.

If there be any in the Church who
have talent they do not use for God, or
money which they do not lay out for
Christ, or time which they do not use
for holy purposes, they are sinning,
and their sin will find them out. Your
buried talent, will it not rust? and
rusting, will it not create within your
spirit a most horrible disease, and be
a peril to you? Must it not be so?
Are they not guilty of an actual lie be-
fore high heaven who call themselves
servants of God, and yet do not serve
him?—*Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.*

"Do His Will."

A great many persons are troubled
intellectually in reference to the truths
of religion. They try to reason about
the matters of faith, and become all
the while more and more puzzled. We
are told, however, in the Word of God,
that the way to come to understand
the truth is to obey and practice it.
Then we get the good of it, and it was
meant to do us good. Thus a piece of
bread is before a hungry child. He

sits down before it and commences to
exercise himself in this fashion: I
wonder who made this bread. I am
not certain whether Mother, or the
hired help, or the baker. The first
thing for me is to find out who made
it, and be sure about it. Or, perhaps
I should settle first how it was made,
of what materials, and how it came to
have this shape and how the elements
worked together in it, and why it had
to be baked. These are very import-
ant matters. But perhaps I will better
inquire what effect it will have upon
me. Will it effect my brain, my nerves
my blood or my bones? Why should
this be of any use to me? I cannot
understand. But soon his hunger gets
the best of his philosophy, and he eats
it; and then, whoever made it, or how-
ever it was made, it appeases his
hunger, strengthens him and does him
good. One can enjoy flowers without
being a botanist, and can bask in the
sunlight without being an astronomer.

The important questions for the child
of God are not in regard to the hard
theological questions, the mode of in-
spiration, the matters of higher criti-
cism and kindred points, but it is for
him to take God's Word and obey it,
and eat and drink it. If one will take
God's Word and obey it following its
directions as to prayer and communion
and service of God, as to abstaining
from immorality and evil of every kind
and will fix his eyes on Jesus Christ,
and try to do His will, and love Him,
and love his fellow-men, the Holy
Spirit will melt and mellow his heart,
and make and keep him happy and
satisfied as to all the dark and hard
things of the Word.

The surest way to have difficulties
as to the Gospel is to live a long way
from Christ. We must read the truth
in the light of his presence, or we do
not get into its meaning. It is slavish
work to master any study without a
personal teacher. It is an absolute
impossibility to do anything in the
study of religion and the Gospel, with-
out the personal help and teaching of
the blessed Master himself. If any
man will obediently undertake to do
what Christ wants him to do, if he will
simply obey Christ's will, the difficul-
ties will vanish. Disobedience is the
footman of infidelity. Obedience is
the handmaid of faith. The one who
disobeys will not believe and love.
The one who obeys will believe and
love, and come still more gladly to
obey because he loves and obeys.—
Herald and Presbyterian.

Unlovely Goodness.

A shrewd observer, looking lately at
the portrait of a woman famous for her
histrionic power, said: "I knew her
well. She was unlovely to her hus-
band, unjust to her children, and merci-
less to the poor. Her only redeeming
quality was her malignant virtue."

In how many people, set apart as
types of the Christian life by the world
is virtue "malignant"! "He teaches the
truths of the Bible," said Dean Murray
of a contemporary preacher, "as if each
were the lash of a whip. They sting as
they fall. Each manly instinct in his
hearer rises in revolt against such savage
harshness."

Moral principal and religious fervor
ought to be productive of nothing but
good, but if a man becomes possessed
with the Pharisaic idea that he is holier
than his fellows he may make his very
virtues, his truth and probity and tem-
perance, so disagreeable to those about
him as to prejudice them against the
Master whom he professes to follow.

A great apostle, writing to a young
man, charges him to be an example to
all men, and the first impulse of a young
Christian is to act upon the spirit of
this commandment. But if he finds
that his religion is despised by his fel-
lows he may be sure that he, and not
it, is to blame. He has clothed his
faith or his purity or his sobriety with
self-conceit, or with some other un-
amiable trait, and so made it offensive.

No ruffian, however degraded, ever
fails to recognize the real Christian
qualities in a man; but he is equally
keen-sighted in reading the character
of a prig.

Women, because of their narrower
lives, are liable to make their virtue
offensive by bigotry and by harsh judg-
ment of others whose faith is different
from their own.

These are the wounds which the
Saviour of the world receives in the
house of his friends. These are the
obstacles which, not less truly than
open vice, hinder his work in the world.

God's Word Tried Him.

Long before Moses had written the
opening chapters of God's word, a lad,
Joseph, dreamed, but when he related
his visions to his father and his
brothers he received only scorn and
distrust. Joseph accepted these
visions as God's message. He knew
not just what their interpretation
should be. He should try God's word.
But meanwhile the psalmist declares
that the word of the Lord tried him

(Psalm cv, 19). This truth not only
finds beautiful illustration in the career
of Joseph, but in the life of every
child of God. While we try God's
word, that word is trying us.

It tries us by the very largeness of
its provisions. Those promises of
God, so limitless—promises of power,
of grace, and of glory—how they try
us! Bring your faith and stretch it
upon these great promises. Test your
spirit by the love chapter in First
Corinthians. We shall not be long in
finding how by these tests we are less
than God provided that we might
become.

Then how God's word tries us by
circumstances which seem to contra-
dict it and render its fulfillment im-
possible. Joseph cast into the pit,
sold into slavery, imprisoned, was
tried by God's word. But these very
adverse experiences were only steps
toward the accomplishment of God's
promise.

And how long the delays! Has the
Lord forgotten? Is He slack concern-
ing His promises? Let us remember
the reply of Judson when after years
of apparently unfruitful labor he was
asked about the outlook for India, he
answered, "Bright as the promises of
God."

These trials which come to us in the
very acceptance of God's word are not
purposeless. They are the very neces-
sary preparation for the fulfillment of
the divine promises. Had the youth-
ful dreamer at once come to the throne
of Egypt, the record of his latter years
would in all probability have no such
chapters of wisdom and strength and
goodness as now delight and stir us.
Though tried by the word of the Lord,
if we shall be found faithful, we shall
be able to declare with the ancient
scribe: "There failed not aught of
any good thing which the Lord had
spoken unto the house of Israel; all
came to pass."

The Minimum Christian.

The minimum Christian! And who
is he? The Christian who is going to
heaven at the cheapest way possible.
The Christian who intends to get all of
the world he can, and not meet the
worldling's doom. The Christian who
aims to have as little religion as he can,
without lacking it altogether.

The minimum Christian goes to
church in the morning, and in the
afternoon also unless it rains, or is too
warm, or too cold, or he is sleepy, or
has the headache from eating too much
dinner. He listens most respectfully
to the preacher, and joins in prayer
and praise. He applies the truth very
sensibly sometimes to himself, oftener
to his neighbours.

The minimum Christian is very
friendly to all good works. He wishes
them well, but it is not in his power to
do much for them. The Sabbath
school he looks upon as an admirable
institution, especially for the neglected
and ignorant. It is not convenient,
however, for him to take a class. His
business engagements are so press-
ing through the week that he
needs Sabbath as a day of rest;
nor does he think himself qual-
ified to act as a teacher. There
are so many better prepared for this
important duty that he must beg to be
excused; still, he will do it if he must.
He is in favour of visiting the poor,
but he has no time to take part in
those labours of love. He is very
friendly to home and foreign missions,
and gives his mite. He thinks there
are "too many appeals," but he gives,
if not enough to save his reputation,
pretty near it; at all events he aims at it.

The minimum Christian is not clear
on a number of points. The opera and
dancing, perhaps the theatre and card-
playing, large fashionable parties, give
him much trouble. He can't see the
harm in this or that, or the other popu-
lar amusements. There is nothing in
the Bible against it. He does not see
but a man may be a Christian and
dance or go to the opera. He knows
several excellent persons who do. Why
should not he?

In short, the minimum Christian
knows that he cannot serve God and
mammon. He would if he could, and
he will come out just as near doing as
he can. But what if he came out on
mammon's side?

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Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver,
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On and after MONDAY, 9th June,
1890, the trains of this Railway
will run daily (Sunday excepted), as
follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

Day Express for Halifax and Camp- bellton	11.00
Accommodation for Point du Chene 11.50	
Fast Express for Halifax	12.30
Fast Express for Quebec & Montreal 12.35	
Express for Halifax	22.30

A parlor car runs each way on
express trains leaving Halifax at 6.30
and St. John at 7.00 o'clock. Passengers
from St. John for Quebec and Montreal
leave St. John at 10.35 and take sleeping
car at Moncton.
Sleeping cars are attached to through
night express trains between St. John
and Halifax.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

Express from Halifax (Monday excepted)	6.10
Fast express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted) ..	8.30
Accommodation from Point du Chene	12.55
Day Express from Halifax and Campbellton	18.05
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Mulgrave	22.35

The 6.30 train from Halifax will arrive
at St. John at 8.30 Sunday, along with
the express from Montreal and Quebec
but neither of these trains run on Mon-
day. A train will leave St. John at 6.45
at 6.45, arriving at St. John at 8.30.
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.

6th June, 1890.

Canadian Pacific Railway

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In Effect August 14th, 1890.

Eastern Standard Time.

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6.00 A. M. — Express for St. John, and intermediate points, to Vancouver, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and points West: St. Stephen, St. An- drews, Houlton, Woodstock, and points north.
10.30 A. M. — For Fredericton Junction, St. John and all points east.
3.15 P. M. — For Fredericton Junction, St. John, etc.

RETURNING TO FREDERICTON.
From St. John 6.35, 8.45, a.m.; 4.45 p.m.;
Fredericton Junction, 8.10, a.m.,
12.00 p.m.; 6.25 p.m.; McAdam Junc-
tion, 10.40 a.m.; 2.15 p.m.; Vanco-
boro, 10.20 a.m.; St. Stephen,
7.50, 11.25 a.m.; St. Andrews, 7.35
a.m.

ARRIVING IN FREDERICTON.

9.20 a.m., 1.10, 7.20 p.m.

LEAVE GIBSON.

6.45 A. M. — Mixed for Woodstock and points north.
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4.50 P. M. — Mixed from Woodstock, and points north.

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