

"Whatsoever." Blessed Lord,
Am I ready for that word!
Is Thy will so dear to mine
That the whispers of Thy love—
Heard all other calls above—
Claim me, keep me wholly Thine?
Search me, teach me, hold my heart,
Draw me to Thy blessed feet;
There, in hush or service sweet,
I would live "the better part."

Help me, Christ, my Lord, to show
That I love Thee first and best.
"Whatsoever be the test
That Thy stewardship shall know.
Let this year my truest be,
Filled with Christ's reality."
—*Butler Geds, in "London Christian."*

"Ye Must Be Born Again."

About eighteen years ago, when in the North of England, at one of our minister's fraternal gatherings, I heard the following, which as near as I can remember, I relate for the benefit of those who delight in variety at the expense of truth, and to encourage those who keep pegging away with one aim only, namely, the gathering out of God's elect from the ruins of "The Fall."

In a rather fashionable and wealthy circuit among the Methodists, a good brother had recently been invited or appointed; his fame as a preacher had preceded him; in his last circuit it was said he drew persons from all denominations to hear him, and his chapel when he preached was always full. Many gathered to hear him on his first Sunday. In the morning he preached from the words, "Ye must be born again," dwelling upon the last two words, showing the analogy between the natural and spiritual birth. Some praised it, saying they had heard nothing like it for long enough; others said it smacked rather too much of Calvinism. The unusual manner of dealing with the subject, and the deep thoughtfulness shown in its preparation caused many to talk of it and him; and as a consequence, a larger congregation came to hear him in the evening. Then he took the same text, this time dwelling upon the results in the individual life of those who were "born again," urging his hearers to personal examination, repeating his text often during the sermon. Many of those who praised in the morning held their peace at night. What was "Calvinistic" then, was "too personal now."

Notwithstanding adverse criticism, a still larger congregation gathered the next time he preached, when he for another sermon chose the same words for his text, this time enforcing the necessity for the new birth by emphasizing the "must." Many and various were the comments at the close of the service. To many lovers of the truth it was as "marrow and fatness." These also talked about the "three wonderful sermons" they had heard from the same text. But that evening the preacher announced for his text John iii. 7, "Marvel not," &c. This time he emphasized the "I," opening up the character of the wonderful person speaking. "Marvel not that I said," &c., following up the argument to its logical issue—that for Him to say so, it must be so. He who formed the body and filled it with the soul, who came from heaven's glory for the express purpose of redeeming both to God the Father, ought to know what He was talking about when He said, "Ye must be born again."

Some of the leaders and stewards of the chapel thought they had heard enough of this text; all agreed that the subject was "well handled," "nicely put," "cleverly thought out," but "rather dogmatic;" and some suggested they might have "too much of a good thing," and hoped they had heard the last of that text. Judge of their surprise the next Sunday morning, when for the fifth time their new minister took "the same old text." Everybody agreed that it was a wonderful sermon—logical, incisive, and experimental; and not by any means a repetition of any former sermon.

In the evening of the same day he made a most earnest and eloquent appeal to the unconverted from the same words, "Ye must be born again," defining the condition of various classes to whom the word applied. At its close he asked any who "wisely they were born again," to come to the front; while those who knew they were, were requested to remain to pray for the power of the Spirit. Large numbers of both kinds remained, while the majority of the congregation left the building. Many entered into peace that night, and a grand awakening had begun.

At a stewards' meeting during the following week, this matter of three Sundays with their new minister and only one text, was a subject of discussion; and after the proper business of the meeting had been transacted, one of them ventured to ask him, in the presence of the others, if he could find but one text in his Bible? "Well," said the minister, "I might find another

and possibly shall do so; but answer me this—are all our people born again yet? Why did they all troop out of chapel, last Sunday, immediately after the sermon?" Several replied, they did not suppose the majority were regenerated. "Then," said he, "I must tell them their need, and preach the new birth till they are."

The next Sunday, just before the sermon, this new minister leaned over the desk, and confidentially asked them all to give him their attention. Of course, they gave it; when he spoke words to this effect, "I have been asked during the week if I cannot find another text in my Bible besides John iii. 7. I NEVER FIND TEXTS. I study my people and my Bible. I pray to be guided to the right subject for them. When a text lays hold on me, I preach the truth it contains. When it drops me, I drop it. Your position as a church and congregation is an honourable one. Good Sunday-school; good staff of teachers; large income from seat-rents; good collections for home and foreign missions, and for all charities. You have a good organ and a good choir; a good house for your minister. In every way you are a pattern for other generations, except for one thing, and that is the prayer-meeting. I could count easily all who were present at the one preceding my first sermon here. I found this; and my text fell upon me. I was compelled to preach the most important and fundamental doctrine in the Bible. If we are not born again, we have no true religion; our profession is simply dressing up an enemy in the regiments of the Queen's troops; we have not the Spirit of Christ, therefore we are none of His. Now, no one can be born again long without knowing it, therefore I ask a favour of you this morning and that is, that all of you dear people who have been born again will raise your hands; and let me say, you will not be ashamed to let others know it, if you are. May God help you to testify of His grace in you!"

Amidst profound silence, nearly one-third put up the hand.

"I see," said the minister, "that more than one-half of you are not born again yet; will you that are, unite in prayer for those who are not, while I preach to them, for they are yet dead in trespasses and sins." After a short and earnest prayer, he again announced as his text, "Marvel not that I said unto thee, 'Ye must be born again.'"

In the evening to a crowded congregation, he preached from the words, "He that hath the Son hath the life; he that hath not the Son hath not the life," (1 John v. 12, R. V.). In consequence of this man of God's earnest, though eccentric manner, his preaching was the means of a very gracious awakening and revival in that neighborhood; and nearly every Sunday, for a considerable time, there were persons remaining after the services asking, "What must I do to be saved?"

Graceful old Age.

Old age, especially when it is far advanced, is the period of life's physical decay. The body yields under the accumulating infirmities of time, and usually the mind more or less shares in the decay. The general fact of lost power that nothing can recover, forces itself upon the consciousness, and there abides as a felt experience. It cannot be forgotten. Every motion of the body, and every attempt to do anything, reveals this fact. The state of passivity reveals it. The pains and aches, the sense of weariness, the inaptitude to action, the disrelish of former pleasures, the incapacity to do what one once did with ease, and the resulting insignificance of one's personal life as compared with what it was in other days—all these facts tell a story in the consciousness of an old man which it takes an old man to understand. He will read the twelfth chapter of the Book of Ecclesiastes with an apprehension of the meaning of the words which no mere skill in verbal exegesis can give. He knows just what the chapter means by his own experience.

Now, to behave one's self wisely and well at this time of life, and in this condition of the body and mind, so as to present a genuine example of graceful old age, is no easy task. It takes more good sense and higher qualities of character than many aged persons, whether men or women really possess. The first condition of such gracefulness is the acceptance of the facts, without any repining or murmuring, or any attempts to conceal them from one's self or from others. A great victory is gained when this acceptance becomes as really an acceptance of the heart as the fact of age itself. The man or woman, as the case may be, then adjusts himself or herself to his or her condition, and consents to be just what he or she is, without the possibility of being anything else. Some old people try to be young, and try to act as if they were young, because they are not

content to be old, and they are always sure to make fools of themselves. The world readily sees that they are fools; and they are such, engaged in the fruitless attempt to be what they are not, and what they cannot be by any amount of effort. They may load themselves down with diamonds, and parade themselves in gorgeous equipage, and yet this will not change the fact that they are old, and in the state of decay and infirmity. This fact sticks to them, and goes with them wherever they go. They cannot conceal it from anybody. The best thing for them to do is to admit the fact cordially and quietly, and go along with it as an order of things which nothing can change, and with which they must be content.

The patient endurance of the ills and infirmities of this period, so that one is not chafing his own mind, or fretting against events is another element of graceful old age. Such patience will not conceal or remove these ills and infirmities, but it will make them far less afflictive than they otherwise would be. The really patient man is a victor, no matter what may be his condition. He conquers by not fighting. He triumphs by submission. He endures without complaint what he cannot cure. He does not add to his ills those of a sour temper. He takes his condition as it is, and is resolved to be content with it. Such a mood of the mind not only benefits old age, but will immensely comfort and help it.

Still another element of graceful old age is a willingness to be superseded and displaced by others who are in the state of vigor, and have the power of present action, so to speak; to get out of their way and thus make room for them. Aged people must do this, whether they like it or not; and the better way for them is practically to like it in the sense that they make no attempts to resist it. Those who have held high positions, and, as such, have been leaders among men, and have outlived their capacity to hold such positions, and meet their demands, make a great mistake for themselves when they undertake to retain them as against those who are younger and more active and better fitted for the duties thereof. Old men do not always avoid this mistake, and when they do they are generally crowded out and shoved into retirement by sheer force. The work of society has to be done by those who can work; and when one has passed the period in which he can meet this demand, he had better cheerfully consent to let others take his place and get himself out of their way. His refusal to do so will be his folly, since he will be compelled to do what it would be much wiser for him pleasantly to do.

A good hope of heaven, founded upon the Bible and the work of Christ as revealed in that Book, is the climax and crown of graceful old age. The sight of a venerable man who has borne the heat and burden of the day, whose life has in every way been a credit to himself and blessing to society, whose powers are now faded and rapidly fading, but who has had the wisdom to make his peace with God and serve him, whose memory brings to him but few regrets, and who, as his sun goes down in this world, is cheered by a clear and well-founded hope of a blessed immortality, and is patiently and quietly waiting for the final hour to call him hence, is really one of the most beautiful spectacles of humanity that can be presented in this world. That man may have been the president of a college, or a minister of the Gospel of the Son of God or a missionary in heathen lands, or the head of a commercial firm; or he may have moved in the humbler walks of life. It is quite immaterial in what particular sphere of life he spent the vigor of his days. He did the work of life wisely and well; and now he is about to pass to the other world. He is ready for the change, and willing to make it whenever it shall please his heavenly Father to call him away. Old age sits gracefully on his brow. The battle of life has been fought, and his work is done. He is simply waiting his exit. Blessed man! The last things of life with him are alike instructive and beautiful, especially when compared with the hideousness and wretchedness of a godless and graceless old age.—*Independent.*

Happiness as a Means of Grace.

Happiness is man's normal condition. Our first parents, while in a state of sinless perfection, were supremely happy; and it still remains a principle of human life that the greater happiness attends the nearer approach to ideal humanity. It would seem, then, that God intended mankind to be happy rather than miserable; and that any deviation from this state of happiness must be due to a violation on man's part of the conditions originally established by God in his behalf. But any violation of the divine plan

must be out of harmony with God's will, and, both in itself and in its results, must be sinful. Therefore unhappiness is sinful.

Thus it becomes evident that those who consider long faces and depressed feelings the conditions and guarantees of peculiar sanctity, are totally and disastrously mistaken. Goodness is naturally cheerful, and happiness is both an evidence and a means of grace. It not only shows that, if we are Christians, we are of the right sort, but it helps us to be better and better Christians all the time.

Happiness is a means of grace because it makes us thankful. The man whose heart is overflowing with gladness can no more help pouring it out in prayerful recognition of God's goodness, than the flower which is filled with fragrance can help rendering up of its sweetness to the cherishing sunlight and air. The presence of gratitude in the heart is one of the most potent of religious impulses. The grateful man is ever looking up, consciously or unconsciously, to the Source of his blessings.

Happiness is a means of grace, also, because it promotes benevolence. If the first thought of joy is to give thanks, the second is to share itself with others. It is a beautiful law in the economy of the spiritual world, which conditions the full enjoyment of every blessing upon its expenditure in the common exchange of benevolence. The happy man is but happier when he strives to make others happy. Thus his very happiness inevitably projects itself in Christian motive, and so becomes a means of grace.

Finally, happiness is a means of grace because it lends beauty to character and attractiveness to example. The happy Christian is a kind of spiritual magnet. He wins souls by being what God intended every man should be—harmonious and sympathetic. His sunshine is infectious. Men long to share the secret of his abiding joyfulness. And being drawn to him, they find beneath the surface brightness the everlasting peace.—*Zion's Herald.*

Tell It.

Concerning all other possessions which we value, we are wont to speak often. Concerning our dearest possession, we are too often silent. Says the *Youth's Companion*:

A professor in one of our principal colleges was noted among his fellow teachers for his habit of addressing privately the young men in his care upon the subject of their personal relations to Christ.

"Do they not resent your appeals as an impertinence?" asked one of his fellow professors.

"No," was the reply. "Nothing is of such interest to any man as his own soul and its condition. He will never resent words of warning or comfort if they are prompted by genuine feeling. 'When I was a young man,' he added 'I felt as you do. My wife's cousin, a young man not yet of age, lived in our house for six months. My dread of meddling was such that I never asked him to be present at family worship, or spoke to him on the subject of religion. He fell into the company of a wild set, and was rapidly going to the bad. When I reasoned with him, I spoke of Christ.

"Do you call yourself a Christian?" he asked, assuming an astonished look.

"I hope so," I replied.

"But you are not. If you were, he must be your best friend. Yet I have lived in your house for six months and you have never once named his name to me. No, he is nothing to you."

"I never have forgotten the rebuke."

God's Thought of a Child.

BY THE REV. O. H. TIFFANY, D. D.

What is the influence of a child, even with our low and imperfect conception of its relation to the kingdom of God? What tremendous power there is in childhood! What feeling of interest always is gathered in its presence! The rudest and the coarsest man that any of our communities can furnish will take off his heavy brogans and leave them at the foot of the steps when he climbs up to reach the chamber where his child lies sick. I had a singular illustration once myself of the power of childhood. It was on the lower part of Broadway, in the city of New York. I was very anxious for some reason to cross the street, and I darted into the middle of it when it was full of vehicles and teams. The first thing I knew a man swung out his whip and cracked it over my head, and said: "Get out of the way." I passed by safely, but with some little difficulty reached the other sidewalk, and by the time I got across I noticed a great commotion. The man who had snapped his whip at me had arrested his team, and the other teams were all stopped. Broadway was blocked for business, and the people in the stores and

offices were looking out in perfect wonder and amazement. I turned to see what was the matter, and there was a little thing about so high (two feet) attempting to toddle across Broadway.

Every thing stopped. The child had power to arrest it all. They did not crack their whips at that child. They did not speak of it in terms of disrespect. The child had power to stop the teams and still the hearts of the drivers of the teams and of the multitudes passing by. What tremendous power in a child!

There is an immense bridge between Brooklyn and New York. I am told that when night is still, so small an influence as the footfall of a little child passing that bridge will make it vibrate. I know it is scientifically possible; I am told it is actually true; and so I firmly believe that the feeble breathing of prayer sent up by some pure-lipped and clean-hearted child, "in the kingdom," may "move the plume of God's calm angel standing in the sun," and go beyond that and touch the heart of God himself. Why not?

I am not unprepared to believe that God's thought of a child includes leadership of His militant host, that just as the children shouted "Hosanna" when Christ came in triumph upon Jerusalem, so they shall fill the echoing arches of the empyrean with their shouts of welcome as Jesus is recognized King of kings and Lord of lords.

I was asked this afternoon by a lady friend what was my idea of heaven. I hardly remember what I told her, but my thought of heaven is that it is the home of children and the child-like. I think of the two extremes of human life—of its beginning and of its consummation: and go back to the first garden, where I see every thing in nature lovely and beautiful—forest and shade, flowers and spring, beauty and brightness, freshness and love everywhere. But I find no tender little feet pressing the violets and running to play hide-and-seek from Mother Eve among the branching trees. And as I see no children there I look again and see sin enter. Then I look to the other end of human life, and lo! and behold, a city, with streets full of boys and girls playing, and I see that into that city no sin can enter. Let the purifying power of all love of a child get into the heart of a coarse-grained man, and it will refine him. Let the devout love of a pure longing for Christ get into our hearts, and let the children who are of His kingdom be pressed close to our breasts and shielded in our arms, and instructed by our knowledge of God's word, and we shall find that a little child shall lead us into the kingdom of God.—*Presbyterian.*

Random Readings.

Souls are not saved in bundles. The spirit asks of every man, How is it with thee?

Let fortune do her worst; whatever she makes us lose, as long as she never makes us lose our honesty and our independence.—*Pope.*

The very idea of the power and the right of the people to establish government, presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established government.

The true Christian is like the sun, which pursues his noiseless track and everywhere leaves the effect of his beams in blessing upon the world around him.—*Luther.*

Without virtue and without integrity, the finest talents and most brilliant accomplishments can never gain the respect and conciliate the esteem of the truly valuable part of mankind.

Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated. Those therefore, that lose a day are dangerously prodigal; that those that dare mispend it, deserve.—*Bishop Hall.*

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.

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Gilbert Laird, St. Margaret's Hope, Orkney, Scotland, writes:—"I am requested by several friends to order another parcel of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. The last lot I got from you having been tested in several cases of Rheumatism, has given relief when doctors' medicines have failed to have any effect. The excellent qualities of this medicine should be made known, that the millions of sufferers throughout the world may benefit by its providential discovery."

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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 Campbellton	7.40
Accommodation for Point du Chene	11.00
Fast Express for Halifax	13.30
Fast Express for Quebec & Montreal	16.35
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 10.55 and take sleeping car at Moncton.

Express 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	12.05
Day Express from Halifax and Campbellton	18.05
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Mulgrave	22.30

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 Monday. A train will leave Sussex on Monday at 6.47, 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.,
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From St. John 8.45, a. m.; 4.45 p. m.; Fredericton Junction 11.55 a. m.; 6.25 p. m.; McAdam Junction, 10.40 a. m.; 2.15 p. m.; Vancouver, 10.20 a. m.; St. Stephen, 7.40, 11.25, a. m.; St. Andrews, 7.00 a. m.

ARRIVE IN FREDERICTON.
1.15, 7.15 p. m.

LEAVE GIBSON.
7.00 A. M.—Mixed for Woodstock and points north.

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