

**"Sunshine on the Morrow."**

My mind was full of troubles wild,  
And all my heart was filled with sorrow,  
When by my side, a little child  
Pointed toward the sky and smiled,  
And said, "Thesun will shine to-morrow."

Out in the paling golden West  
The rosy clouds were slowly fading,  
And softly, in her hidden nest,  
The mother-bird, beneath her breast,  
Her callow young from ill was shading.

I looked, and all my pain had flown:  
Would He, who e'en takes thought of sparrows,  
Give me, instead of bread, a stone?  
Or never heed my weary moan?  
Or pierce my soul with many arrows?

Ah, no! I felt that could not be;  
He would not leave my soul in sorrow,  
But through the present dark may be,  
And filled with fear and misery,  
He'll send the sunshine on the morrow.

O, weary souls! however black  
Your lives may be, this comfort borrow;  
Look ever forward, look not back,  
But keep upon the homeward track,  
And look for sunshine on the morrow:  
Edith Helena Cooke.

**He Brought Him to Jesus.**

A simple act, but who can measure its results? Simple as it was, its results have come sweeping down the ages; and who can say they shall not continue until time is no more? The history of this act is not only one of great beauty, but it involves a practical lesson of momentous importance for all. John the Baptist, was standing with two of his disciples. Jesus was passing by. "Behold," said John to the two disciples, "the Lamb of God!" "And they followed Him." One of these was Andrew. "He first findeth his own brother, Simon, and saith unto him. We have found the Messiah. And he brought him to Jesus." The day following Jesus findeth Philip, and saith unto him, Follow Me." Philip tells Nathaniel that they had "found Jesus, of whom Moses in the law and the prophets wrote." Nathaniel doubts. "Philip saith unto him, Come and see." "Jesus saw Nathaniel coming to Him."

**BRINGING SOULS TO CHRIST.**

Thus the lesson begins. What of its continuance? Jesus sits weary at the well. A woman of Samaria comes to draw water. Jesus reveals Himself to her as the Christ, the promised Messiah. She believed. Leaving her waterpot, she went to the city and said to the man, "Come and see." "And they came unto Him." "And many believed on Him because of the saying of the woman." "And many more believed because of His own word," but these latter would not have heard the words of Jesus but for the saying of the woman. How does the lesson close? "The Spirit and the bride say, Come. Let him that heareth say, Come." "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

Some wonder God should employ such feeble instruments as He often does in carrying forward His work, especially the great work of saving souls. They do not properly consider one of the great laws under which all exist—the law of influence. The tiny pebble not only acts upon the pebbles lying about it, but through this all-pervading law it reaches out and acts upon every particle of matter on the globe, even upon the sun, if not indeed upon the entire material universe. I drop a pebble upon the surface of a smooth lake. That starts a series of waves which expand until they break upon the distant shore. It is much the same in the spiritual world. I utter a thought in the hearing of another. Its utterance agitates the atmosphere, and it will not be again as it would have been but for that utterance until it shall vibrate with the blast of the archangel's trumpet announcing the close of time. But that thought dropped not alone in the ear of the hearer; it dropped into his immortal spirit, and unless some supernatural influence shall interpose, it will never be what it would have been but for that utterance; and this changed spirit, acting upon others, shall send out ever-expanding waves of influence to break only upon the eternal shores. To live under such a law is a startling thought; but combine with it a state of probation for an eternity of retribution, and who can comprehend its import? What significance it gives to the lesson sought to be enforced:

**GOD NEVER ERRS.**

All His plans are arranged in infinite wisdom, though often "the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God." God has not erred in making it the duty of those themselves saved to strive to win others to Christ. And the plan is as beneficent as it is wise, and the duty should be esteemed a precious privilege. "He that winneth souls is wise;" "And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."

Dear reader, can we say, "We have found Him of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets did write?" If so, some one was instrumental in bringing us to Him. What are we doing to bring others to Christ? Have we, like Andrew, first found our own brother, and told him of the Saviour we have found, and then others near of kin to us, and so our neighbors and intimate friends—have we told them "of Jesus and his love?" And have we obeyed the command of the Master to go out into the streets and lanes of the city, and even into the highways and hedges to constrain the perishing to come to the marriage feast? "No influence?" Not so. All have influence; nor can they prevent its being felt, and felt for good or for evil. "He that is not for Me," says Christ, "is against Me." You may feel that you are weak, but God often chooses weak things to confound the mighty. "When I am weak," says Paul, "then am I strong." God can make those mighty whom He calls to do His work, and He calls all to labor for the salvation of others who have themselves been saved. Personal effort is one of God's chosen methods for carrying forward His great work of redeeming grace. Never was consecration to this work more demanded than now. Every one who has found the Saviour should tell it to some one who has not. Let the sacramental host of God's elect sound out the invitation, "Come to Jesus," until all the earth shall hear, and heaven echo back the glad refrain, "They come! They come!"—*Zion's Herald.*

**Grumblers.**

BY THE REV. CHARLES SPURGEON.

What is more unpleasant than to hear a cart go along the roadway with an ungoverned wheel. Squeak! squeak! all the way, as if the axle found fault with the box and grumbled as much as ever it could! How many people go through life in just such a manner. Nothing ever pleases them, nor is it likely to, for they suffer from the dreadful complaint of chronic fault finding.

Unfortunately, these characters are to be met with everywhere. Go where you will, discontented people are found. A wedding is not thoroughly furnished with guests, unless one is there to say: "Well, I think there are too many presents, or there are too few presents." Even if it was the funeral of the last grumbler, that was taking place, I believe it would not be really so, because somebody would complain of something at sometime and be somewhat annoyed. They get into chapels and grumble at nearly everything and everybody, all the service time; the minister is too short, or too long, or rather his sermon; or the tune was the wrong meter, too common or peculiar. They pay visits to neighbors and bore them with long drawn sighs of "Oh, dear, I wish I was—or I wasn't—I had or I hadn't," etc. etc.

It does not matter what the weather is, whether or no they grumble. Nature needs altering in their opinion. If the grass were golden instead of green, and the sky scarlet, and the ocean ochre, how much better they would have looked. They would disapprove everything blue, and white-wash the mountains, if they had their way, for they grumble at the present arrangement of things in every particular, after the fashion of the cardinal, who cursed the Jackdaw.

They grumble at board, they grumble in bed;  
From the soles of their feet to the crown of their head:

They grumble in eating, they grumble in drinking;  
They grumble in coughing, in sneezing, in winking;  
They grumble in sitting, in standing, in lying;  
They grumble in walking, in riding, in flying;  
They grumble in living, they grumble in dying!

Never was heard such a terrible growl! The fact is, that if people want to grumble, there is plenty of scope in every department of life for them to exercise this evil propensity. I cannot help grumbling at grumblers.

One can put up with a great deal, but when it comes to enduring, the east wind by the week together, it is rather too much of a bad thing. The biting blast of continual discontent seems to freeze the marrow in your bones, and it always makes me feel like an iceberg. Fault finding is as catching as the measles, and the grumbles are as bad as the gout. If all would use the oiled feather, many disagreeable jangles would be avoided. A little grace will go a long way to keep the grating of discontent silent. Grease makes the saw cut through cross-grained wood easily, and "contentment with godliness is great gain." Paul had much to put up with, and yet he learnt "in whatsoever state—therewith to be content." Grumbling never mends matters. If it rains heavily, it cannot turn the water off

and if the sun is scorching hot, grumbling only makes it warmer. "A contented heart is a continual feast," and I believe that such people as are happy under all circumstances are seldom of the "lean kind." Grumble and grow thin; laugh and grow fat. May we all be saved from being numbered with the grumblers.—*Christian Inquirer.*

**For Christ's Sake.**

There is no name which appeals, with such tender and moving power, to our Father's heart as Christ's does. If we were to go to Him, in the name of Moses, or Isaiah, or Paul, or the beloved John, and ask Him to grant us some special favor, it would avail nothing. Nor would God be any more favorably disposed towards us if we were to point to the heroic martyrs, who died in bravest defense of the precious truths of the Gospel, and ask Him, for their sakes, to bless us. We would have to put Christ's name before them all, and rest our faith in the argument of His blood, and in the grace of His intercession, if we would receive answers to our prayers and rich blessings on our hearts.

The following story gives force to what I have written. During our last war there was a lawyer in New York who was very active in devoting his means to the relief of the suffering soldiers. His son Charles was an officer in the army, and this tended to make the father greatly interested in the welfare of the soldiers. But after a while this man found that his business did not prosper as well as it had done, and he resolved to not concern himself about the wants of the soldiers, as he had been doing, but apply himself wholly to his own affairs. At this time he became engaged in a case which required close attention, and he kept closely in his study, determined that nothing should be allowed to hinder him from it. But, one day, as he was busily engaged at his study-table, some one entered the room, and although he would not look up, he could not help getting a glimpse of a soldier's uniform. The lawyer hardened his heart, and kept his eyes fixed on his papers. The man with slow and faltering steps crossed over to the table, and stood before the busy lawyer. But he did not seem to take any notice of the soldier, who, after feeling in his pockets some time, exclaimed: "I did have a letter for you." The lawyer, however, kept on with his work, until the letter was found, and then he saw a pale and wasted hand reaching it across the table. He at once recognized the writing of his own dear Charlie. Taking the letter, he hastily opened it, and read the following: "Dear Father: The poor fellow who brings you this was badly wounded in battle, and has just been discharged to go home and die. Will you take care of him, for Charlie's sake!" Tears came into the lawyer's eyes as he read this tender appeal, and his stern resolutions to not continue interested in the welfare of the soldiers were at once dismissed. He immediately gave a most hearty welcome to this invalid soldier, and let him use Charlie's room and bed and clothes, and lovingly watched over him till death bore him to the spirit world, and all for Charlie's sake! See what a human father would do for his son's sake! But greater, oh infinitely greater things than these will our heavenly Father do for us for His Son's sake! He has done so in all the years gone by; and what He has done is only a sweet foretaste of most precious blessings in reservation for all who put their trust in His Son.

**Half Measures.**

A bridge which is a foot too short, fails to reach across the chasm. A race may be lost by a length as well as by a mile. One leak will sink a ship; one sin destroy a soul.

The Earl of Bath illustrated his views of a policy which dismissed one minister of state and retained another whom he deemed equally objectionable by comparing it with the action of the Lord Chamberlain, who, when sent to examine the cellars of the House of Commons returned with the report that "he found five and twenty barrels of gunpowder, that he had removed ten of them, and he hoped the rest would do no harm!"

The man who thinks to serve God and mammon, and divides his time and energies between the Lord and the devil, the flesh and the Spirit, will be found to have made a grand mistake. No man can be slave of two masters. He must have one absolute ruler and owner. When a man has given himself to the Lord he has nothing left for anybody else. The world and the flesh and the devil must stand aside, self must be denied, and Christ must have all. "I would that thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth."—*Christian.*

**Witnessing For Christ.**

The following from the *Edinburg Review*, is given as an anecdote of Prince Charles of Hesse. It is his own account of an interview which he had with the intended king of Prussia, which put his moral courage to a severe test, and is as follows:

"I dined," he says, "every day with the king." One day I had a sufficiently animated conversation on the subject of religion. He could not see the crucifix without blaspheming, and when he spoke of it at dinner, as well as of the Christian religion, I could not join in the conversation, but looked down and preserved a complete silence. At length he turned to me with vivacity and said:

"Tell me, my dear prince, do you believe in those things?"

"I replied in a firm tone, 'Sire, I am not more sure of having the honor to see you than I am that Jesus Christ existed and died for us as our Saviour on the cross.'"

"The king remained a moment buried in thought, and grasping me suddenly by the right arm, he pressed it strongly and said:

"Well, my dear prince, you are the first homme d'esprit that I have found to believe in it."

"I added a few words to reiterate to him the certainty of my faith."

"Passing through the adjoining chamber the same afternoon, I found General Penzenin, who had heard what passed, the greatest and strongest-minded man I ever knew. He put his hands on my shoulders and covered me with a torrent of tears, saying:

"Now God be praised, I have lived to see one honest man acknowledge Christ to be the king's face."

"This good old man overwhelmed me with caresses. I can not retrace this happy moment of my life without the greatest gratitude to God for having vouchsafed to me the opportunity of confessing, before the king, my faith in Him and His Son."

Would to God there were many today who occupy high stations, as brave to acknowledge their divine Lord as was Prince Charles of Hesse.

**More Peters in the Church.**

The Rev. John McNeill, of London, who is called the Scottish Spurgeon, in a recent sermon thus expressed himself:

"The church is overcrowded with awfully wise men who could find fault with them whenever they speak and say, 'That is not the thing to say.' When they propose doing anything, these clever people say, 'That is not the thing to do.' The only power of origination these people have is of moving amendments. These people are not only found in Presbyterianism, although that church has a kind of genius for producing them. They are found all round. The Lord send them men who see a thing with their own eyes and who must do something! They are paralyzed by Mr. Worldly Wiseman. Do not let them go off on the excuse that they are prudent. His countrymen pride themselves on their prudence. Give him a man—and they will crown such a one king—whose justice scorns the consequence of a thing which he believes to be right. That was Simon Peter. Let them beware of their prudence. The great day might show that their prudence is shivering cowardice. They have far too many men to-day who have brake-power, to use a railway illustration. But there is no motive-power in the brake. The brake is all very well when they are rushing down hill, but when they have to draw a sin-damned world to the mercy-seat of Christ—well, then? 'Brakes off, and 120lb. pressure to the square inch.' They need driving!"

on Peter is the man. I have no objection to the applause; Simon Peter deserves it, although it comes late.

**Divine Ownership.**

Jesus gave Himself for us that He might purify unto Himself a "peculiar people;" that is, a people for his own possession. The single word "peculiar" in Titus ii, 14, contains the fundamental idea of divine ownership. We are separate from the world just as soon as we consent to live in the spirit of this teaching. Whoever holds himself without reserve as belonging to the Lord need not strive to be separate from sinners; his whole life will necessarily proclaim it. There is no true life where this truth is rejected.

Robert Hall said: "We are not a race of independent creatures, abandoned to live without control; we are not sent into the world to follow the dictates of our own will. We cannot commit a greater mistake than to suppose that we are in any sense our own; we belong to another; even our limbs and faculties do not so much belong to ourselves as we do our Maker. To do His will, to conform to His pleasure, to keep His commandments, to promote His glory—these are the great

ends of our existence, and to attain them ought to be the fundamental law of our being; otherwise we live in vain—worse than in vain, and it would have been better for us never to have had an existence."

**A Holy Life.**

Guthrie illustrated the emptiness of a mere profession by the simile of the tree lying across the path, apparently a fair and mighty object, but the foot lightly placed upon it breaks through the bark and sinks down into the body, for insects and poisonous fungi have attacked the core and hollowed out the heart.

"Take care," said he, "that your heart is not hollowed out and nothing left but the crust and shell of empty profession."

There are some who began the Christian life full of warmth, ardour, and zeal, who are still regular attendants at the religious services, but scarcely the fruit-bearing branches that witness nearness to the Master. It would be possible to live beneath that roof in a state of unconsciousness as to religious influences, which certainly ought not to be the case with any who name the name of Christ. Religion is not a matter for Sundays only, for outside respectability, or even a mere matter of subscriptions and religious work, but it is a vital, every day concern, affecting the heart.

It is an easy thing, but a dangerous condition, for us to glide into the customary groove of attending meetings and performing good works, thereby increasing our responsibilities the more while our own souls are full of worldly tendrils. It has been truly said that it costs but little now-a-days to multiply copies of the Bible in our homes; our personal concern must be that God's word is hidden within our hearts, and that is the rule and chart whereby we are steering the bark of our every day life, not only in perilous places when storms seem threatening, but when all around us things betoken fair weather and prosperity.—*Quiver.*

**COURTESY IN THE FAMILY.**—There is nothing so necessary to gain perfect order as kindness. It must predominate. The home that is governed by harshness could never become an ideal home. It is not difficult for an ordinarily observant person to see at once what kind of spirit prevails in a family. A person must be dull who partakes of a meal without forming some opinion of the prevailing spirit. In homes where true courtesy prevails it seems to meet one on the threshold. The kindly welcome is felt on entering. It is beautifully expressed, "Kind words are the music of the world." Hard words, on the other hand "are like hailstones in summer beating down and destroying what they would nourish were they melted into drops of rain." Life without love would be a world without a sun; without one blossom of delight, of feeling, or of taste.

**THE TEST.**—Distrust your possession of Christ, if the desire of your life, the passion of your heart, be to gain, rather than give. "The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister," and as the Father sent him, so has He sent Christians. Men are naturally selfish, are born valleys into which streams are trained to flow and stop; the Spirit who regenerates, heaves the valley into a hill, down whose sides streams pour to waiting valleys below. Do you wish to know whether you are a Christian or not? Study the slope. If your desire is to gather in, challenge your Christianity. You are yet a valley, not merely of shadows, but of death; if you desire to impart, you are one with Christ "who gave his life a ransom for many."—*Rev. O. P. Gifford.*

**A FEW EARNEST SOULS** in any community may accomplish a great work. The "few" in Sardis made Christianity respected and gave the church a good name in the community, notwithstanding the general declension. A few may be the salvation of the whole. A few good men would have saved Sodom. A few consistent, earnest, prayerful church-members may bring down "showers of blessings." The churches in rural districts, that seem to be near death, might be revived and prove a blessing for many years to come, if the "few," instead of sinking into faithlessness and apathy, would stir up themselves into prayer and effort.

**A RELIGIOUS** experience which has much of joy in it, is that which has best promise of victory. The man that rejoices in the Saviour is equipped against temptation. A heart full of gladness has no room to harbour evil propensities. Trials the most severe may come, but they who have the joy of the Lord will confront them without fear and out of weakness will be made strong.

**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 leaving St. John at 7.15 a.m. Accommodation for Point du Chene 11.15 a.m. Fast express for Halifax 12.15 a.m. Fast express for Quebec & Montreal 12.15 a.m. Express for Sussex 16.15 a.m.

A parlor car runs each way daily on express trains leaving Halifax at 7.15 a.m. and St. John at 7.30 a.m. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 16.20 and take sleeping car at Moncton.

The train 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 a.m. Fast express from Montreal and Quebec 11.15 a.m. Fast Express from Halifax 15.55 a.m. Day express from Halifax and Campbellton 19.25 a.m. Express from Halifax, Pictou and Mulgrave 23.30 a.m.

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, Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and points West; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton and Woodstock.

2.35 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.; 2.40 p.m.; Vanceboro, 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.

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