

APRIL

BY THE LATE PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON. Between the sudden sunlight and the rain. The birds sing gladly in the trees: where through I walk, and note the sky's ethereal blue, Pure as the peace that's won at last from pain.

Oh, April, longed for so through cheerless hours; Thou who dost turn to silver winter's gray! What is it all thy skies, thy birds, thy flowers, Gives to thy winds a mournful word to say, And brings a sound of weeping with the showers— What but the thought of Aprils passed away?

Revival Prayer.

Prayer is the medium by which we get nearer to God. We find that men who accomplished much for God were men of much prayer. "Enoch walked with God;" that is, he prayed continually. Jacob, when he was anxious to get the blessing, prayed all night.

After David had numbered Israel and sinned, when the destroying angel appeared to smite Jerusalem, he and the elders fell on their faces, and with sack cloth and deep humiliation, persuaded God to stop the angel from destroying the city; thus prevailing in prayer.

Daniel spent twenty-one days in constant prayer to get an answer; many of us would have given up, and got discouraged. Sometimes we must continue long in prayer, if answers are to come.

Jesus spent all night in prayer, not that he needed faith, for all faith and love were full in him, but to set an example for us.

The disciples spent, according to Arthur's "Tongue of Fire," ten days and nights in prayer to God before the baptism of fire came. See the results! All through the revival book (the Acts) we see the disciples prayed much and long.

The early fathers of the Church were men who prayed much.

Now and then, during the dark ages, history records monks who moved things, and lived holy, and accomplished much for God, but who spent hours in prayer daily.

Luther said: "If I fail to spend two hours in prayer each morning, the devil gets the victory during the day."

Knox said: "Give me Scotland, or I die." See the Scottish Church as the result. "Tis said "Mary, Queen of Scots, feared his prayer more than any army!"

Wesley was a mighty man of prayer, and always spent an hour or two each day for wisdom and power to lead men and women to God.

Whitefield lived in the atmosphere of prayer. See how the thousands were converted under his ministry!

Fletcher killed himself fasting and praying; not many of us will die that way!

Bramwell would not be in town a fortnight before the whole town would be aroused religiously, and hundreds would be saved.

Billy Bray smote the hosts of sin in his peculiar way, because he was a man who lived and walked with God. Oh, what a man of prayer he was!

Finney, the prince of evangelists, prayed much, and carried a man with him who would pray while he was preaching. When we get to glory we'll see the tens of thousands he led to God.

Edwards, and his faithful band, prayed all night, and the next day the convicting Spirit of God so manifested himself, that the elders threw their arms around the pillars of the church, and cried: "Lord, save me, I'm slipping down to hell!"

Payson wore the hard-wood boards into grooves where his knees had pressed so often and long. Read his life and see what were the scenes around the altars of his church.

Bishop Simpson, who would electrify the thousands by his eloquence, was a man of much prayer.

Take every man or woman who has been a great blessing in the hands of God, and turned many to righteousness, and you will find they were those who spent hours in prayer.

Brother and sister, how much do you pray? Is it your chief delight? Are you the happiest when you are face to face with God? Do you at all times flee to God in prayer when temptation, trial or disappointment comes?

Minister, chosen of God, do you pray an hour or two each day for the baptism of the Holy Ghost to come on you and the people? Are you living

so God can use you to win others to Jesus? Is your chief aim to please the people or God? Are you sure you are wholly his, perfectly consecrated to his work, and the greatest desire of your heart to see souls saved and Christians sanctified? If you can answer in the affirmative, you can depend on it that you will see the desire of your heart. Father, in Jesus' name, give us pure hearts, and make us like Jesus. Amen!

Answered Prayer.

In the State of New York is a little village nestling among the hills. Near by is a river, where the high, rugged rocks and rainbow falls have a wildness of beauty unsurpassed. In this little village a minister once lived in a parsonage which was much too small for his increasing family. His salary was hardly sufficient to feed and clothe the six little children. He had been for several years principal of one of the public schools in Brooklyn, and his eldest son, who was sixteen years of age, was ready for college. He was eager and impatient to continue his studies, and the father found it hard to control the impetuous boy, who would not brook delay. He was at work in a store, but complaints came constantly from the merchant that he was more interested in his books, which he concealed behind the counter, than in selling goods; and finally the boy declared that he would run away to sea if he could not go to college. It was a time of great anxiety to the father and mother. They could never expect to feed and clothe and educate six children on a preacher's salary in those days. After much worry and planning and anxious thought they could see no way out of the perplexity, and so they dropped the burden that they could not carry and gave their children to the Lord for special work in His service, with earnest prayer and as careful training as the mother of Moses gave her little one, though she knew that he was no longer hers but the king's. The children grew to realize more and more that the prayers of their parents followed them constantly.

In those days people knew but little about missions. A few years before, Lee, with one of the flat-headed Indians from Oregon, had visited them, and after that there was a new interest in the cause of the heathen in the minister's family. The pastor carefully scattered the Missionary Advocate among the children of the Sabbath-school. There was one little girl in his congregation into whose heart the preacher's words sank deeply. She eagerly listened, and studied with intense interest the missionary paper, with its strange pictures of lands and people beyond the sea, and always as she gazed upon those dark pictures of heathen cruelty a feeling came to her, a dim foreshadowing of the future, that some time she herself would sit under those palm-trees in India. As the years passed by, and there seemed no way to realize the dreams of her childhood, she forgot her early resolve to be a missionary. But one day, years afterward, just a few weeks before she graduated in the medical college, suddenly the forgotten vows of her childhood came to her. She was the first lady physician sent to heathen lands from America as a medical missionary. The daughter of her early pastor said to her, "How were you led to become a missionary?" She replied, "It was your father who did it; the result of his labor and prayers."

The faithful minister lived to see his prayers answered in a remarkable way in his own family. His sons became ministers of the Gospel, and his youngest daughter a missionary. His eldest son was the late Dean of the Theological Seminary of Boston University, a school which has sent scores of missionaries to foreign lands—to China, India, Japan, Mexico, South America, and to the islands of the sea. —Missionary Review.

Growing Old.

The ancient Romans placed the beginning of old age at forty-six. Doubtless in some individuals it begins before that time; and in some, years after. When the hair turns grey, when the eyes require artificial lenses, when the step loses its elasticity, or becomes measured and slow, one must believe that he has passed the "watershed," and entered on the decline of life—at least as regards the physical part of him.

But this may only mean that the long apprenticeship of childhood, youth and middle life is over, and that he has entered on the golden autumn of ripe and abundant fruitage. He has learned the use of his tools, henceforth there need be no bungling work, no blunders, no misfits.

At eighty Mrs. Somerville wrote her work on the wonders revealed by the microscope; at ninety she was pushing

her researches in the higher mathematics. When Moltke achieved his renown he was some years past sixty. Gladstone, the grand old man, still holds his own at eighty-two. Holmes still delights us "Over the Teacups." Lowell has never written better prose than during the last ten years. Long fellow was as charming in his age as in his prime. Mrs. Howe and Mrs. Livermore, in the seventies, still draw and delight large audiences. The list might be indefinitely extended.

The elderly may do less work at sixty and at seventy than at forty, but they may do it better, with more ease to themselves, with an assured certainty of success that they had not in their younger days. And if their hearts are young they will never grow old.

And what is the secret of keeping the heart young? Is it not the loving the same things in age that one loved in youth? If in youth we love those things that in themselves are eternally lovely and desirable, and keep on loving them through all the years, can our hearts ever grow old? If the love of the neighbor parallels the love of self, if love of truth, intelligence, virtue, reverence toward God, cultivated in youth, and changing not but to increase as the years increase—if all these characterize the individual, how can his heart grow old? He is, as Macaulay says of the Greek spirit, "Fresh in immortal youth, exempt from mutability and decay." And "though the outward man perisheth, the inward man is renewed day by day."

Betraying by Silence.

When you think of the betrayal of Jesus at the hands of Judas, don't heap too much on that unfortunate man. It is just possible that others are equally as guilty. On the night in which Jesus was betrayed he said to his disciples, "One of you shall betray me." And instantly the sad question flashed over every heart, "Is it I?"

And the fact of the matter is that Judas was not the only one that night, nor was swearing Peter alone in his denial. They all denied him when they forsook him and fled. What lends a special sadness to the whole picture of his trial in Pilate's hall, is the fact that there wasn't a man to stand up for Jesus.

In reply to the false witnesses not one of the disciples offered to testify in his behalf. Oh, the cruel betrayal of silence! Peter, where is your bravery? John, why didn't you speak? Thomas, didn't you say you'd die with him? Oh, the frailty of the human heart! Oh, the betrayal of silence! And yet he had said to them that very night, "Ye are my witnesses." Poor lot, indeed! I can imagine the look Jesus would have given the one who would have arisen in the judgment hall and confronted the howling mob with a testimony in his behalf: "I know this Jesus; he is not a blasphemer; he opened my blind eyes; he healed my child; he cured my leprosy." But there was not a voice, not a single word said in his favor. Oh, the betrayal of silence!

Let me carry this thought into the hearts of all our young people especially. Don't be too hard on Judas; people who live in glass houses should not throw stones. Jesus is denied, betrayed to-day in the self-same way. Once a week we gather together; we call it a testimony service; a place of meeting wherein we testify our witness to the goodness of God, the love of Jesus. But you haven't given any testimony for many a day. Has it ever occurred to you that you are betraying him by your silence. A witness is worthless unless he speaks. Jesus stands before the world; he says to you, to me, "Ye are my witnesses." If we are called to witness to the character of a man or woman, and we are silent in the witness-box, our silence is taken as condemnation for the one on trial. The praise-meeting, the prayer-meeting, is a witness-box. And you are silent! Oh, the betrayal of silence!

The four lepers at the siege of Samaria, felt condemned, as they ate of the spoil, and were silent as to the starving people within the city walls. "It is a day of good tidings, and we hold our peace; we do not well," and they ran and witnessed to the famished ones, who came and ate and lived. The point is too plain to need another word.

It seems to me that when once this phase of the subject is clearly before our minds, and we are led to see it properly, there will be less denial or betrayal by silence. "One of you shall betray me... Is it I?" —Standard.

"To err is human?" Not at all. "To err is inhuman," says Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks, "and to be holy is to live in the straight line of duty."

Ripeness of Character.

One mark is beauty. Ripe fruit has its own perfect beauty. As the fruit ripens, the sun tints it with surpassing loveliness, and the colors deepen till the beauty of the fruit is equal to the beauty of the blossom, and in some respects superior. There is in ripe Christians the beauty of realized sanctification, which the Word of God knows by the name of "beauty of holiness."

Another mark of ripe fruit is tenderness. The young green fruit is hard and stone-like. The mature Christian is noted for tenderness of spirit. Another mark of ripeness is sweetness. The unripe fruit is sour. As we grow in grace we are sure to grow in charity, sympathy and love. We shall, as we ripen in grace, have greater sweetness toward our fellow-Christians. Bitter-spirited Christians may know a great deal but they are immature. Those who are quick to censure may be very acute in judgment, but they are as yet immature in heart. I know we who are young beginners in grace think ourselves qualified to reform the whole Christian Church. We drag her before us and condemn her straightway; but when our virtues become more mature I trust we shall not be more tolerant of evil, but we shall be more tolerant of infirmity, more hopeful for the people of God, and certainly less arrogant in our criticisms.

Another and a very sure mark of ripeness is a loose hold of earth. Ripe fruit easily parts from the bough. —Spurgeon.

The Perfection of Politeness.

In a company in which I found myself lately, says a writer in the New York Star, the conversation turned upon politeness, which some one well defined as "timely thoughtfulness, with human sympathy behind it." One member of the party told of the most thorough bit of true politeness he ever saw.

"Some time ago," said he, "a friend of mine gave a little dinner, to which a young friend, his wife, and their little child were invited. The child, only three years old, was a very precocious, bashful, and terribly sensitive little one. During the dinner she upset a glass of water upon the table-cloth, and hastily noticed the looks in her direction. Her lips quivered and her eyes filled with tears.

"At that moment my friend who gave the dinner knocked over his own glass with a crash that drew every eye in his direction. He laughed over the matter, said it made no difference, etc., and completely succeeded in withdrawing attention from the child, who soon smiled again.

"That I consider to have been the perfection of politeness." —Exchange.

PROFANITY debases character. We speak not of its impoliteness, but of its deeper wrong to him who uses it. It takes the names around which cluster holy thoughts, our precious faith and the influence of our salvation, and brings them to the service of coarse jests and unholy passion. These sacred names are means by which we lift our thoughts and lives above the earth toward the eternal. Profanity tears down and tramples upon the ladder by which the soul climbs heavenward. Better is the reverence of the superstitious Catholic, who touches herself with the sign of the cross at every mention of the Saviour's name, than that habit which makes use of it as an epithet of anger, and the expletive of impure thought.

CRUCIFIED WITH CHRIST.—As we think of the Lord's death do we know anything of what it is to be "crucified with Christ?" A crucified man becomes insensible to all surrounding objects. The favors or frowns of the world; its pride, pleasures or passions are no longer of any account to him. Such will be the case with every man who knows the "fellowship of Christ's sufferings" and is "conformed unto his death." It is only those who have learned such self-sacrifice as the cross presents who are fitted for usefulness in the Lord's work.

No sin looks so sinful as the sin of a saint, no blot so black as a blot on a saint; you never notice the blight on a bottle, you do that on a rose; you never notice a flaw in a flagstone, you do that on a stone of glory out of which a statue is to spring; you never notice a spider when she dangles from the rafters of a barn, you do when she taketh hold with her hands in king's palaces. So it comes to pass that a Christian in the world is a man under a microscope; fierce is the light that beats upon him, and all his faults are magnified.

To live in the spirit is happiness, and all happiness is simply in proportion to the degree in which we do live in the spirit.

Random Readings.

God helps them that help themselves. What makes life dreary is the want of motive.—George Eliot.

One of the duties every man owes to himself is to live so that he can respect himself. To a healthy mind the world is a constant challenge of opportunities.—Lowell.

Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears, while the used key is always bright. The highest and most profitable lesson is the true knowledge of ourselves.—Thomas a Kempis.

There is compensation in all things; a great sorrow, sanctified, will make one an angel of comfort to others in their sorrow. Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise; be thankful unto him, and bless his name.—Psa. c. 4.

The hand of faith never knocked in vain at the door of Heaven. Mercy is as surely ours as if we had it, if we have faith and patience to wait for it.—Burkett.

Mental worry and disquiet, arising from any cause, is the strongest agent in "ageing" men or women. It is an incessant source of exhaustion to the vital forces.

The true chemistry of life is to so combine outward events and inward response as to produce happiness, ignoring the false and discordant elements, and attracting only those that are harmonious.

The world is a looking-glass and gives back to every man the expression of his own face. Frown at it and it will in turn look sourly upon you; laugh at it and with it and it is a jolly, kind companion; and so let all young persons take choice.—Thackeray.

The people that enjoy their pastor's sermons the most, are usually those who hear him the most reverently, attentively, and regularly. Few hearers think how much good hearing helps the preacher, and helps them to a proper appreciation of his sermons.

The Psalms come from all epochs in the history of Israel; they are of all the characters that lyric poetry can assume; but the pervading thought of them all is the mercy, the justice, the redeeming love of the one God, whose law is engrained in the life of Israel.—Freeman.

The invitations of Christ are to every one. "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." The water gushing from the hillside is an invitation to every thirsty, weary one passing by to stop and rest and be refreshed. Just as free to all is the water of life offered in the invitation of Christ.

The peculiar temptations and troubles incident to the possession of great wealth emphasize the truth that a competence is all we really can enjoy. Extreme poverty is scarcely less favorable to the development of soul life. The "golden mean" is the condition which produces the noblest types of character.

All the men and women who have made the world better, happier or wiser for their having lived in it have done so by having worked diligently and persistently. Yet, I am certain that not even one of these, when "looking backward from his manhood's prime, saw not the specter of his mis-spent time." —H. H.

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A woman who is weak, nervous and sleepless, and who has cold hands and feet, cannot feel and act like a well person. Carter's Iron Pills equalize the circulation, remove nervousness, and give strength and rest.

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SIRS—I have taken three bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters and find it a good medicine for constipation and poor appetite. I will continue taking it as it is a great blessing and I feel a great change in my health since taking it. MRS. J. V. GREEN, 5 Sydenham Street, Toronto, Ont.

Well, Sarah, what have you been doing to make you look so young? Oh, nothing much, only been using Hall's Hair Renewer to restore the color of my hair.

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INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. 1890. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1891. ON and after MONDAY, 24th Nov., 1890, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows:— TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN. Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton, N.S. 7.10 Accommodation for Point du Chene 10.40 Fast Express for Halifax 13.30 Express for Sussex 15.30 Fast Express for Quebec & Montreal 16.55 A parlor car runs each way on express trains leaving St. John at 7.10 o'clock, and Halifax at 7.15. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 16.55 and take sleeping car at Moncton. The train leaving St. John for Quebec and Montreal on Saturday at 18.55 o'clock will run to destination, arriving at Montreal at 18.55 Sunday evening. TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Express from Sussex 8.30 Fast Express from Quebec and Montreal (Monday excepted) 9.35 Accommodation from Point du Chene 12.55 Day Express from Halifax 19.20 Fast Express from Halifax 22.30 The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal and Quebec, are lighted by electricity and heated by steam from the locomotive. All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. D. POTTINGER, Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 20th Nov., 1890.

Canadian Pacific Railway. NEW BRUNSWICK DIVISION. All Rail Line to Boston, &c. The Short Line to Montreal, &c. ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS In Effect October 12th, 1890. Eastern Standard Time. LEAVE FREDERICTON. 5.20 A. M.—Express for Fredericton Junction, St. John, and intermediate points. Vancorb, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and point West; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, and Woodstock. 10.30 A. M.—Fredericton Junction, St. John and all points east. 3.15 P. M.—Fredericton Junction, St. John, etc. RETURNING TO FREDERICTON. From St. John 6.30, 7.35, a. m.; 4.40 p. m.; Fredericton Junction, 8.10, a. m., 12.10 a. m., 6.25 p. m.; McAdam Junction, 10.47, a. m.; 2.15 p. m.; Vancorb, 10.25, a. m., 12.45 p. m.; St. Stephen, 7.45, 10.15 a. m.; St. Andrews, 6.55 a. m. ARRIVING IN FREDERICTON. 9.20 a. m., 1.20, 7.20 p. m. LEAVE GIBSON. 6.20 A. M.—Mixed for Woodstock and points north. ARRIVE AT GIBSON. 5.10 P. M.—Mixed from Woodstock, and points north. H. P. TIMMERMAN, C. E. McPHERSON, Gen. Supt. Dist. Pass. Agent.

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