

## Blind Eyes.

So much, so much, we cannot understand!  
So much that leaves the heart unsatisfied!  
Ofttimes we turn beneath God's chastening  
hand.

And in the passion of our human pride,  
Feel that our mighty Maker is unkind.  
Because we cannot see—our eyes are blind.

We cannot see why we should suffer so,  
Who have not deeply sinned nor gone  
astray;

O blinded eyes, how can we rightly know  
How far we wander from the blessed way!

Our finite vision cannot see above us  
The stretching shade of the Almighty  
wing;

We cannot know how truly God doth love  
us,  
Nor how He strives from pain His peace  
to bring.

We cannot know because our eyes are blind;  
We turn away from His anointing hand,  
And, groping, seek that we can never find,  
Up, in perfect peace, we calmly stand,  
Content to wait till we shall plainly see  
In the new light of an eternity.

—Magazine of Poetry.

## Some Reasons for Unanswered Prayer.

Why, after years of crying and suffering for the deliverance promised in God's word, does that deliverance tarry? When the God of love is my Father, and I an obedient child, why do I droop and perish for what is under His very hand? Does He not love me? Has He forgotten me? Is He ignorant of my needs?

There is a time in the life of every Christian when these questions, though perhaps in a more subtle form, will present themselves for solution. The Bible and the experience of life have solutions for these questions. God Himself, in human form, was made perfect through suffering. "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and purgeth every son whom He receiveth." "Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth; therefore, despise not the chastening of the Almighty;" "For He maketh sore, and bindeth up; He woundeth, and His hands maketh whole;" that He may deliver thee from all thy troubles; from famine, death, war; and that thou mayest live in peace and sin not; that thy seed may be blessed and thy life full.

It is only through privation and suffering, God can teach us some of the lessons most necessary for our happiness. It is the pressure of the new leaf that pushes off the old one. It is the pressure of affliction that pushes aside useless desires and, driving us to our God, makes us live in Him. In Him is light and life and love. That is what we are all crying for, is it not? Often the blessings we daily, hourly ask Him for are within our own reach, but we do not see them.

Like Stanley and his troops in Africa, we famish for food on the banks of a river swarming with fish. Is God to blame for this?

I call to mind a woman who prayed fifty years for the conversion of her sons, but she was so taken up in doing what she had chosen as duties that she neglected to cultivate those lovely virtues that would have made her children think their mother's religion the sweetest thing in the world, and they would have wished that they could be like her. That mother lived to see both her sons fill drunkards' graves, and yet the promise was to her and her children if she had fulfilled her part.

If we do not fulfill our part of every promise given us, need we expect the Lord to be persuaded by our much speaking into doing His part before ours is done?

What we sow we reap, and we must be prepared to wait for our harvest. Our Master suffered and waited for His. As He was, so are we to be. He was not understood or appreciated, for He was "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." We cannot expect to be higher than our Lord.

Here are three reasons why our prayers are not answered:

1. We ask what is not promised.
2. We are first to be made perfect through suffering.
3. We do not fulfill our part of the promise.

Will we not do well to make this our own? "Cast not away therefore your confidence, which hath great recompense of reward. For ye need have patience, that, after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise" (Heb. x, 35, 36).—*Christian Advocate*.

## The Vine and its Branches.

To abide in Christ is to be constantly renewed in Him; to be united to Him as the branch is joined to the living vine; to live in Him so that there may be an uninterrupted transmission of His spirit through our souls. It is even more than this. The habitual trust of the heart is also implied. He would be our intimate, divine friend, so near to us that there can be no room for a rival; so faithful in imparting needful strength that we are able

to overcome every obstacle in our daily life; so consciously present with us, that believing in Him is the easy habit of every hour.

Furthermore, He discloses unto us the divine method by which this union in Him is perpetuated. "If My words abide in you," "My words!" "In you!" How emphatic and suggestive! His precious truth is not simply in the memory; rather, it is that spiritual food upon which the soul feasts, and through which it is constantly nourished; and that word is made nourishment unto us by the Holy Spirit, whose conceit it is to lead us "into all truth."

Having this experience in Christ, what follows? There is something truly sublime in the unqualified words of our Lord: "Ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." See how rich is this assurance! Even in temporal blessings, such as physical health, the promise is fulfilled; for, when the request may seem to be denied, there is some better gift from God waiting for every one who truly abides in His Son. Because the true Christian always asks for these things in deference to the divine will, the denial is truly God's way of bestowing the best blessings. In such cases He usually implants in the soul of the suppliant, not only a willingness to accept His ordering, but a deep, sincere choice of it. But when we speak of spiritual blessings, how wonderful the engagement made to all who are in Him! To these the word is spoken without reservation: "Ask, and ye shall receive." If it be the Holy Spirit they ask for: "We know they have the petitions that they desired of Him."

## Hurling the Harpoon.

The following, taken from the January number of the *Homiletic Review*, is well worth reading and remembering:

A sailor who has just returned from a whaling voyage was taken by a friend to hear an eloquent preacher. When they came out of church the friend said:

"Jack, wasn't that a fine sermon?"

"Yes, it was ship-shape; the water-lines were graceful; the masts raked just high enough; the sails and rigging were all right, but I didn't see any harpoons. When a vessel goes on a whaling voyage the main thing is to get the whales. But they don't come to you because you have a fine ship. You must go after them and harpoon them. Now, it seems to me that a preacher is a whaleman. He is sent, not to interest or amuse the fish by sailing among them, but to catch them. Jesus said to his disciples, 'I will make you fishers of men.' Now, how many sermons like that do you think it would take to convict a sinner and make him cry out, 'What must I do to be saved?'"

The friend said: "But, Jack, people nowadays don't like to be harpooned. They like to listen to such expositions. Surely it is a grand thing to attract such an audience to hear the Gospel."

"To hear about the Gospel, you mean? I don't object to the Doctor's exposition and illustration. As I said before, they were all ship-shape. But the trouble was when he sailed to the fishing-ground and the whales had all gracefully come to the surface, instead of manning the boats and striking for a haul, he made a polite bow and appeared to say: 'I am very glad to see so many whales. I must not do anything to hurt or frighten them; hope they will admire my ship and all come again on my next voyage.' Do you think the ship owner would send such a captain to Behring Straits a second time? Read in Acts the report of Peter's first Gospel sermon. He begins with an able exposition of Old Testament prophecies in regard to the incarnation and resurrection of Christ and the outpouring of the Spirit, and then, when he had gained the attention of the crowd, he charged home upon them with words of 'Jesus, whom ye have crucified!' That was hurling a harpoon."

## Down in a Diving Bell.

Have you ever been under the water in a diving-bell? I have; and very glad I was to get up again! The bottom of the diving-bell is open just like an ordinary bell or a tumbler, and all the time we were below air was being pumped into the bell through tubes from above. Without this constant supply of air we could not have lived. We were out of our natural element. As a fish cannot live out of water, so neither could we exist under the water except under special conditions. The fresh air coming into the bell kept the water out of it and kept us alive. Had it not been for this constant stream of pure air we must have died by drowning or suffocation. Now, every man, woman, boy, and girl born into this

world is, in one sense, like a person in a diving-bell. We are made for heaven, not merely for earth. We need the air of heaven, or our souls cannot live. This beautiful earth suits our bodies, but our spirits require something more. We need the atmosphere which is from above. God supplies us with the breath of spiritual life. He gives us the Bible, the Holy Spirit, Sunday—His holy day—and means of grace to help our souls in this life and to prepare us for the next; and if we inhale the divine air which God supplies for our use our souls will live, and our spiritual life will set upon our bodies and make us happy, good, and useful. Long ago St. Augustine said: "O Lord, Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our hearts can find no rest until they rest in Thee." This is one beginning of the wisdom. And Augustine would have been much happier in his younger days, and saved his good mother much anxiety, had he learned this truth earlier.—*Inquirer*.

## That Other Man.

A noted preacher was being waited for on the Hills of Wales. The time had elapsed, the preacher was in the town, but was not on the hillside. The people were impatient, and the host of the preacher sent a messenger to tell him that the occasion was complete, and the people were ready and earnestly expecting him to come. The messenger came back again, and said: "I do not know what the matter is, but the chamber door is locked. I heard voices within. I listened, and heard the preacher say: 'I will not go unless you go with me.' He is talking to some other man. He wants the other man to come, and unless the other man will come, he says he will not appear among us to day. What is to be done?"

The host understood the case. He said: "All will be ready presently." And so it was. The closeted preacher, locked the door, came out with an invincible companion, one like unto the Son of Man, and old Wales, accustomed to the noblest religious eloquence that ever fell from human lips, was never more deeply stirred and vitally thrilled than when that man spoke in the power of the other man, and revealed the kingdom of God to an expectant and thankful people.

Do not go without the other man—the man Christ Jesus. Do not go alone. Say, whenever you go to the pulpit or class, or sick chamber, or district, for any kind of Christian work whatever, "I will not go alone," and if that desire be uttered heartily, lovingly, honestly, you shall not go alone. God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost will go with you, and the prey shall be delivered into your hand and you shall return more than conqueror through Him that loved you.

ASKING A BLESSING.—There is nothing which it is right for us to do, but it is also right to ask that God would bless it; and, indeed, there is nothing so little but the frown of God can comfort it into the most sad calamity, or his smile exalt it into a most memorable mercy; and there is nothing we can do but its complexion for weal or woe depends entirely on what the Lord will make it.

It is said of Matthew Henry that no journey was undertaken, or any subject or course of sermons entered upon, no book committed to the press, nor any trouble apprehended or felt, without a particular application to the mercy-seat for direction, assistance and success. It is recorded of Cornelius Winter that he seldom opened a book, even on general subjects, without a moment's prayer. The late Bishop Heber, on each new incident of his history, or on the eve of any undertaking, used to compose a brief prayer imploring special help and guidance. A late physician of great celebrity used to ascribe much of his success to three maxims of his father's, the last and best of which was, "Always pray for your patients."

HOME.—I remember on my return to France, after a long voyage to India, as soon as the sailors had discerned the shores of their native country, they became, in a great measure, incapable of attending to the duties of the ship; some looked at it wistfully, others dressed themselves in their best clothes; some talked, others wept. As we approached, their joy became greater; and still more intense was it when we came into port, and saw on the quay their parents and children; so that we had to get, according to the custom of the port, another set of sailors to bring us into the harbor. Thus would it be with God's children, if they saw the full and unclouded glory of eternity, before they reach the eternal heaven. "I have many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now" (John 16: 12).—*Pierre*.

## The Cross Proportioned to our need of it.

The apostle tells the saints (Heb. x, 36) that they have need of patience; and their experience tells them that they have need of something to exercise their patience. And their needs are different; some are knotty pieces, and need more; others are tender, and upon them less will serve. The stubborn child must have more stripes; the shaking of the rod will do more on some spirits than the smart of it on others; but all need something. Let him only that is without sin say: "I have no need of shame and sorrow." The Lord will neither overdo nor underdo; every one shall have his load and no more—no more than they can bear, and no less than their need requires. The Lord delights not in his children's tears; He doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men; but yet He would rather they cry than perish. Wonder not, Christians, that your tender Lord puts you in pain, and that your pains are so sharp and so many: "Your heavenly Father knoweth that you have need of all these things." It is a mercy that He will chastise; you may put your corrections among your mercies. His breakings of you are His blessings, His woundings are your cures; and by your own, as by your Lord's stripes you are healed. And when you shall review and read over all His darker providences, and behold the wisdom and tenderness which is tempered with his severities, evidenced in His laying on so much, and yet no more than was needful, you will then write down with the psalmist: "Thou in very faithfulness has afflicted me."—*Richard Allestree*.

## Value of Missions.

Sir Charles A. Elliot, the new Lieutenant Governor of Bengal, speaking at Simla, has added his testimony to the value of missions as judged from the standpoint of high India officials.

"I make bold to say," were his words, "that if missions did not exist, it would be our duty to invent them. This is what was said by the famous men who built up the administration of the Punjab, and who, when it was annexed in 1849, among their first requirements, along with codes and roads and police, wrote home to the Church Missionary Society for a supply of missionaries. But we are not now in their position. Missionaries do exist—nay, more, they progress and prosper—they are numbered now by thousands, and their converts by hundreds of thousands." In allusion to the sneers and cavils often heard from residents in India at "the small results of missionary effort," Sir Charles gave illustrations of the currents which flow side by side without intermingling, and urged that the absorption of men with, in the limit of their particular work compelled them to be ignorant of many things. "Civilian and military men live side by side in our large stations, and yet how few men of either service know much of what occupies intensely the minds of the other class—on the one hand, the soldier's aspirations after military improvement and efficiency; on the other, the civilian's efforts for the better administration of the country. Similarly, neither the civilian nor the military man, nor the engineer nor the merchant, know much of the career of the missionary, nor he of theirs."

## Going On Her Way Rejoicing.

I saw, not long ago, a woman who said to me, "Is it indeed true that upon trusting in Jesus I shall be saved at once?" I replied, "It is even so." "Why," she said, "my father, when he got religion, was nearly six years a getting it; and they had to put him in a lunatic asylum part of the time. I thought there was no getting saved without going through a very dreadful process." I spoke to her of the person and work of Jesus, and repeated to her the divine command, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." She caught the idea, and obeyed the command. I perceived that she yielded to the truth, and really trusted, for I saw a change come over her face which betokened the rest of her soul. "I am saved," she said, and she hastened off, saying, "I will get away, now, for your time must not be wasted. I am saved, and you can tell the truth to someone else, and perhaps they will rejoice as I do."—*Rev. C. H. Spurgeon*.

## Stages of Experience.

The salvation of the soul is a process, having a beginning, a middle, and an end. No one attains the goal at a leap. The short cut is a false way, the deceptive trail of the enemy. The only short cut is the King's highway, marked off in several distinct sections, to be traveled over step by step. Regeneration is the initial stage—the renewal of the soul in the image of God in

## MAILED TO ANY ADDRESS.

righteousness and true holiness. The work begun in regeneration must be carried forward to the complete sanctification provided for in the atonement of Jesus Christ. Sanctification is both instantaneous and gradual; instantaneous in the first and final acts, and gradual in the way between those acts. The journey is an all-day advance; but there is a moment when we mount the box and start off, as also another when we touch the goal. In the experience of every believer there are moments of thrilling interest and significance, but these moments prove to be of ultimate value to those only who persevere in daily and continuous service. Spurts are of less value than the steady pull. Short heats never take one through to heaven. It is the mettle and bottom, unflagging at the tenth mile, which bears off the golden prize.—*Herald*.

A WORD OF CHEER.—The pastor was discouraged. His heart was heavy and sore. He had preached the morning sermon on the Sabbath of the communion, and then sat on the door-step alone like Elijah, sorely distressed. Why did he enter the ministry, for which he seemed so poorly adapted, and in which he saw such poor results? Then came to him one who seemed a stranger, but whom he slowly recalled as having for a short time lived within his congregation. After a most cordial greeting the stranger said: "For a long time I have been wishing to see you. Do you remember the visit you made me?" The fact of such a visit was dimly recalled. "Well, I could not forget what you said, and resolved to do my duty. I have been living a Christian life ever since, and I have been so happy. I heard that you were to be here to-day, and I came over to see you and to tell you." How bright the sunlight in the minister's heart! The two sat down at the table and praised God. The Lord sent His angel to the sad heart that day.—*United Presbyterian*.

A CONFESSING CHRISTIAN.—A great many years ago a Roman Emperor said to a Greek architect, "Build me a Coliseum, and when it is done I will make your name famous through all the world." The work was done, and a great host was gathered in the Coliseum to celebrate it. And then they brought out some Christians who were ready to die for the truth, and the Emperor said, "The Coliseum is done, and we have come to celebrate it to day by the putting to death of Christians, and we have come here to honor the architect." Whereupon the Greek architect sprang to his feet and shouted, "I also am a Christian." And they flung him to the wild beasts. Could you have confessed Christ in that way?

## Random Readings.

Revivals cause joy in heaven.  
Life without industry is guilt.—*Ruskin*.  
Industry pays debts, while despair increaseth them.  
What a rich possession has every man who can truly say, "Christ is mine!"  
God's promises were never intended to be thrown aside as waste paper. He intended they should be used.—*Spurgeon*.  
The large proportion of sins committed against the laws of right are done without reflection, and many of them are bitterly repented of too late.  
Have something to do, something to love, and something to hope for.—*Dr. Chalmers*.

## Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

If you wish to please your family, flavor your puddings, pies, Jellies, &c., with the "Royal" Extracts.  
Are free from all crude and irritating matter. Concentrated medicine only. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Very small; very easy to take; no pain; no griping; no purging. Try them.  
If you feel languid and bilious, try Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and you will find it one of the best preparations for such complaints. Mr. S. B. Maginn, Ethel, used Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and cured a severe bilious sick headache which troubled him for a long time.  
If you had taken two of Carter's Little Liver Pills before retiring you would not have had that coated tongue or bad taste in the mouth this morning. Keep a vial with you for occasional use.

A CANADIAN CASE.  
The case of Mrs. E. A. Storey, of Shetland, Ont., is a remarkable proof of the efficacy of Burdock Blood Bitters in Headache. She writes: "For over 40 years I was a martyr to headache, having severe attacks about once a week. Have now used 3 bottles of B. B. and have had no attack for 4 or 5 months."

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The single tax may relieve poverty but as a remedy for painful ailments it cannot compare with Haggard's Yellow Oil the old reliable cure for rheumatism, neuralgia, croup, sore throat, lumbago, colds and inflammatory diseases.

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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 ..... 7.10  
Accommodation for Point du Chene 10.40  
Fast Express for Halifax ..... 13.30  
Express for Sussex ..... 16.30  
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 16.55 o'clock will run to destination, arriving at Montreal at 18.05 Sunday evening.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

Express from Sussex ..... 8.30  
Fast express from Quebec and Montreal (Sunday 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,  
Chief Superintendent  
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. Vancorbo, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and point West; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, and Woodstock.  
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 6.30, 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.; Vancorbo, 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.  
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Also a full and complete stock Sporting and Rifle Powder, Shot, Shells and Caps, Pouches, Belts and Cartridges, Primers, Gunlocks, Revolvers, Gun Cases, Covers and Bags, Shells loaded to order.

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