

The Two Words.

One day a harsh word, rashly said,
Upon an evil journey sped,
And like a sharp and cruel dart
It pierced a fond and loving heart
It turned a friend into a foe,
And every-where brought pain and woe.

A kind word followed it one day,
It healed the wound, it soothed the pain,
And friends of old were friends again;
It bore a scar that long remained;
It made the hate and anger cease,
And every-where brought joy and peace.

But yet the harsh word left a trace
The kind word could not quite efface;
And, though the heart its love regained,
It bore a scar that long remained;
Friends could forgive, but not forget,
Or lose the sense of keen regret.

Oh if we would but learn to know
How swift and sure one word can go,
How would we weigh with utm st care
Each thought before it sought the air,
And only speak the words that move
Like white-winged messengers of love!
—Sunday School Times.

Fermented Wine at Communion.

Rev. John McNeill, of London, arguing for the use of unfermented wine at the communion table, gave as the substance of his plea the following letter, which was handed to him by a brother clergyman with permission to read:

Dear Sir: As a Christian member of your congregation, may I ask if it would be possible for you to have unfermented wine at the Lord's table? I shall spend no time in apology for asking this, but give my just reason and leave it to you. When you have read this think what course Jesus would take and ask: "Lord, what wouldst thou have me to do?" Just before I was six years old my father cut his throat, leaving my mother with five children—three girls older and one lad younger than myself. My eldest sister took to drink when she was quite young. Fourteen years ago I was converted. Twelve years ago I heard a sermon on Christians and total abstinence. I signed the pledge with two bigger sisters, and we tried to persuade the one given to drink to give it up. She was married and in a good position. Over and over again she signed the pledge and tried to keep it. Over and over again she was tempted and fell. At last of her own accord she went into a home for the intemperate. Her husband paid twelve shillings per week, and she stayed one year. She came out a changed woman, a sober wife and mother, and things went on very happily for a time. One day her husband had a very severe cold, but his duty compelled him to go out, so he fortified himself against the cold—he took a glass of hot whiskey. He was careful enough not to have it in her presence for fear it should be a temptation. He drank it, and on his coming to kiss her before starting according to his custom, the fumes of alcohol were transmitted, and all the old craving came back. She went out soon after her husband, and in less than an hour was a drunken mad woman. Poor thing! she never tried again. She said it was of no use. No one knew the fearful struggle, and that unless she could keep out of sight or smell she never would be free. For years he wrestled with God in prayer for her, never doubting that He would give the needed strength some day. She could not keep sober, so she left her husband and children—one a dreadful cripple through her drinking. She has had eight children, and six of these had been victims to the curse. Her husband allowed her enough to live on while he lived, but he died two years after she left him, a white haired, broken-hearted man, only forty-five. We never knew where she lived; she used to come to us at home now and then, and we gave her clothes. We tried in every way to win her back and keep her back. If she was a mere beggar, she said she would always keep out of our way, but she must and would have drink. I need not follow the history, for if you have read the life of Annie Chapman, one of the worst victims of the Whitechapel tragedies, you read the sad end of my sister's life. Yes, sir; all through that terrible time I sat unknown on Sundays in your church, praying that God would give us grace to trust Him, for my sister's end shook our faith to its very foundation. I do not question God's dealing. He is too wise to err, too good to be unkind. Now sir, you would think the drink demon had got enough of our family; but my only brother inherits the curse. It was he who had the painful task of identifying my murdered sister, and of laying her in the grave. Instead of sobering him it seemed to goad him on, for just one month from the date of her death he was turned out of a situation. * * I know you are brave in the cause of right, and I want you to think of the

danger it would be to my brother if he comes back with me to your church with the strong smell of alcohol on the Lord's table, lest that might be like the fatal kiss to my poor sister, and he might meet his end from that moment. It is so easy to get unfettered wine.—I know your deacons might object, and some of your church members. I never touch the wine. I hold my breath when it passes, for I am afraid of it. I know the grace of God is powerful to keep, but Noah was righteous enough to be saved when all the world was drowned; yet the grace of God did not keep him from drink and its fearful results. There may be other brothers and sisters like mine. Oh! make the church at least safe for them, lest they find a way to hell even from the table of the Lord.

Are You Redeemed?

BY THE REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

Redemption is the core of the Gospel. Mr. Moody is about right when he says that his system of theology is pretty much all to be found in the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah. Paul was a man of one idea; for he determined to know nothing in his preaching save Jesus Christ and Him crucified. The doctrine of the atonement—with all that it carries in its train—is the marrow of all profitable preaching; and it is the inspiration or the richest hymns which God's people love best and sing the ofttest. The crown-jewels of Christian hymnology are Toplady's "Rock of Ages" and Wesley's "Jesus, Lover of my soul," and Palmer's "My faith looks up to Thee." There are plenty of other hymns that have their mission of praise, or penitence, or consolation; but when we have in sight of the eternal world we shall probably feel as that great theologian, Dr. Charles Hodge, felt when he was on his dying bed. He kept repeating over and over these beautiful lines which Mrs. Weiss, the daughter of Archbishop Whately, wrote during her last sickness. Three stanzas of that hymn are the following:

"Dear ones come with fruit and flowers
Thus to cheer my heart the while
In these deeply anxious hours;
O, if Jesus only smile!
Only Jesus
Can these trembling fears beguile.

"Dearest Saviour, go not from me;
Let Thy presence still abide;
Look in tenderest love upon me,
I am sheltering at Thy side.
Dearest Saviour,
Who for suffering sinners died.
"Both mine arms are clasped around
Thee,
And my head is on Thy breast;
For my weary soul has found Thee
Such a perfect, perfect rest.
Dearest Saviour,
Now I know that I am blest."

But is there no danger that while we preach and sing about the cross and the atoning blood, we may not realize just what Jesus Christ redeemed us for? Certainly not to provide for us the luxury of heaven, or merely a happy time in getting there. The great apostle declares that Christ died for us that "He might redeem us from all iniquity and purify unto Himself a peculiar people zealous of good works." That makes redemption a prodigiously practical thing on our part. It raises in our mind, or ought to, such close, searching questions as these: Have I really been delivered from the dominion of sin? Am I a purer man or woman in my thoughts and purposes and manner of living? Am I honestly striving to keep God's commandments at whatever cost? Am I willing to bear the burdens of others, and zealous to win souls to my Master? If we cannot give a sincere "Yes" to such searching questions, we may well doubt whether we have been redeemed at all. Christ's cross cannot do us much good if we are bearing no cross for Him. It is not the character we see in Christ that determines our soundness; it is the character which Jesus Christ sees in us. Such a tranquil death song as Charles Hodge chanted on his way home to glory was the fruit and the reward of a life consecrated to "good works."

The goodly land of my ancestors was once a waste of salt waters. The stout arms of its people gradually redeemed Holland until its green fields are covered with smiling homes and thriving towns. So when a human heart and life have been redeemed from a worthless waste of selfishness and sin, and built over with structures of usefulness to man and for the honor of Christ, then we see that redemption is a great reality. Christ's loving purpose has been fulfilled in us. Here is the test. Redemption means deliverance from the hateful slavery of sin. It means a life of purity and unselfish love. It means that we are not our own; that our time and talents—whether they be one or ten—and our purse and our influence belong to Jesus Christ. His supreme purpose

in redeeming us was to produce Christian character. Unless that is the outcome of our orthodox creed and "confession," then our religion becomes only a devout delusion. Do I believe in redemption? Is not an hundredth part as important as the question: Am I living like a man redeemed from sin to good works?—The New York Evangelist.

Our Minor Troubles.

Paradoxical as it may appear, our smaller troubles, difficulties, anxieties and perplexities are really the greater ones. The sum of the little is much greater than the sum of the big trials. The little trials are the most numerous. The great ones are exceptional. They come only once a month, a year, or ten years, it may be; while little vexations are sprinkled all along our pathway, and become, as it were, a part of our daily experience. You meet a lion or bear but once or twice, possibly never, in your life time; but a swarm of mosquitoes may vex you every night. And you probably find it more difficult to shake off the small beast than the large one. The lion affords an ample target, but the mosquito, when we buffet him, is not there. The hardest matter about our little trials is, we cannot find them. If we undertake to tell them, they are so exceedingly minute that we cannot render them very visible to another's eyes, and are ashamed to ask other people to look through our magnifying glass to see them. If there was only something of them, it would be a comfort to us; but really, to our sorrow, they are next to nothing.

The smaller trials of life take us on the raw edge, as it were; they find us with the armor off, and in an ill condition for fighting; while in the presence of the great ones, we are roused and arm ourselves in the divine panoply. Against the devil he could see, Luther was prepared to hurl his inkstand. He had been struggling in prayer. The lion-like elements in him, conspicuous at Wittenburg and Worms, were already at the head of the column; and with these furnishings he was a host in himself against a legion of devils. In this the great reformer was not singular. We have all thrown our inkstands at the devil's head and felt better and more courageous on hearing the thud on his brazen old pate; but the chronic worry, the thousand-and-one vexatious little matters, the winged trials which hover in swarms about our ears to fret and vex us, who can bear? A man can be a martyr, with good stomach, if you kill him while his courage is up; but how about those inexpressible nothings which worry one's life out and never kill him at all or even hurt him much? The sting has poison, and causes an intolerable inflammation, though buried in the flesh quite out of sight. It worries us most of all that the trouble is no greater; then we could have a good cry, and our sky would brighten and our tears dry; but to cry over a small matter makes us feel all the worst toward ourselves and everybody else. Really, those people are most to be pitied who worry over trifles. You can't help them on the plane they occupy, and they can't help themselves.

The true remedy is a big trouble, or a hard job of work. The mosquito is not usually troublesome in working hours, or to the man in the race; he makes himself most unwelcome when we settle down in the easy-chair or try to go to sleep. And what a piece of good fortune it would be, for some people, who have been teased and worried by the visits of fairies, to have a great trouble! It would wake them up, draw their manhood to the front, and cause them to realize how comfortable they had been in their previous condition. Macaulay tells how mean was Queen Elizabeth in days of security and ease, but how queenly and undaunted in the day of calamity. In dealing with petty affairs in the civil administration she was easily chafed and fretted; in meeting the Armada, at which all England trembled, she exhibited the face and courage of a lion. When the Lord designs to lift a man to a higher plane and to use him to some purpose, He lets the devil have at him. The devil will then be sure to be worsted. —Z Herald.

Bad Children of Good Parents.

David's grief for Absalom was terrible. Whether the young man had been well trained or not we cannot tell. Solomon, David's wisest son, said: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." But Ezekiel, in vindicating the ways of God to man, says: "If a man be just, and do that which is lawful and right, * * * he is just, he shall surely live. If he begat a son that doeth the like to any one of these things, * * * shall he then live? he

shall not live; he hath done all these abominations; he shall surely die; * * * Now lo, if he begat a son that seeth all his father's sins which he hath done, and considereth, and doeth not such like, * * * he shall surely live."

The general rule is that a well-trained child will do well. There are exceptions, for each man born into the world works out his own character as to merit or demerit, though affected by many things. The most godly may beget children that will defy all training, and while their hearts break and their sons are disgraced and punished for crime, they and those who know them may feel that they are not to be blamed.

Tendencies may be hereditary, but the relation and strength of tendencies may be modified unaccountably. The energy that makes a father, a great preacher or any effective philanthropist may make the son, if he refuse to obey the moral precepts of his father, a confidence man or a terrible oppressor. The excitability of temperament that admits of oratory, the sensibility essential to poetry or music, may make him, unless he be a man of principle, a libertine, a gambler, a perpetrator and disseminator of all evil.

Many good men believe that their children cannot go wrong. Some have thought that entire sanctification is hereditary, and that the ineradicable taint of depravity will disappear if the parents are both completely consecrated to God. Instances have occurred where the misconduct of the children of authors has compelled the alteration of their sermons, essays, and even books in preparation. Cain and Abel had the same parents, and presumably similar training. "Bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Train them, correct them, set before them a good example; warn, rebuke, exhort, persuade, punish, and the majority of the children so treated will follow the right path.

Many amiable parents, like Eli, do not restrain their sons and daughters, and though devout and consistent themselves, are blameworthy when their children become wicked. God alone can infallibly judge them. Parental vigilance, kindness, and firmness should never cease. *Christian Advocate.*

Too Busy to Pray.

Jesus appears to have devoted himself specially to prayer at times, when His life was unusually full of work and excitement. His was a very busy life; there were nearly always "many coming and going" about Him. Sometimes, however, there was such a congestion of thronging objects that He had scarcely time to eat. But even then he found time to pray. Indeed, these appear to have been with Him seasons of more prolonged prayer than usual. Thus we read: "So much the more went there a fame abroad of Him, and great multitudes came together to hear and to be healed by Him of their infirmities, but he withdrew Himself into the wilderness and prayed."

Many in our day know what this congestion of occupations is—they are swept off their feet with their engagements, and can scarcely find time to eat. We make this a reason for not praying. Jesus made it a reason for praying. Is there any doubt which is the better course? Many of the wisest have in this respect done as Jesus did. When Luther had a specially busy exciting day, he allowed himself longer time than usual for prayer beforehand. A wise man once said that he was too busy to be in a hurry; he meant that if he allowed himself to become hurried he could not do all he had to do. There is nothing like prayer for producing this calm self-possession. When the dust of business so fills your room that it threatens to choke you, sprinkle it with the water of prayer, and then you can cleanse it out with comfort and expedition. —Dr. Stalker.

Earnestness for souls.

This is the great need of all the members of our churches. If this consuming desire were in the hearts of pastor and people there would be less time and thought for the profitless discussion of technicalities in faith and practise. Dr. Mason said that the secret of Dr. Chalmers' power was his "blood earnestness." The serene Sumnerfield, just before his death, speaking of his recovery, said: "O, if I might be raised again, how I would preach! I have taken a look into eternity." Think of Allen, of whom it is said, that "he was insatiably greedy for the conversion of souls;" of Matthew Henry, who said, "I would think it a greater happiness to gain one soul to Christ than mountains of silver and gold to myself;" to Doddridge, who said, "I long for the conversion of souls more than anything besides. I could not only labor for it,

but die for it with pleasure;" of John Knox, who broke the stillness of the night with his thrice-repeated cry, "O Lord, give me Scotland, or I die." God gave him Scotland. No wonder that Queen Mary "feared the prayers of John Knox more than an army of ten thousand men." A passion for souls gives a man irresistible power. The Chinese convert was right when he said: "We want men with hot hearts to tell us of the love of Christ."

All about us are souls in sin and we may hear their death-knell sounding. Men and women there are without God and without hope—men and women soon to stand at the judgment-seat of Christ. May God help us to cry unto him day and night for their rescue! *Dr. McArthur in Inquirer.*

Forgetting the Giver.

It is very possible in receiving benefits to forget the giver. Our Lord found but one man returning to give thanks for being healed of his leprosy, and asked the question, "Where are the nine?" They may not have been altogether ungrateful. The love of home may have inspired some to go at once to proclaim their cure, and others may have been eager to go to the priests to be assured of recognition as clear of their leprosy. There are many now who do not make such acknowledgment to Christ as is his just due. It is possible to accept the truths of the Gospel system, to have a place in the church and entertain a hope of heaven, and yet not to feel that sense of obligation to the once suffering Savior who has redeemed us which we ought to possess. If we felt as thankful as we might for the salvation Christ has procured for us, we should be found constantly like that grateful stranger who "fell down on his face at his feet giving him thanks." —*Christian Inquirer.*

A NEW CREATION.—God never repairs. Christ never patches. The Gospel is not here to mend people. Regeneration is not a scheme, a moral tinkering and ethical cobbling. What God does, He does new; new heavens, new earth, new body, new heart—"Behold I make all things new." In the Gospel thus we move into a new world and under a new scheme. The creative days are back again. We step out of a regime of jails and hospitals and reform shops. We get live effects direct from God. That is the Gospel. The Gospel is a permanent miracle. God at first hand—that is a miracle. The Gospel thus does not classify with other schemes of amelioration. They are good, but this is not simply better, but different, distinct, and better because distinct; it works in a new way, and works another work. Compare the wrought chains riveted on the demoniac, and the Divine Word working a new creation in the demoniac. It is all there. It is like the difference between the impotent Persian lashing the turbulent sea with chains, and the gracious Lord saying to the troubled sea, "Peace, be still!" —Rev. C. H. Parkhurst.

Random Readings.

Doing nothing for others is the undoing of one's self.—H. Mann.
Employment is nature's physician and is essential to human happiness.
As the sun is the glory of creation, so is Christ the glory of redemption.
Every soul should have its own holy of holies. The truths of Christ are worth keeping, and the way to keep them is to ponder them.—Henry.
Though the Word and the Spirit do the main work, yet suffering so unbolts the door of the heart, that the Word hath easier entrance.—Baxter.
God demands an account of the past, and that we must render hereafter; he demands an improvement of the past, and this we must attend to now.—Jay.
Clear thoughts patiently worked out and freely interchanged before action is called for, are the only means of making that action wise, permanent and effective.

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Why don't you try Carter's Little Liver Pills? They are a positive cure for sick headache, and all the ills produced by disordered liver. Only one pill a dose.

There are so many cough medicines in the market, that it is sometimes difficult to tell which to buy; but if we had a cough, a cold or any affliction of the throat or lungs, we would try Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Those who have used it think it is far ahead of all other preparations recommended for such complaints. The little folks like it as it is as pleasant as syrup.

"MAUD S." CONDITION POWDER is a capital thing to mix in food for Poultry.

It is conjectured that a specific may yet be found for every ill that flesh is heir to. However this may be, certainly the best specific yet found for diseases of the blood is Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and most diseases originate from impure blood.

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junction, St. John, and intermediate

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John, etc.

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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.; Woodstock, 10.47

a. m.; 2.15 p. m.; Vancou-

boro, 10.25 a. m., 12.45 p. m.; St.

Stephen, 7.45, 10.15 a. m.; St. An-

drews, 6.15 a. m.

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9.20 a. m., 1.20, 7.20 p. m.

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