

The Fear of Death.

What is this fear of death?
Is it the dying?
The gasp of the last struggling breath,
When life is flying?
The fading memory of this world of sorrow
The dark foreshadowing of a fearful morrow?

Is it the beaded brow,
The eye that glazes,
The once strong arm, so feeble now;
The unknown mazes
Of those dread chambers, through whose
low ring portals
Return no more the feet of entering mortals?

Is it that—all forgot,
No loved one's keeping
Sad, tender watch above the spot
Where we lie sleeping—
We shrink to think upon the earthly plow
The voice, the seed, the dependent willow?

Strive to forget the grief
O'er death that lingers;
The choking sobs, the farewells brief,
The picking fingers
That seem to weave in some sad, vacant
manner
A blazon for death's overhanging banner.

Forget them, feeble man!
But O, remember!
That, leaping from our narrow span,
The fading ember
Springs from the ashes toward the bliss
supernal,
To spaces infinite and realms eternal.

—William Preston Johnston.

The Power of Jesus' Name.

Most lovers of religious biography have read accounts—and many such have been given in sermons—of persons about to die who have failed to recognize their friends or to respond to any words uttered to them, but when the name of JESUS was mentioned they have roused and responded in the spirit of their former religious exercises. This seems to demonstrate the persistence of powerful impressions and the close connection between those impressions and the laws of association of the brain and nervous system, and through them of the mind. It is well-known that a man can be aroused from a deep sleep by his own name much more readily than by other words or by sounds of much greater volume. Dr. Joseph Longking gave to us a year or two ago an account of such remarkable interest illustrating the dead hold that a religious experience takes upon the nature of man that we are anxious to make it known while Dr. Longking still lives, for if delayed until after his death it might be considered of dubious authenticity. At best it would depend for credibility upon the recollection of a second person.

This is the account as communicated to us by our venerable friend, whose intellectual faculties, as we know from constant intercourse upon important questions of ancient and current Methodist interest, are unimpaired.

About forty-five years ago, says Dr. Longking, there was in the employment of the Methodist Book Concern a young printer, named Joseph Mitchell. He was an Irish Wesleyan, and had come with good recommendations from the old country. A young man of highly nervous organization and frail physique, he was of more than usual mental ability. He joined the Greene Street Youths' Bible Class, taught by Dr. Longking, and soon took more than average rank. One morning his wife came to the office to inquire whether he had been all night at work, saying that her husband had not come home, and she thought he might have been kept by some hurried business. Dr. Longking said "No;" her husband had left the office on the previous evening at the usual time, and had not been seen since by any person connected with the establishment. Inquiry was at once set on foot, but no trace found of him. The next morning Dr. Longking learned from a daily paper on the second night previous a young man had been found in a upper room of a house in Tenth Street, near the Sixth Avenue, and as he could give no satisfactory account of himself, had been arrested and taken to the Police Court at Jefferson Market. Thinking it possible that this might be his missing friend, the doctor went to the Police Court, and there learned that the man had been committed to the lunatic asylum on Blackwell's Island. Thither he went and obtained an interview with the physician and the keeper. His request to see the prisoner was refused, the officers saying that he was as crazy as any man could be; that they could not draw from him an intelligent word, could keep no clothing on him, and had been obliged to confine him in a solitary stone cell. After much entreaty the physician and keeper consented to accompany Dr. Longking to the cell. On opening the door—we now give his words—"I saw poor Mitchell. He was crouching in the farthest corner of the cell entirely naked. His eyes were wild and glaring; he was muttering, but not speaking. I addressed him, but obtained

neither recognition nor response. At last I said: 'Mitchell, do you know the Lord Jesus Christ?' The question acted upon him like a charm! Instantly rising he said: 'Yes, Christ in me the hope of glory!' I then spoke to him of his wife, but I had lost my hold; he was again the madman. After repeated but vain efforts to engage him in conversation I quoted a passage of Scripture containing an allusion to the Lord Jesus. Instantly, as before, he responded cordially, but the moment I let go such allusions his mind was an utter blank. The physician expressed his gladness at my visit, saying that he now knew better how to treat the disease. In a month or six weeks Mitchell was restored and at work again."

Similar experiences might be had upon many deathbeds and with many insane persons if the questions propounded were such as to touch fundamental associations and impressions, and were capable of answers without special mental concentration. The writer, when acting as chaplain in an insane asylum, often succeeded in eliciting from patients who seemed generally incoherent rational views and communications which were useful in assisting their minds to self control, often very comforting to friends and also helpful to physicians; and upon beds of death, when friends have failed to secure the slightest recognition, by arranging questions upon the principal indicated above has obtained words which are cherished by those who heard them after the lapse of many years.

But so remarkable an instance of that given by Dr. Longking he has never seen. To a person who has really known—which by no means all do who are connected with the Christian Church—what the passage 'Christ in you the hope of glory' means, there is no association of parent, wife, or child equaling it in strength, depth, and consequently in suggestive and responsive activity and permanence; and where the conscience has been once aroused and the soul is turning away from God a fearful looking for of fiery indignation operates with equal force and fills the entire horizon with wild incoherent images which illustrate the awful truth, "The sting of death is sin." Neither angels nor demons need come from the vasty deep or the immeasurable heights; their germs are in every human brain and mind. Happy is the man with whose intellectual and moral fibers the name of Jesus is so interwoven that amid the disintegration of physical dissolution or the deterioration of extreme old age that name will still be above every name and have power to charm into unity the disorganized faculties. He, and he only, can know the meaning of Charles Wesley's words:

"Jesus, my only hope,
Thou art strength of my failing
flesh and heart,
O could I catch a smile from Thee,
And drop into eternity!"

Chris. Advocate.

The Safeguard for the Young Christian.

On the world's market, safeguards are at a premium. Jenner, Pasteur and Koch are three names, hardly yet to be placed side by side. But one produced a safeguard against smallpox, the second is proposing his discovery as a cure for rabies, and the third is claiming a like help against insidious consumption. The inventor to-day is welcome everywhere, especially if he produce a safeguard for lives. I go to the Falls of Niagara and walk out to the brink. I thank the man who put up the firm walk and secured a hand-rail for a guard against possible death.

What is said to the young Christian applies to the old. You can make ready adjustment to any Christian, little or great, tender or hardened, black or white, young or old; only, if applied to the Christian when young, it makes a better stock when old—"as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined." That is why prevention is better than cure, and the teacher of the young, in the holy home or the sacred school, is of more moment than a host of reformers.

"Sins in the saints are like wasps without stings," said an old writer. But their crawling presence is a nuisance and dishonors God. How to treat sin as an alien, and never give him naturalization papers, that should be the desire of the young disciples of Jesus.

The only safeguard against sin is association with Jesus. You can work on committees, lead meetings, attend conventions, run a mission, have charge of charitable enterprises in the church, even be a member in the choir, and not be safe. Absolute safety is what is required. What in the Christian life will secure me? No make-shift, but a fire-proof safety vault—that I must have. Young Christians, don't paint a mud wall till you think it solid

rock and then trust behind it. Let not appearances of a true life, and of a perfect security, do when the reality only is demanded. You have been in Chicago while the cable cars were being introduced. Severe accidents made a demand for a safeguard; one was provided. It in cruel cases proves capable of securing death. What we want is a sure cure, a perfect appliance, a safeguard.

Because it is as easy in religion as in medicine to slip trademarks. (1) Learn from the Word how to keep in association with Jesus. You're not safe without the Word. That soldier whose life was saved because the bullet was arrested by the Testament in his pocket is only a faint showing to you in more serious assaults, more insidious attacks, how God's word—a "thus saith the Lord"—may save you. Its sweets you can now begin to draw. Test its capacity. It tells you of God. It arms you with answers. Jesus himself was fortified in that way. Bunyan's pilgrim was safe only as the sword of the Spirit was in his hand, or the roll in his bosom. An old woman being asked why she believed in that old book, replied, "Because I am acquainted with its author." How well acquainted the young Christian may be with Jesus through his word. Apply the safeguard, "according to directions" herein.

2. But there is no association with Jesus if you leave out prayer. "Prayer makes the (young) Christian's armor bright," and keeps it gleaming. There is a drawing of strength in prayer. There is a finding of counsel, an inspiration as we talk with him. Communion with the Master from the heart, in secret, often, at regular hours, and constantly,—that has produced secure lives and will so operate in yours. If this grace abound, every other grace will. If you are weak here the safeguard association with Jesus is most apt to be a pretense and a sham.

3. Keep association with Jesus by the joyous use of every means of grace. Trial is a means of grace; so is temptation; so is every circumstance. "All things work together for good," but not unless you have a care. Jesus will do his part. You do yours. Then, every call from the preached word, every occasion of worship, every prayer service; all opportunities for doing even as little as "giving a cup of cold water," every proper and possible activity for Christ—these are "means of grace." Be sure that you wake up to realize the munificent supply of these "means" for your association with Jesus. Each is a hint to you thereby to come into more fellowship with your Saviour. God instructs you by the word, he opens to you the secrets of his own self by prayer, he wraps you round by divine means to the great end, that you may perpetually use and forever enjoy this heavenly safeguard.

Why did Judas make such a failure? Because, although one of the company, he had no intimacy with the Master. How came Peter to deny him? For the reason that he did not make use of all the means of grace offered to him on that Thursday night. And why did John fail the least? He seemed the most tranquil and safe, because he ever kept nearest the Lord. Association with Jesus is your only safeguard.—Standard.

The Shadow of Death.

Death, when it comes to us or to our dear ones, is a reality that must be met; but the shadow of death cast on the pathway of life, as an indication of an event approaching, is a cause of gloom that includes forebodings of evil beyond all that has yet come to us. Hence it is that the projected shadow of death is, in many a case, even more of a trial than death itself. And the shadow of death is over us all and always.

"No sooner do we begin to live in this dying body," says St. Augustine, "than we begin to move ceaselessly towards death;" and, as we are reminded by Bishop Hall, "our cradle stands in our grave." From our very birth the shadow of death is over us, and there is never a moment in our earthly journeyings when the sky of our life is wholly free from the gathering clouds of death. At times the light is brighter, and again the shadow is heavier; and thus it is that our spirits are gladdened or saddened by our apparent condition for the hour. In the hope of life, "we walk by faith not by sight;" in the thought of death, we walk by fear, rather than by sight. For the quickening of our faith, and for the subduing of our fears, we have need of help from Him who has shared in our human experiences, and has triumphed over all that imperils us, that He "might deliver all them who through fear of death were all their life-time subject to bondage." And through that help we can be steadfast unto the end.

Margaret J. Preston gives the following incident, as told by a Scotch clergyman:

"I was sitting in my study on Saturday evening, when a message came to me that one of the godliest among the shepherds who tended their flocks upon the slopes of our highland hills was dying, and wanted to see a minister. Without loss of time I crossed the wide heath to his comfortable little cottage. When I entered the low room, I found the old shepherd propped up with pillows, and breathing with such difficulty that it was apparent that he was near his end.

"Jean," he said to his wife, "give the minister a stool and leave us for a bit, for I was to see the minister alone."

As soon as the door closed, he turned the most pathetic pair of gray eyes upon me I had ever looked into, and said in a voice shaken with emotion, "Minister, I'm dying, and—and—I'm afraid!"

I began at once to repeat the strongest promises with which God's word furnishes us; but in the midst of them he stopped me.

"I ken them a', he said mournful-

ly, "I ken them a'; but somehow they din na' give me comfort."

"Do you believe them?"

"Wi' a' my heart," he replied earnestly.

"Where, then, is there any room for fear, with such a saving faith?"

"For a' that, minister, I'm afraid, I'm afraid."

I took up the well-worn Bible which lay on his bed. "You remember the twenty-third Psalm?" I began.

"Remember it?" he said, vehemently. "I kenne it long afore ye was born; ye need na' read it; I've conned it a thousand times on the hillside."

"But there is one verse which you have not taken in."

He turned upon me with a half reproachful and even stern look. "Did I na' tell ye I kenne it every word long afore ye was born?"

I slowly repeated the verse, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for thou art with me." "You have been a shepherd all your life, and you have watched the heavy shadows pass over the valleys and over the hills, hiding for a little while the light of the sun. Did these shadows ever frighten you?"

"Frighten me?" he said, quickly. "Na, na; David Donaldson has Covenanters' blood in his veins; neither shadows nor substance could weel frighten him."

"But did these shadows never make you believe that you would not see the sun again, that it was gone forever?"

"Na, na; I could na' be sic a simpleton as that."

"Nevertheless, that is just what you are doing now."

He looked at me with incredulous eyes.

"Yes," I continued, "the shadow of death is over you, and it hides for a little the Sun of Righteousness, who shines all the same behind it; but it's only a shadow, remember—that's what the Psalmist calls it; a shadow that will pass, and when it has passed before you will see the everlasting hills in their unclouded glory."

The old shepherd covered his face with his trembling hands, and for a few minutes maintained an unbroken silence; then letting them fall straight before him on the coverlet, he said, as musing to himself, "Aweel, aweel; I hae conned that verse a thousand times among the heather, and I never understood it afore. Afraid of a shadow, afraid of a shadow!" Then turning upon me a face now bright with an almost supernatural radiance, he exclaimed, lifting his hands reverently to heaven, "Aye, aye; I see it a' now. Death is a shadow—shadow—with Christ behind it—a shadow that will pass—na, na, I'm afraid nae mair."

We are too fond of our own will. We want to be doing what we fancy to be mighty things; but the great point is to do small things when called to them, in a right spirit.—Cecil.

Men persuade themselves that they are contending for principle, sacrificing for truth and right, when they are really striving for mastery, placarded with truth, but behind it is self.

There is a profound lesson of life in the words of the Psalmist, "Let them that love thy name be joyful in thee." Exaltation and gladness of spirit is the true test of right living.

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

Goldwin Smith is opposed to Sir Charles Tupper in many ways, but doubtless both would agree that no better remedy for dyspepsia, constipation, biliousness, headache, kidney troubles, skin diseases, etc., exists than Burdock Blood Bitters, the best family medicine known.

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DEAR SIRS,—I suffered for three days very severely from Summer Complaint, and could get no relief, but kept getting worse till the pain was almost unbearable, and I was very weak. After everything else had failed I tried Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. The first dose gave relief, and it did not fail to cure me.

WM. T. GLYNN,
Wilfred, Ont.

"When your heart is bad, and your head is bad, and you are bad clean through, what is needed?" asked a Sunday-school teacher of her class. "I know—Ayer's Sarsaparilla," answered a little girl, whose sick mother had recently been restored to health by that medicine.

"I ken them a'," he said mournful-

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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 (Monday excepted)..... 9.55
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 June 1st, 1891.

Eastern Standard Time.

LEAVE FREDERICTON.

7.10 A. M.—Express for Fredericton Junction, St. John, and intermediate points. Vancorbo, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and points West; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock and points north.
10.40 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John and points east.
4.20 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock. No connection with St. John on Monday by this train.

RETURNING TO FREDERICTON.

From St. John 6.25, 8.30, a. m.; 4.30 p. m.; Fredericton Junction, 8.15, a. m., 12.10, 3.55, p. m.; MacAdam Junction, 7.00, 10.50 a. m.; Vancorbo, 10.25 a. m.; St. Stephen, 5.45, 7.45 a. m.; St. Andrews, 7.20 a. m., except Mondays and Wednesdays, at 5.15 a. m.

ARRIVING IN FREDERICTON.

9.15 a. m., 1.20, 6.40 p. m.

LEAVE GIBSON.

6.55 a. m.—Mixed for Woodstock and points north.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

4.45 P. M.—Mixed from Woodstock, and points north.

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