

A Psalm For The New Year.

O New Year, teach us faith!
The road of life is hard;
When our feet bleed and scourging winds us
scathe,
Point thou to Him whose visage was more
marred
Than any man's; who saith,
"Make straight paths for your feet," said to
the oppressor,
"Come ye to Me, and I will give you rest."
Yet hang some lamp-like hope
Above this unknown way,
Kind year, to give our spirits freer scope
And our hands strength to work while it
is day.
But if that way must slope
Tombward, O bring before our fading eyes
The lamp of life, the hope that never dies.
Comfort our souls with love—
Love of all human kind;
Love special, close, in which, like sheltered
dove,
Each weary heart its own safe nest may
find;
And love that turns above
Adoringly; contented to resign
All loves, if need be, for the love Divine.
Friend, come thou like a friend,
And whether bright thy face
Or dim with clouds we cannot comprehend,
We'll hold our patient hands, each in his
place,
And trust thee to the end,
Knowing thou leadest onward to those
spheres
Where there are neither days, nor months,
nor years.
—Dinah Mulock Craik.

Counting the Cost.

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

Two men propose to build residences for themselves. One selects an inferior workman and inferior material; and when the flashy and flimsy structure is finished he boasts of his good bargain. In a few years the rickety affair is tumbling to pieces about his head. The other man selects a skilful builder (whose time and brains are valuable) and excellent material, and demands thorough work. He pays a good price for a good home. "Wisdom is justified of her child," and his children after him justify his wisdom in rearing for them a solid and durable homestead. It was in reference to such cases that the Divine Teacher propounded the question, "Which of you intending to build a tower sitteth not down first, and counteth the cost?"

Human life is character-building; for remember that character means exactly what we are, while reputation is only what other people think we are. Every man builds his own character; and perhaps the reader of this article may be honestly anxious to build after the Bible plan. Fix one fact in your mind, however, and that is—the better and stronger Christian you are, the more dearly you must pay for it. All the best things are costly. Jesus Christ laid down his own life to redeem you from Hell. "Free grace" for you meant Calvary for Christ. A strong, godly character is not to be had gratis. When Paul discovered that the price of eminent spiritual power was a complete consecration to his Master, he said: "I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord." Henry Martyn, as his price, flung away all hope of literary distinction, and exiled himself to a pioneer mission of hardships in Persia. Glorious Livingstone did the same thing in Africa. All self-knowledge also must be bought dearly. King David paid for his by disgrace and the death of his darling child; but it gave us the fifty-first Psalm. Peter paid for his by his bitter agony of shame in Pilate's courtyard. It was a great price for a great prize. Every fresh discovery that you make of your own weakness will be worth all that it costs you.

As God reckons jewelry, there is no gem that shines with more brilliancy than the tear of true penitence; yet God only knoweth what heart-pressure and what crushing of wilful pride may have been necessary to force that tear to the cheek of a stubborn sinner. I have sometimes met with a person who possessed peculiarly lovable traits of gentleness, self-abnegation and meek bravery under sharp trials. I envied such a meek character. Ah, I little knew at what a fearful price of severe chastenings, bitter disappointments and bereavements—of faith tried in a white heat of affliction all that loveliness of character had been attained. He who would be most like Christ, must pay the cost. If a furnace is needed to purify and brighten you, do not shrink the furnace. Patience is an admirable grace; but it is not oftentimes worn by those who walk on the sunny side of the street in silver slippers. It is usually the product of head-winds and hard fights—of crosses carried and of steep hills climbed on the road to Heaven. "The trial of your faith worketh patience." So is it with all the noblest traits of a robust, healthy and symmetrical character. No man is rocked into godliness in a hammock. Christ offers you no free ride to Heaven in a cushioned parlor-car. John

Bunyan sent his sturdy "Pilgrim" to the Celestial City on foot; and some pretty rough walking and hard conflicts did he encounter before the pearly portals welcomed him to the streets of flashing gold. His piety was self-denying, stalwart and uncompromising; he relished even the stiff severities of duty, and was never coddled with confectionaries. Self-indulgence is the besetting sin of the times; but if you long to be a strong, athletic Christian you must count the cost. It will cost you the cutting up of some old favorite sins by the roots, and the cutting loose from some entangling alliances, and some sharp set-backs with the Tempter; it will cost you the submitting of your will to the will of Christ. Let me offer you three or four cheering encouragements.

The honest service of Jesus Christ pays the soul a rich dividend of solid satisfaction. There is no wretchedness in a true Christian's trials; his bruised flowers emit sweet fragrance. The fruits of the Holy Spirit are love, joy and peace; the promise of the Master is that his joy shall remain with you, and your joy shall be full. The sweetest honey is gathered out of the hive of a busy, unselfish, useful and holy life. A man is always happy when he is right—happy in doing right, in the satisfaction of an approving conscience and the smile of God. A millionaire said to me not long ago: "There is no greater humbug than that money can make a man solidly happy; mine never did until I began to serve God and do good with it." The more that your religion costs you, my friend, the richer returns it will bring to you.

While you are counting the cost of building a noble and holy life, never lose sight of the fact that Jesus Christ is a partner in your undertaking. "In Me is thy help"; "my grace is sufficient for thee." The closer you keep that partnership, the stronger you are. He who has begun a good work in you and for you "will perfect it until the day of Jesus Christ." Finally, there is a crown at the end of the conflict.

"Our knowledge of that life is small, The eye of faith is dim; But 'tis enough that Christ knows all, And we shall be like Him."

Let me say to all my readers that if it costs much to be a zealous and successful Christian, it will cost infinitely more to live and die an impenitent sinner. Bible religion costs self-denial, sin costs self-destruction. To be a sober man costs self-restraint and the scoff of fools. To be a tippler costs a ruined purse, a ruined body, and a lost soul. The sensualist pays for his vices a tremendous toll. The swearer must pay for his oaths, and the Sabbath breaker for his breach of God's law. There is a way that seemeth pleasant to a man; but if it is not God's way the end thereof is death. Count the cost! Sit down calmly, my friend, and make the honest reckoning. Put into one scale some hardships, self-denials and conflicts—and at the end of them Heaven! Put into the other scale self-indulgence and a sinful life—and at the end of it Hell! Weigh the two; weigh them for eternity. And while you are watching the scales the loving Saviour will whisper in your ear the solemn question: "What shall it profit you to gain the whole world and lose your own soul? What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

Reflections on the New Year.

"My times are in thy hand." Psalm 31: 15.
There are some reflections which may be profitable in beginning the duties of the new year. First, we ought to feel our dependence on God, not on man, not on the best-laid plans. We should confess that we are in the hands of God. If he upholds us, if he encircle us, oh, how safe! If we can lie on his bosom, as a child on the bosom of its mother, how sweet shall be our rest!

A ray from heaven always shines upon the path which is placed directly under the guidance of God. Tell me of difficulties and trials; I know something of them. But this I have learned, that, in all ages, the men who have done right have been successful.

If this be a happy year, a year of usefulness, a year in which we shall live to make this earth better, it is because God will direct our pathway. How important then, to feel our dependence upon him.

We are children, God is our father. We are more dependent on God than is any son upon his father; and if so, should we not bend to him in prayer? Should we not ask what God wills to do and humbly and suppliantly before his throne, pray that light may shine on our paths, and that grace may distil into our hearts? Tell me not it is unmanly to pray; tell me not it indicates a lack of self-reliance to invoke divine aid. Unmanly to pray! Is it unmanly for a son to ask counsel of his father? Young man, young woman, he sends

you into society to be as a light. "Ye are the light of the world," to shine amid the stars which have preceded you, and you have your mission, which no one can take from you. You are not here for a moment, but for eternity; your times are in God's hand. He leads you as much as if you saw the divine arm encircling you. He directs your pathway as fully as though he sent his angel to show you every step you should take.

We can succeed only when we work in harmony with God's providences. Give yourself to that stream. It is easy to float down with the current, which God has made to run from the mountain-top to the great ocean; but let us reverse our course, and stem the current, then only shall we know its strength. The strongest arm is powerless before it, and the utmost effort impotent. So with us; we shall succeed if we work in harmony with God's plans; if we work in opposition, we shall be vainly striving against him.

Read the design of God in all the afflictions of earth. Does he take a dear one away? Ah! there is a gloom in the household. But there is light above; and sometimes the thought of the dear one seems like opening a door in heaven to give brighter light than we ever saw before. The thought of friends in glory makes heaven sweeter than ever to us. Are there disasters in business, and is property swept away? It may be to show us the riches in heaven that earth's destroyers can not reach, that we should feel more dependent, be more trustful. It was good for the psalmist that he was afflicted, and it may be good for us.

Let me, then, give myself to work just where God designs me to be; let it be in the colliery, all well; in the forest all well; or let it be in the city, in professional life. Place me just where God wills me to be placed, to do just what he wills that I should do, and small as I am, not the angel Gabriel could fill my place in the great picture which God is working out. If I take this conception into my heart, how sublime becomes my mission in life! I am not here without an object; I am not here without a home; I am not here for to-day, then to lie down and be buried beneath the clouds of the earth; I am here for all eternity, here not only to be read and known of men but to be read and known throughout the ages. I am here because God has sent me to do a work that no other being could do but myself. Had there not been room for me, God had not made me. Had I not been needed in America, God had not placed me in America. Had I not worked in the nineteenth century, I had not been born. Were there not room for my intellect and arm, God had not given them to me. I have a place, a mission of God on a mission, and if I perform it God shall acknowledge that I have done his will, and shall some day say, even to one so worthless as myself: "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Is it unmanly to ask of him who holds all agencies in his hand to use us according to the counsel of his own will? It is manly to pray; it is wise to pray; and we should be in the attitude of prayer in the beginning of this year. We should pray that God may direct our steps through all its days and weeks. The whole future may be dependent upon the few hours before us. We may take some step which will change the course of our lives. Is it not wise to ask God for direction? He alone sees the end from the beginning. He alone sees the infinite connections of events.—Bishop Simpson.

The Short Cut to a Revival.

Any church this side of perdition can have a revival. "When?" Before to-morrow's sun shall set. "How?" By calling in the greatest and only Revivalist. "Where does he live?" Not far from any one of us. "What is his name?" The Holy Spirit. "But must not the church first get right?" No. He will come to make the church right. A small committee with God can chase a thousand, and put in flames, with tongues of fire, a heap of rubbish. If all the Achaens, in all the churches, had to be put without the camp before God could send a pentecostal outpouring, the Israel of to-day might well hang her harps on the willows, and despair of the millennium ever coming. A whip of small cords, in proper hands, is a good thing with which to trouble into motion the stagnant waters of a church pool. The touch of an angel is better. A pulpit of applied discipline would do good service over the heart of many a church member who is counted as in good and regular standing, but, before and after, should come the searching and soothing ointment of reviving grace. Heat will melt ice, and a revival will cure chills. Smoke will drive chipmunks out of their holes, but it will take heaven-kindled fire to drive a cold

professor to the altar of prayer, or out of the church. There are not a few churches in which a pentecost would be considered a catastrophe. These churches might safely pull down their lightning rods. The fire such edifices are at present most in danger of is not from above. And yet in an ecclesiastical ice-house children may be born. The births at first will be very quiet, and it may be necessary to hurry the little ones into a warmer climate, to prevent them catching a fatal chill. Better to be born at a spiritual North Pole than to die forever. A mourner's bench and a few converts will do much to arouse a dead church. Once started, the revival contagion will spread. The converts may chill, but the church will warm. Once in, the heaven will lift. The faint-hearted will rally. Success will succeed. Lines will be drawn. Forces will meet. When the Spartan force is found, who will win or die, the victory will be sure. If the fires now kindled on the altars of the church go not out, the great front door will keep busy swinging to and fro. It will swing out to let a few go through, and then back again to let the masses in. The church will give to the world her own, and receive in return a multitude, for whom she has already waited too long. "The best of all is, God is with us." The Holy Ghost is come, never to return until the Son of God ceases to plead a sinner's cause. Often we pray for power from on high, when the One who produces and bestows the power is at our side to be touched. Yea, nearer than that. He is within the one who petitions. Christ came to earth, only as a visitor, to die, and found no resting-place until death embraced him. The Comforter is come to make human hearts storage batteries of power. He is himself power. There cannot be impotency where omnipotence lives. The gift of power and the giver of power are one. Is the stretch-string of the will out at this moment? Is the one who lives within just now desirous to be made and kept clean. Listen! Some one is saying, "Yes." Hark! The chariot of God is coming. See! The Holy Ghost is on the threshold! Praise! Another heart has made room. Archimedes failed to lift this world for the want of a place to stand. The "Executive of the Godhead" is seeking in clean hearts a footing-place. As he finds it, this world is being lifted.—Western Advocate.

Whom the Lord Loveth He Chasteneth.

Mary Havens was slowly but surely passing away. The long dreary winter had given place to the sweet, flowery spring, and the roses and pinks around the quiet little home had begun to fade under the warm summer sun. Herself, her husband and one little boy composed the family; but there were four, for, like the family of Bethany, Jesus had a place in that home. Mrs. Havens was no longer well enough to walk about the room, and the neighbors said, "She will not be with us much longer." Then the shadows began to grow darker around the little family; for the hand of affliction was laid upon her husband and little boy, and for long weeks they lingered along the border-land between the seen and the unseen. Patiently she trusted in the promise of the Master and waited for his coming. She said to her pastor one day, as we were talking of the affliction through which her family was passing: "Truly, the Lord must love us very much, for whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." And it seems necessary for us to look through tears to see the hand of his mercy. The father and little one grew better, but the mother, like the "ripe shock of corn," was gathered home.—Selected.

The Holiness of God.

In his spoken prayers the Lord Jesus uses often the words, "Holy Father," "Righteous Father," in connection with expressions of the most tender confidence and love. In the prayer which he has taught us He brings first the thought of our Father, and in the next sentence adds to the preciousness of that name the thought of his holiness, righteousness, and truth. This attribute of God is the least attractive feature of His character to the natural heart. We are ready to grasp thoughts of His love, His care, His personal interest in us. All these appeal to our conscious wants—wears hearts the world over need so much the sense of the divine Fatherhood. But they need more than this. It is the one great lesson that all human hearts most need to learn, that happiness and comfort are real only as they spring from purity and truth. Sin is the cause of all sorrow; holiness is the source and eternal foundation of joy. Nothing will give us such a sense of security in that Father whose nature is love as the conviction that He is righteous. Strength and purity are ever associated in the moral and spiritual realm. He is the Father whom

we may implicitly trust, because He is the holy and righteous Father. Love for the holiness of God deepens as we grow in His likeness; partakers of the divine nature, we see beauty in it, and desire it for ourselves more and more. A sight of His holiness shows us our sin, and stirs in the depth of our being the cry:

"The thing my God doth hate
That I no more may do,
Thy creature, Lord, again create,
And all my soul renew."

What makes the joy of Heaven? Holiness. Why does the Lord God wipe away all tears from all faces there? Because all cause for tears is forever ended where sin is forever destroyed. The only real foretastes of heaven are in holy hearts. We dream of heaven, we anticipate it, we expect it, and the hope gives comfort. But there is more than a dream, more than a hope, more than an expectation in the heart that has been made through Christ "partaker of His holiness."

"And whoever hath found it, hath paradise found:
My Redeemer to know, to feel his blood flow,
This is life everlasting—his heaven below."

"Yet onward I haste to the heavenly feast;
That indeed is the fulness, but this is the taste:
And this I shall prove, till wish-joy I remove
To the heaven of heavens in Jesus's love."

Random Readings.

Keep good company. It is vital. All people lift up or drag down.

Give not a hair-breadth of truth away; for it is not yours, but God's.—Rutherford.

It is by faith that we do great things—faith in ourselves, faith in others, faith in God.

The test of Christ's presence in a congregation is the work they do for Christ.—J. M. Wilson.

Constantly look up. Be on the watch for chances to rise, like a bird let loose, though but a moment, into the upper air.—Phelps.

One fire will kindle another; and one heart all aflame with divine love will set others aglow. It is the nature of heat to extend its circle of influence.

Duty performed gives clearness and firmness to faith, and faith thus strengthened through duty becomes the more assured and satisfying to the soul.—Tryon Edwards.

Patience strengthens the spirit, sweetens the temper, stifles anger, extinguishes envy, subdues pride; it bridges the tongue, restrains the hand and tramples upon temptations.

Confucianism is a system of rules for the righteous, not a salvation for sinners. Hygienics for the healthy, not medicine for the sick.—Rev. George Owens.

Sorrow itself is not so hard to bear as the thought of sorrow coming. Airy ghosts that work no harm do terrify us more than men in steel with bloody purposes.—T. B. Aldrich.

God brings no man into the conflicts of life to desert him. Every man has a friend in heaven whose resources are unlimited; and on him he may call at any hour and find sympathy and assistance.

Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation its powers of endurance. Efforts to be permanently useful must be uniformly joyous—a spirit all sunshine, graceful from every gladness, beautiful because bright.—Caryle.

Much as the Christian would like to be at peace and quiet with all the world this is a luxury not permitted him under the terms of his enlistment. He is soldier in the field. The peace comes after it is conquered. The rest comes after the conflict is over.

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TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.
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Accommodation for Point du Chene 10.40
Fast Express for Halifax 12.30
Express for Sarnsex 13.30
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A par or 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 15.55 and take sleeping car at Montreal.
The train leaving St. John for Quebec and Montreal on Saturday at 15.55 o'clock will run to destination, arriving at Montreal at 15.55 Sunday evening.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.
Express from Sarnsex 8.30
Fast express from Quebec and Montreal (Monday excepted) 9.35
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Chief Superintendent
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Eastern Standard Time.

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10.30 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John and all points east.
3.15 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, etc.

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From St. John 6.35, 8.45, A. M.; 4.45 P. M.; Fredericton Junction, 8.10, A. M.; 12.00 P. M.; 6.25 P. M.; Woodstock Junction, 10.40 A. M.; 2.15 P. M.; Vancouver, 10.20 A. M.; St. Stephen, 7.50, 11.25 A. M.; St. Andrews, 7.35 A. M.

ARRIVING IN FREDERICTON.

9.20 A. M., 1.15, 7.25 P. M.

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6.45 A. M.—Mixed for Woodstock and points north.

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JANUARY 7, 1891

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