

The Name Above Every Name.

"What is His name?" asked a heathen woman of a missionary who was talking to her of Jesus. "Tell me His name again. I do not want to forget it."

His name? Ah, sister of the darker brow, The name of Jesus will not leave thee now; Once taken to thy heart and memory

It will remain a joy and strength to thee; We pity thee that thou so late hast heard The name which has thy love and wonder

stirred, And we half envy thee the strange new bill— Of learning all at once who Jesus is.

We heard His name in many a cradle hymn, When eyes shone brightly which are long since dim;

Our mothers used to speak it in their prayers, Our fathers found it helped them in their

care, We learned to say it in our earliest years, To make us good, and to keep away our fears;

And all our lives, in want or grief or shame, We have been comforted through it to dear name.

There is no other name that saves from sin And makes on earth the life of heaven begin;

It binds us here below and those above Together to the Father's heart of love. It takes away from death its pain and sting;

And teaches the forgiven ones to sing; It wakes the longing to be good and pure, And give us courage bravely to endure.

The name of Jesus has most wondrous might, 'Tis inspiration, wisdom, guidance, light;

It summons men to duty secretly, And though none watch, they serve God

loyally. It is a trumpet-call, and the great crowd Responds when some high truth must be

avowed; It makes all seek the right and shun the wrong, And fills the soul with joy, the lips with

song. Who have not hearts to trust and eyes to see, Dream not how much to them this name

might be, Salvation, hope and love of righteousness Have they who know how Jesus Christ can

blesse, The highest life of earth to them is given, And everlasting life with Him in heaven;

O dark-browed sister who dost know His grace, May we all see Him, one day face to face!

—Marianne Farnham

What to Live For.

When we call ourselves Christians we take Christ to be, not only our Savior, but our model. We claim to be animated by his Spirit—to be new creatures in Christ Jesus. We are then to live as he lived. We are to go about doing good, as he went when he was on the earth. And if we would find out what Christ is doing now that is what we ought to do as far as we can. The Bible tells us not only of the mission of our Lord among men in the years of his incarnation, but of his life work in glory. We read in Heb. vii. 25: "That he is able also to save them to the uttermost who come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them. When John was in the spirit on Patmos, and saw heaven opened, he beheld in the midst of the throne "a Lamb as it had been slain." The risen and glorified Redeemer is there as our "advocate with the Father" (1 John ii. 11). He appears "in the presence of God for us" (Heb. ix. 24).

Do we learn from this vision and these statements what our life work ought to be—not selfish, but benevolent—not for ourselves, but for others? The spirit of the fallen heart is: "Every one for himself." "If I mind my own business, and don't interfere with the rights or interests of others, is not that enough?" "No," says the Bible. On the contrary, "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others." "As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men." "Charge them that are rich . . . that they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate." Yes, caring for others, laboring for others, giving freely of our means to others, this is the divine law of life—this is to follow the example of Christ, not only on earth, but also in glory.

Now we all know, theoretically, that selfishness leads to stagnation and putrefaction. It is pouring into a reservoir that has no outlet. The living fountain is pure because it is sending out streams to water the earth. And the streams sing on their way because they are flowing.

Benevolent activity is the condition of happiness. We truly enjoy, not what we get, but what we give. And the good that we do comes back to us in blessings, as the water from the mountain spring is carried up by the sun into the sky, floats from the ocean to the land in clouds, falls in showers, and filters back through the soil to its source. And so it is in human life. We may not get in return just what we bestow, as the fountain does not

get from the sky the identical water-drops that it sent seaward. But we get what is better for us. God pays in spiritual gifts for all that we bestow upon the poor and needy, and for all that we do to help or comfort others.

God gave his only beloved Son that we might not perish. Christ gave himself for us, and he said while on the earth: "Freely ye have received, freely also give." But occasional and impulsive giving is not Christlike giving. He "went about doing good." He came not to respond to appeals presented to him, though that he never failed to do. He came "to seek and to save." What we need above all is the seeking spirit. What we should realize as Christians is that we ought to live as Christ lived on earth, and as he lives in heaven. We should keep Christmas, not one day in the 365 merely, but all the days of the year. Our religion is not an emotion, or an episode, it is a life—a new life which is hid with Christ with God. It begins with crucifixion. Our selfishness must be sacrificed. Our carnal lusts and passions must be denied and subjugated. Our hearts must be filled with love to God and to our fellow men. Then we are ready to make the world take knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus and learned of him. Then we are ready to be laborers with God in saving the world.

And what else is there worth living for? If we toil for wealth and succeed, we "fall into temptation and a snare, and many foolish and hurtful lusts," and we can not take our money with us when we die. If we toil for fame, it is an empty bubble. The popular breath which inflates it to-day may cause it to burst and dissolve to morrow. If we live for pleasure, the Bible tells us that we are dead while we live. We pamper the dying body, and starve the undying soul. This life apart from the life to come, is vanity. It is a vapor that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away. But though brief and uncertain in itself, it is connected, as a state of probation and preparation, with a great future. We may sow seed on earth that shall bear fruit in heaven. We may gather jewels here that shall shine as stars forever and ever. And even a cup of cold water, given in the name of Christ, will insure us a reward in the spirit world. Measureless are the motives which lead us to live, not for the things that are seen and temporal, but for those that are unseen and eternal.

But the law of this living may be condensed into a single familiar word, the word emphatically of this Christmas season. The word is GIVING. First of all we must give ourselves to Christ. We must keep back nothing. We must make a full and unconditional surrender. And then we must remember that Christ is not only in heaven, but all around us. He is represented on the earth by every true object of benevolence and charity. Does the church to which we belong need our personal services or our money? The church is his body. As he, our Lord and Savior, was incarnated in the form of Jesus of Nazareth, eighteen centuries ago, so he is incarnated now in the body of believers. We are members of his flesh and his bones. What we would have done for the man Christ Jesus, if he came to us as he went to Martha and Mary in Bethany, that we ought to do, not only willingly, but gladly and gratefully, for his Church to-day.

And the heathen appeal to us in the name of Christ. He has given us the bread for want of which they are starving, and has commanded us to send it to them. We are the stewards of his grace for the millions who sit in darkness and the shadow of death. He not only gave us the gospel for the world, but he has placed in our hands abundant means for sending it speedily to every creature. If the Church to-day would wake up fully to its responsibility under the last command of its risen Lord, it could evangelize all nations before the close of this century. If we all who have named the name of Christ, begin to live for Christ instead of living for ourselves and for the world, the foreign missionary work of the Church would at once be multiplied an hundredfold.

Finally, let us read prayerfully the words of Jesus as recorded in Matt. xxv. 34-40. All the hungry and thirsty; all the strangers around us; all the naked, the sick and the prisoners—are representatives of Christ; they hold claims upon us, in his name for sympathy and help. If we devote our lives to the wants of suffering humanity, we will win thereby a crown and a kingdom.

Then, shall we not, dear readers, as we have rejoiced in another anniversary of our Savior's birth, and entered a new year of the mercy and goodness of our heavenly Father, consecrate ourselves anew to his service, and resolve that for us henceforth to live shall "be Christ"?—C. E. B. in *Journal and Messenger*.

Home Influence.

Among the memories which crowd the "chambers of the brain," none hold such lasting power over us as those linked with our childhood. These form the background and give character to the life picture in whatever light we view it.

Whose hand was it that traced the strongest lines upon your mental picture in your early days? Doubtless the hand of one with whom you were most closely associated—father or mother, or perhaps an older sister or brother.

LASTING INFLUENCE.

And whose hand is tracing the outline that is to give character to the memory picture of your own little one, father or mother, who may read these words? By and by, when your hands are folded in their final rest, these lines that you have traced upon the heart and brain of the children now growing up around you will stand out in wonderful distinctness. The impressions you are making by example and by teaching will be remembered then, though they may seem to pass somewhat unheeded now. A father said not long ago: "The happiest time in all my life was when my children were safe under my own roof, and I knew they were under my guidance and control."

Would that we might stir the hearts of parents with this thought while yet the golden hours are within their grasp, before the rush of time, so swift and silent, sweeps the little children beyond their reach into the whirl of busy life. Every day is precious for its wealth of influence in the household, but of all the days, God's blessed Sabbath is the one most to be treasured and cherished amid the potent surroundings of the family circle. If other days are filled with business care, so that the little ones can scarcely see the father's face or hear his voice through all the week, somehow the Sunday should be a blessed exception. If on other days the mother's hands are so full that she cannot take an hour to sing sweet hymns and read the dear old Bible stories to the eager listeners, somehow this day should be made to them the best of the week because mother has leisure for these things.

A TESTIMONY.

A young man, one of a family of six boys, whose father carries on large business interests which demand incessant attention, said recently: "My father's influence over his boys is largely due to two things—the daily family altar where his prayers made an impression upon us, and the Sunday afternoon talks and readings which we were accustomed to have with him."

O, what a blessing to lay up heavenly treasure like that! It is worth more than all that the father gathers of worldly store during the week, though that is not to be despised. Here is treasure which "thieves will not break through nor steal," in the Christian integrity of his boys, and the good influences multiplying in all directions from each one of their lives.

Is it not then, dear friend (Christian or not, as you may be), a question well worth considering: "How shall I make the best use of my Sundays for the good of my children?"

It is well worth while to plan for it carefully. Arrange the household work, so that there shall be time to give to the children. Put the house in order, so that there shall be a bright Sunday look about everything. Search out through the week some good books for the older ones to read, and picture-books for the little ones. Above all, sing the familiar hymns. O, the memories of the household hymns! Sweeter they are, as they float from the distant years, than even the sweetest carols of the summer birds.

Read or tell the Bible stories that will never lose their charm for simple and reverent minds, no matter how old or wise the world may grow.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Take the children to public worship and to Sunday-school. The teachings given there are of more value than can be estimated, and yet the impressions that longest abide are those received amid the sacred associations of home. We rob ourselves of a parent's highest privilege when we commit entirely, or even partially, the religious training of our children either to the pastor or Sunday-school teacher. Nor can Christian parents excuse themselves from the duty of making Sunday in the home a day of benign and holy influence by the plea that work for others demands their entire time and thought. No amount of good done to any other soul can atone for the sad and serious loss of a parent's personal influence over son or daughter.

And so we plead for thoughtful, prayerful consideration of the question: "How shall I make the best use of Sunday in my own home circle?" A wise answer, carried out in practice,

will bring results affecting the well-being of our children in secular as well as in spiritual things. The memory of some tender Sabbath-evening talk, or hymn, or prayer, may be like the restraining touch of the "angel over the right shoulder" in some hour of temptation to your boy; and the remembrance of those blessed days in her early home will give strength to the daughter's heart when she comes to meet the deeply freighted years of the future. The tides of godless sentiment bear down strongly upon us, and they will be harder still for our children to resist. By all we hold dear, we owe it to them to build within their impressionable minds a bulwark against these encroaching tides, by good example, by wise teaching, and by happy remembrances of sacred Sabbath time, woven like golden threads through all the cherished memories of home.—*Chris. Adv.*

Triumphs of the Gospel.

In heathendom every true convert becomes at once a missionary. The changed life, shining out amid the surrounding darkness, is a gospel in largest capitals which all can read. Our islanders, especially, having little to engage or otherwise distract attention, become intense and devoted workers for the Lord Jesus, if once the divine passion for souls stirs within them. Many a reader, not making due allowance for these special circumstances, would therefore be tempted to think our estimate of their enthusiasm for the Gospel was overdone; but thoughtful men will easily perceive that natives, touched with the mighty impulses of Calvary, and undistracted by social pleasures or politics or literature or business claims, would almost by a moral necessity pour all the currents of their being into religion, and probably show an apostolic devotion and self-sacrifice too seldom seen, alas! amid the thousand clamoring appeals of civilization.

A heathen has been all his days groping after peace of soul in dark superstition and degrading rites. You pour into his soul the light of revelation. He learns that God is love, that God sent His Son to die for him, and that he is the heir of life eternal in and through Jesus Christ. By the blessed enlightenment of the Spirit of the Lord he believes all this. He passes into a third heaven of joy, and he burns to tell every one of his glad tidings. Others see the change in his disposition, in his character, in his whole life and actions; and amid such surroundings, every convert is a burning and a shining light. Even whole populations are thus brought into the outer court of the temple, and islanders, still heathen and cannibal, are positively eager for the missionary to live among them and would guard his life and property now in complete security, where a few years ago every thing would have been instantly sacrificed on touching their shores. They are not Christianized, neither are they civilized, but the light has been kindled all around them, and though still only shining afar, they cannot but rejoice in its beams.—*Rev. John G. Paton.*

HASTE.—If a man were to discover a blaze three inches long on the roof of his house, would he say: "Oh, it is no use to be in a hurry about extinguishing that little blaze"? If there were a heavy mortgage on his farm, and to-day were the last day of grace, and he were sure that his creditor would close in as soon as the time expired, would he go off for a week's vacation on an excursion? If, by mistake, I had taken a dose of poison, and were to be informed by the physician I would die in three hours, would I say: "Let us go to the fair or to the political rally"? Then, my friend, you have already taken the poison, and the Saviour offers the antidote to-day, but He may never offer it again.

CHEERFULNESS.

Much depends upon a cheerful start for the day. The man who leaves his home with a scowl on his brow, and a snap at his children, and a tart speech to his wife instead of a kiss, is not likely to be pleasant company for anybody during the day; he will probably come home with the temper of a porcupine. Wise plans should be laid for everyday, so that it be not an idle saunter, or an aimless bustling to and fro. Yet to make good speed on the right track we must not start overloaded; not too many things to be undertaken, lest they prove a hasty botchwork. The journey is not made in a cushioned car, but on foot, and the most galling is vexations and worrying care. One step at a time is all that the most busy Christian can take, and steady walking ought to tire any healthy body or soul. It is the overstrained rush, whether in business or study that breaks people down; especially the insane greed for wealth, or the

mad ambition goading brain and nerves to a fury. The shattered nerves and sudden deaths in all our great business centers tell a sad story. A good rule is to take short views. Sufficient to the day is the toil thereof; no man is strong enough to bear to-day's load, with to-morrow's load piled on top of it. The only look far ahead that you and I should take should be the look toward the judgment-seat and the offered crown at the end of the race. That is the way to get a taste of heaven in advance.—*Cheyler.*

How the Apostles Died.

From history and tradition we learn that all the apostles, excepting John, died unnatural and cruel deaths, as follows:

Peter was crucified in Rome, with his head down, on a cross similar to that used in the execution of Jesus.

Andrew was bound to a cross, and left to die from exhaustion.

James the Great was beheaded by order of Herod at Jerusalem.

James the Less was thrown from a high pinnacle, then stoned, and finally killed with a fuller's club.

Phillip was bound and hanged against a pillar.

Bartholomew was flayed to death by command of a barbarous king.

Matthew was killed with a halberd. Thomas was shot by a shower of arrows while at prayer, and afterwards run through the body with a lance.

Simon was crucified after the manner of Jesus.

Mark was dragged through the streets of Alexandria until he expired.

Luke was hanged on an olive tree in Greece.

John died a natural death.

Paul was beheaded by command of Nero.

Judas hanged himself and "fell and his bowels gushed out."

Barnabas was stoned to death by Jews.

Random Readings.

Be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.—1 Cor. 15:58.

Sorrow is only one of the lower notes in the oratorio of our blessedness.—A. J. Gordon, D. D.

Conviction, were it never so excellent, is worthless till it convert itself into conduct.—*Carlyle.*

In everything give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you.—1 Thess. 5:18.

The nobleness of life depends on its consistency, clearness of purpose, quiet and ceaseless energy.—*Ruskin.*

Spiritual peace is of little value except as it can reinforce our strength for spiritual conflict.—*The Two-Fold Life.*

A man without a great purpose is a man without great influence. The heroes of the world are those whose aims have grown large and definite.

Words of kindness and sympathy are sometimes "like apples of gold in pictures of silver." But as a substitute for loving and benevolent acts they are neither beautiful nor useful.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

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CULLODEN CULLINGS.

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ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS In Effect November 30th, 1891.

Eastern Standard Time.

LEAVE FREDERICTON. 6.15 A. M.—Express for Fredericton Junction, St. John, and intermediate points. Vancorbo, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock and points north. 10.35 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John and points east. Vancorbo, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and points West. St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock. 3.00 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, etc.

RETURNING TO FREDERICTON. From St. John 6.00, 10.00, a.m.; 4.30 p.m.; Fredericton Junction, 8.35, a.m., 12.15, 6.25 p.m.; McAdam Junction, 10.50 a.m., 2.50 p.m.; Vancorbo, 10.25 a.m.; 2.30 p.m.; St. Stephen 9.40, 10.30 a.m.; St. Andrews, 8.00 a.m.

ARRIVING IN FREDERICTON. 9.35 a.m., 1.25, 7.20 p.m.

LEAVE GIBSON. 6.20 A. M.—Mixed for Woodstock and points north.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON. 5.10 P. M.—Mixed from Woodstock, and points north.

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