

"Who Will Carry A Message For Me."

Oh, who will carry a message for me
Into the silent land?
I spoke to the wind as it hurried by,
And whispered my message with tear and
sigh;
But on it flew in its limitless track,
And brought me no answering message back,
Out of the spirit land.

And, weary with waiting, I watched awhile
By ocean's lonely strand,
And now and then, with a piteous cry,
Called to the ships sailing slowly by,
"Oh, ships that are crossing the boundless
sea,
Will you not carry a message for me
Into the silent land?"

But calmly on through the murmuring
waves,
Away from my beck'ning hand,
With never a sign that they heard my wail,
With never a changing rudder or sail,
Each ship kept on till 'twas lost to my sight,
And the cry of twilight deepened to night
On ocean's lonely strand.

Oh, who will carry a message for me
Into the silent land?
Will you, sweet bird, bending hither thy
wing,
Learn the heart song I will teach you to
sing,
And warbling it softly tenderly, true,
Give it my darling as I give it to you,
There in the silent land?

But the bird soared high on its upward
flight,
Up toward the silent land:
Singing and soaring he vanished away,
Unheeding the notes of my plaintive lay;
'Twas too full of longing and love and pain,
He could not carry so human a strain
Into the silent land.

Must the years wear on and no word of
mine
Speed to the silent land?
No tender assurance of lasting love
Reach me in return from the home above?
Will no one carry a token for me,
Or bring me one word, my darling, from
thee,
Out of the silent land?

Sometime, when the angel of death sweeps
past
Into the silent land,
In tenderest pity he'll bid me sleep;
He'll break the silence, so long and so deep;
And over the dark, mysterious sea
He'll bear me my darling, away to thee,
Into the silent land.

Selected.

The Place of Deliverance.

There is a deeper lesson than is usually observed in that pitiful wail of the psalmist: "As for me, my feet were almost gone, my steps had well nigh slipped." The seeming prosperity of wicked men, and the inability to reconcile this state of things with God's righteous government, had well-nigh overcome him. In his agony he cried: "Verily, I have cleansed my heart in vain and washed my hands in innocence." The crisis of mental suffering was reached when he exclaimed: "When I thought to know this it was too painful for me." But this crisis was God's opportunity. The divine sanctuary was at that moment prepared for the psalmist. He crossed the sacred threshold. The divine glory filled the place. Instantly his misconceptions vanished like mists before the rising sun. Then that problem of the "prosperity of the wicked" found an easy solution; it had been "too painful" for him "until he went into the sanctuary of God." Henceforth all mystery fled away, for he had received full disclosures of their end.

How many burdened souls have found rest in the same way. The courts of the Lord have furnished a refuge, when oppressed with some peculiar care and temptation. As the anthem of praise ascended, or true prayer was being offered, deliverance came. The released heart then broke forth in words of triumph: "Thou hast holden me by my right hand. Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory." What a transition was this from deepest sorrow to unutterable joy! This his spiritual foothold become sure. O ye who faint beneath life's load, neglect not the sanctuary. Evermore say when in trouble: "My soul longeth for the courts of the Lord; my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God."—Chr. Advocate.

"As A Little Child."

Our great statesman and philosopher, Benjamin Franklin, once said in Congress: "I have lived, sir, a long time, and the longer I live the more convincing proof I see of this truth, that God governs in the affairs of men."

This was but an echo of what the illustrious Roman, Cicero, had said many centuries before: "What can be so thoroughly plain as that there is some divinity by whom these things are governed?"

And strange enough it is that those whom the world calls great men, and who acknowledge the existence of a God at all, as the two great statesmen just named did, are not often heard confessing Him before men. The

Scriptures declare: "The Lord is a great King over all the earth." How clearly, then, such a king ought to be adored! How seemly, when those in high places, as well as all others, bow in delighted homage before Him! How ever exalted their position in the estimation of the world, the childlike spirit only becomes them in the estimation of "the King over all the earth." How clearly are those often counted great among men reminded by Him who only is great, that, until they cease to care more for this world than the next, and cease to struggle more for the applause of men than for the treasures laid up for the redeemed in the better world, they can never, in the highest sense, be great. As earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot cure, so earth can give no position that can ever satisfy the immortal mind. It is the divine rule that says: "Before honor is humility." It was the divine Saviour who said: "Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein."

It is not at all important that our names be trumpeted round the world, or chiseled deep in enduring granite where great throngs can read them as they pass by; but it is of infinite importance that they be written in the Lamb's book of life. And could we open that book and read, doubtless we should find only the names of those of meek and lowly hearts. Of such, inspiration says: "The meek will. He guide in judgment." No such words are spoken of those who are thoughtful only, and scrambling only for, temporal distinctions. They who are willing to take lowly positions if Providence points to such, and toil long in obscurity in hope of promoting His praise and man's good, will be sure to meet divine approbation at last. But no conceivable earthly distinctions can for an instant compare with that approbation for value. Kings and princes, presidents and senators, occupy "slippery places," and none but those of the childlike spirit in these days are safe.—The Presbyterian Journal.

Martin Luther's last Will and Prayer.

The last will of Luther is less known than some of the events of his life, and in it the circumstances and character of the man are grandly displayed. It closes thus:—
"O Lord God, I thank Thee that Thou wouldst have me to be poor upon the earth; I have no house, land, possessions or money to leave. Thou hast given me a wife and children; to Thee I leave them; nourish, teach and save them, as hitherto Thou hast me. O Father of the fatherless, and Judge of the widows. O, my Heavenly Father, the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the God of all consolation, I thank Thee that Thou hast revealed Thy Son Jesus Christ to me; on whom I have believed, whom I have professed, whom I have loved, whom I have celebrated; whom the Bishop of Rome and the multitude of the wicked do persecute and reproach. I pray Thee, O Lord Jesus Christ, receive my soul. My Heavenly Father, although I am taken out of this life, though I must now lay down this body, yet I certainly know that I shall dwell with Thee forever, neither can I by any be plucked out of Thy hands. God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. John iii. 16; x. 28; 2 Timothy iv. 6, 7, 8."

Three Tribunals.

Paul was a much tried man. He was tried for innovation against Roman proprieties by the magistrates of a stuck-up little Roman colony. He was tried for innovations against philosophical orthodoxy on the Areopagus of Athens. He was tried for sacrilege at Jerusalem, tried in police courts, tried by sundry proconsuls, tried by Judge Lynch repeatedly—we could not begin to enumerate all the trials the poor brother went through. We notice with interest, too, that he had the native instinct of a true lawyer of either setting the court by the ears, or of appealing to the next higher court. That manoeuvring carried him at last to the very court of Caesar.

It is perhaps this habit of mind, combined with the experiences of a much slandered and misunderstood life, which comes out in his written defence before the Corinthian church (I. Cor. iv., 3, 4). He enumerates there in their order the courts of mankind before which not only Paul, but every man, comes up for trial: "But with me it is a very small thing that I should be judged of you, or of man's judgment; yea, I judge not mine own self. . . but he that judgeth me is the Lord."

First is the Court of Common Pleas; the judgment of society. In that court we all stand, *villos nudi*, and receive our sentence. The jury consists of

our entire circle of acquaintances. The judge is anybody who speaks first. The procedure is after a rough and ready, rule o' thumb fashion; doesn't trouble itself much about little niceties of motive, but looks mostly at the bald facts and the bulk of the evidence. Paul appeals from this court. He does not think any too much of it. "It is a very small thing to me that I should be judged of you, or of man's judgment."

Next is the Court of Appeals; a man's own conscience. Paul implies that this is higher: "Yea," he says, "I judge not my own self." If a man has been misjudged by society, he can retire into the dignified quiet of his own soul and examine himself there. Happy the man that can reverse the judgment of the lower court, and wrap himself in the consciousness of his own integrity. It is not a bombproof mail, but it is a good waterproof, and will serve at need even against mud and eggs.

But even that does not satisfy Paul. He carries his case to the Supreme Court of the Universe. "He that judgeth me is the Lord." Paul wanted the bed-rock of absolute certainty and equity. And surely, in the days when even a man's confidence in himself wavers, the Lord is still there to trust in. That is why Israel loved to call Jehovah its Rock.

The relative value that a man ascribes to these three tribunals is a good index of the man's character. Not all men are so anxious to have the Supreme Court interfere in their business. They want that staved off as long as possible. Some in fact try to reverse the order. They say: "It is a very small thing to me that I am to be judged by the Lord in some distant day; yea, my own approval, though pleasant, is not indispensable; but the jury that is ever before my eye is what the people will say."—Inquirer.

Never had any Trouble.

"I once asked an aged man in regard to his pastor, who was a very brilliant man. 'Why is it that your pastor, so very brilliant, seems to have so little tenderness in his sermons?' 'Well,' he replied, 'the reason is our pastor has never had any trouble. When misfortune comes upon him his style will be different.' After awhile the Lord took a child out of that pastor's house, and though the preacher was just as brilliant as he was before, oh, the warmth, the tenderness of his discourses! The fact is that trouble is a great educator. You see sometimes a musician sit down at an instrument, and his execution is cold and formal, and unfeeling. The reason is that all his life he has been prospered. But let misfortune or bereavement come to that man, and he sits down at the instrument, and you discover the pathos in the first sweep of the keys."

"A young doctor comes into a sick room where there is a dying child. Perhaps he is very rough in his prescription, and very rough in his manner, and rough in the feeling of the pulse, and rough in his answer to the mother's anxious question; but the years roll on and there has been one dead in his own house, and now he comes into the sick-room, and with tearful eyes he looks at the dying child and he says, 'Oh, how this reminds me of my Charlie!' Trouble the great educator; Sorrow—I see its touch in the grandest painting; I hear its tremor in the sweetest song; I feel its power in the mightiest argument."—Epsworth Herald.

The Joyfulness of Christianity.

If one were to examine into and analyze all the kinds of joy which appear in the lives of those about him, how large a part of life's sunshine he would find springing out of the presence of Christianity in the world! In deed, every pure, unmixed and abiding pleasure, if you trace it back to its source, owes its brightness and genuineness chiefly to the good news which Christ brought into the earth. It has its roots in that "good-will to men" which the angels sang on the glad night of our Lord's nativity. It springs out of some of those great altruistic principles which Christ enunciated, and which form the ground-work of Christianity. All joy is originally a manifestation of love; and the world never truly knew what love was, until our Lord taught it in His Gospel and exemplified it in His life. The whole atmosphere of Christianity is bright and joyous. It touches even the darker, more tragic aspects of life with the sunshine of its peace and promise. Events in human experience which had hitherto been inexplicable, sombre and hopeless wholly, are vested with a new and ineffable meaning—a meaning which transforms them, which makes them, instead of the darkest, the potentially brightest, of all the factors of life. Such, for instance, are death

and sorrow. Before Christianity came into the world, death and sorrow were the two great mysterious shadows which overclouded life and made it such a strange and dreadful thing to thoughtful men and women. Then these factors of human experience were tragic and sorrowful altogether. But behold what a transformation under the revealing power of Christianity! These same darkest, most tragic experiences were changed into the sources of greatest blessing to the human race. The one was to be the means of cultivating the most precious gift of God—character; and the other became the shining portal through which the sanctified soul entered into immortal blessedness.

The very vocabulary of Christianity overflows with the sunshine of its joyousness. Take the words which characterize the mission of Christ, and, as Matthew Arnold has shown in his "Literature and Dogma," they are "brimful of promise and of joy"—Gospel, kingdom of God, Saviour, love, grace, peace, living water, bread of life, etc. The conversation of true Christians is always tender, or triumphal, or sympathetic, or overflowing with the happiness of love. Even the unbelieving turn for consolation to the language of the Bible, and to the gracious and helpful utterances of those who have written under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. Christianity is a fountain of consolation to all troubled, baffled, sorrowing souls, whether they have confessed themselves Christ's followers or not. Who can deny that the world at large is a happier world for the presence of Christ's Spirit and Christ's Gospel in it? Every good and pure temporal joy is heightened by the love of God in man, and the soul looks also out and beyond into the unspeakable delights to which God's promises in Christ are the open doors.—Herald.

Jesus unum.

One reason for the manhood of Christ is the ground afforded for the affectionate confidence of his people in trouble and temptations. He is Man, therefore He can feel with us. Who has not admitted it a hundred times? Sweet is His human name, Jesus. There are moments when it is the sweetest of His names, and when among His "many crowns" the loveliest is His human crown of thorns. As God, He could indeed approach us; but how could we approach Him? This is the very door to the inner sanctuary. "For we have not a High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." He was wearied, was wasted, was in tears and blood, was in temptation and death. In our hour of anguish it is of infinite consolation to resort to Christ's wounded humanity, and to bear our sufferings under the recollections that he has borne the same.—The Rev. F. W. Alexander, D. D.

Do good now.—Dr. Johnson wisely said: "He who waits to do a good deed of good at once will never do anything." Life is made up of little things. It is but once in an age that occasion is offered for a great deed. True greatness consists in being great in little things. How are railways built? By one shovelful of dirt after another; by one shovelful at a time. Thus drops make the ocean. Hence we should be willing to do a little good at a time, and never "wait to do a great deal of good at once." If we would do much good in the world we must be willing to do good in little things, little acts one after another; speaking a word here, giving a tract there, and setting a good example at all times; we must do the first good things we can, and then the next, and the next, and so keep on doing. This is the way to accomplish anything. Thus only shall we do all the good in our power.—Epsworth Herald.

A JEWISH lady whose husband was at his club, feeling lonesome, slipped into a meeting of the church on her block. Earnest Methodists were talking there of their Lord. Words like fish-hooks entered the lady's heart. The third time she went she was fully convinced that Jesus was the Christ.

The resistless conviction of every Jew in this state of mind overwhelmed her: "And I am forever lost, for our nation slew him." At midnight her husband returning home, found her in an agony. He tried, vainly, to calm her; then went and rang up a Christian neighbor to borrow a New Testament. She prophetically opened at Romans and read that all who believe on Jesus shall be saved, "the Jew first." "Oh," she cried, "the Jew first! Lord, I do believe!" and as the man of whom the New Testament was borrowed, with a friend he had roused from sleep and brought with him, entered the house, she met him with joyful professions of her new-found faith.

Random Readings.

Conscience is the chamber of justice. Diligence is the parent of science, and the dispenser of excellence.

Those who are will to do their duty need not look far for one who will help.

What do we live for if it is not to make life less difficult for each other?—George Eliot.

Elquence should prevail by gentle suasion, not by constraint. It should reign, not tyrannize.

There is no folly equal to that of throwing away friendship, in a world where friendship is so rare.

The path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.—Prov. iv. 18.

Integrity is the corner-stone of success, diligence and talent the means of attaining it.—Choice of Pursuits.

Gratitude for the past, content in the present, and trust in the future, constitute the trinity of happiness.

Faithfulness to God, even in the most trying times, only seems to bring out the true nobility of life that is devoted to his service.

Praise ye the Lord; for it is a good thing to sing praises unto our God; for it is pleasant and praise is comely. Ps. cxlvii. 1.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.

It may be only a trifling cold, but neglect it and it will fasten its fangs in your lungs, and you will soon be carried to an untimely grave. In this country we have sudden changes and must expect to have coughs and colds. We cannot avoid them, but we can effect a cure by using Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the medicine that has never been known to fail in curing coughs, colds, bronchitis and all affections of the throat, lungs, and chest.

Medical Hints.

CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.

As it is well known, this troublesome complaint arises from over-eating, the use of too much rich food, neglected constipation, lack of exercise, bad air, etc. The food should be thoroughly chewed and never bolted or swallowed in haste, stimulants must be avoided and exercise taken if possible. A remedy which has rarely failed to give prompt relief and effect permanent cures, even in the most obstinate cases, is Burdock Blood Bitters. It acts by regulating and toning the digestive organs, removing costiveness and increasing the appetite and restoring health and vigor to the system. As a case in point we quote from a letter written by Miss L. A. Kuhn, of Hamilton, Ont.:—"Two years ago life seemed a burden. I could not eat the simplest food without being in dreadful misery in my stomach, under my shoulders and across the back of my neck. Medical advice failed to procure relief and seeing B. B. advertised, I took two bottles of it, and have been entirely free from any symptoms of my complaint since."

This gives very conclusive proof of the efficiency of this wonderful remedy.

THE TONGUE is a little member, but mighty for mischief or for good. The Bible devotes a good deal of space to the proper use of the tongue. The tale-bearer is a contemptible character. The evil that may flow from his words is so great that the Bible has something important to say about him. Communities have been disturbed, reputations blasted, and churches wrecked by this mischief-maker. An eminent preacher says: "Tale-bearing emits a threefold poison, for it injures the teller, the hearer, and the person concerning whom the tale is told."

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1.35 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John and points east, Vancorbora, 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, 12.15, 6.25 p.m.; McAdam Junction, 10.50 a.m.; 2.50 p.m.; Vancorbora, 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.

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ARRIVE AT GIBSON.
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