

The Books of the Bible.

In Genesis the world was made;
In Exodus the march is told;
Leviticus contains the law;
In Numbers are the tribes enrolled.
In Deuteronomy again
We're urged to keep God's law alone;
And these five books of Moses make
The oldest writings that are known.

Brave Joshua to Canaan leads;
In Judges oft the Jews rebel;
We read of David's name in Ruth
And First and Second Sam'l.
In First and Second Kings we read
How bad the Hebrew State became;
In First and Second Chronicles
Another history of the same,
In Ezra, captiv. Jews return,
And Nehemiah builds the wall;
Queen Esther saves her race from death—
These books "historical" we call.

In Job we read of patient faith;
In Psalms are David's songs of praise;
The Proverbs are to make us wise;
Ecclesiastes next portrays
How fleeting earthly pleasures are;
The Song of Solomon is all
About the love of Christ; and the
Five books "devotional" we call.

Isaiah tells of Christ to come.
While Jeremiah tells of woe,
And in his Lamentations mourns
The Holy City's overthrow,
Ezekiel speaks of mysteries,
And Daniel foretells kings of old;
Hosea calls men to repent;
In Joel, blessings are foretold.

Amos tells of wrath; and Edom
Obadiah's sent to warn;
While Jonah shows that Christ should die,
And Micah where he should be born.
In Nahum, Nineveh is seen;
In Habakkuk, Chaldeans' guilt;
In Zephaniah, Judah's sins;
In Haggai, the Temple built,
Zachariah speaks of Christ,
And Malachi, of John, his sign,
The prophets number seventeen,
And all the books are thirty-nine.

Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and John,
Tell what Christ did in every place;
Acts show what the Apostles did,
And Romans how we're saved by grace,
Corinthians instructs the Church,
Galatians shows us faith alone,
Ephesians, true love; and in
Philippians, God's grace is shown,
Colossians tells us more of Christ,
And Thessalonians of the end;
In Timothy and Titus both
Are rules for pastors to attend.

Philemon Christian friendship shows;
Then Hebrews clearly tells how all
The Jewish law prefigure Christ;
And these epistles are by Paul!
James shows that faith by works must live,
And Peter argues steadfastness,
While John exhorts to Christian love,
For those who have it God will bless,
Jude shows the end of evil men,
And Revelation tells of heaven.
This ends the whole New Testament.
And all the books are twenty-seven.

PRAYER.

BY M. GRANT FRASER.

Unanswered prayer. What heart,
worn with anxious pleading, has failed
to ask, "why is my prayer unanswered?"
Am I forgotten of God? You look
over your life; you search your
soul for an answer. At last in self-
abasement you say, "My sins have cut
me off from God." But who on the
plea of sinlessness can claim the ear of
the Most High?

Again the thought comes. My pray-
ers have not been earnest enough.
But who will be the judge of earnest-
ness? If my desire were more intense
my heartstrings would be rent asunder.

Then the final thought comes,
breathed into your ear by a friend who
has watched your sorrow, perchance
with some slight feeling of impatience,
seeing you battling with the waves,
wondering that you do not strike out
like a brave swimmer for the shore.
All unconscious is he of the deadly
currents that lurk beneath.

This friend, I say, suggests that
your prayer is not in accordance with
the will of God. Therefore it will not
be granted. It is your place to sub-
mit, and—surely that is enough. No
doubt you feel as if it were. Into
your soul there enters a sickening
feeling of despair. That is what you have
dreaded from the first, but you dared
not speak it to your over-charged
heart. So now the matter is settled,
and your friend leaves, hoping for
resignation. Taking the calm of your
agony for peace. Do not blame him.
It is human nature to be resigned for
other people's sorrows. He only does
not know, he cannot understand. He
has offered all that he has, "empty
chaff well meant for grain." It is when
we are in deep waters that we learn to
know the true value of friends. How
often we have trusted upon the staff
of a bruised reed, on which if a man
lean it will go into his hand and pierce
it. Precious, indeed, is the bond of
true friendship, but there is a depth of
woe into which no human love can fol-
low you. Still there is One who even
now does not fail you; at this moment
He inclines, down into the horrible
pit His love past finding out takes Him.

A FREE TRIAL package of the

He says: "Redeem from going down
into the pit." He has found a ransom
in the marvels of His mercy. Aye, He
remembers forever more the darkness
of an earthly garden, where with
strong crying and tears He poured
forth His soul unto God, while in the
shadow, touched with moonlight
gleams, the sleepers slumbered. He
had said "I call you friends," but He
was treading the wine press alone.
He draws near you now, coming soft-
ly through the shadow. And while
you doubt the love of the Father He
says, "He spared not his own Son.
Even as the Father hath loved Me, so
have I loved you." As the Father
hath loved Me, so have I loved you.
As the Father hath loved Me—in
Gethsemane? When the thunders
burst on Calvary? "The Father loved
Me; even so have I loved thee."

But the desire, Lord, a desire not
in accordance with Thy will. And yet
I dare not wish it gone, I dare not
pray.
Poor storm-tossed heart, is an un-
granted prayer a token of want of love
in the Father? Listen to a voice that
comes to you down through the ages,
Moses the man of God pleading with
God.

Until the word is heard, "Speak to
Me no more on this matter." Does
the Lord love Moses less? We know
of his earnest prayer before this an-
swer came; of the after conflict with
his own soul no record is given. But
this we feel that the desire to stand in
the promised land was not at once
quenched. The prayer now was,
"Teach me Thy way, O Lord," until
he thrilled Israel with the song "He
is the Rock." A God of truth and with-
out iniquity, just and right is He.

Did God not grant him his petition?
He was with him in the valley of the
shadow, until at length from the
Mount he beheld the promised land,
and was borne on angel wings over
Jordan to the Canaan of God. And
knew that God's gift was more than
all that he had dreamed. He had
pleaded "I beseech Thee show me Thy
glory." And the name of the Lord
was declared before him. He saw His
glory as in a glass darkly. He had
besought for an entrance into the land
of his hopes. His voice was silenced.
The centuries rolled on until in God's
time he stood with Christ on the
Mount of Transfiguration in the land
he had seen afar off. And saw His
glory as of the only begotten of the
father, all the fulness of the Godhead
bodily, all accomplished the fulness of
his desire.

Ask and it shall be given you. And
even now in the certainty of the promise
fulfilled declare: "A God of truth,
and without iniquity, just and right is
He."

WORK.

The necessity for work, "by the
sweat of the brow," we associate with
the curse of sin; but like many another
thing in which we misunderstand our
good and loving God, instead of being
a part of the curse, it is one of His
benevolent ways of relieving the con-
sequences of man's sin. What a boon
is good hard work to humanity! How
one pities the people who stand around
with nothing to do. Many a man or
woman is saved by it from hopeless
depression of spirits, and saved, too,
from crime, for truly "Satan finds
some mischief still for idle hands to
do."

What is true of work for mankind
in general is eminently true of Chris-
tian service. It is a blessing. It gives
healthful exercise to the powers of
mind and heart. Many a one has been
saved from unwholesome introspection,
from the consuming fire of unhappy
thoughts, through the occupation of
some benevolent or religious work;
and many have been saved, too, from
the currents of worldly society by hav-
ing the hands and the time filled by
the pressing demands of the various
charities and missionary organizations.
Do we call it a sacrifice of self to en-
gage heartily in these things? Rather
let us call it a great privilege, one of
God's greatest favors toward us, for
the enrichment of personal character
and the unfolding of the best energies
of the soul.

The blessed Lord teaches us that we
are sent into the world with a work to
do. Whatever our sphere it gives to
it dignity and interest when we feel it
is not the result of a chance, but comes
to us by appointment. "For the Son
of Man is as a man taking a far jour-
ney, who left His house, and gave
authority to His servants, and to every
man his work."

There are some conspicuous hinder-
ances to the doing of our work, and
through which many Christians are
standing all the day idle, and, of course,
losing their reward. One is want of
courage. They are afraid to follow
their best convictions because of the
criticism of those who observe them.
They "love the praise of man more

than the praise of God." Nothing but
a supreme love to God, which makes
us value His approval above every
thing else, will overcome this hinder-
ance.

And this hinderance is a false humil-
ity. Because I can do so little, or
cannot do it as well as others, there-
fore I will do nothing. I will never be
missed from the ranks of the workers
because my influence is so small; my
words would have but little weight,
therefore I may as well be silent. Such
humility is close of kin to pride. True
humility says: "I can do all things
through Christ which strengtheneth
me." Forgetting self, trusting in
Jesus, is the secret of successful ser-
vice.

Self-indulgence is one of the chief
hinderances to usefulness. We mean
to find some work; indeed, we have
found it; but it costs effort. It requires
some sacrifice of ease to teach a Sunday-
school class, to be a parish visitor, to
undertake some reform in the house-
hold, to fill our place in the prayer-
meeting, and so on through all the
golden line of opportunity. What
shall raise us from our luxury and in-
difference? The one remedy for all,
the one inspiration for all, is to realize
in the depths of a loving and grateful
heart this truth, "that Christ died for all,
that they which live shall not hence-
forth live unto themselves, but unto
Him which died for them, and rose
again," and to say with the heartiness
of a sincere devotion: "Whose I am,
and whom I serve."

"Whose the Lord
Opened."

I stood one evening last summer
watching the pure white flowers on a
vine encircling the veranda. I had
been told that the buds that hung with
closed petals all day every evening near
sunset unfolded and sent out a peculiar
fragrance. The miracle was more than
I had anticipated. A feeling of silent
awe possessed me as I saw bud after
bud, as if under the touch of an invis-
ible hand, slowly fold back its leaves
until the vine was filled with perfect
blossoms, most beautiful and sweet.
And I said: "If the finger of God laid
upon these, His flowers, can do this
in a way beyond the power of human
study to explain, cannot the same
divine touch, in ways we know not of,
do as much for human hearts?"

It was in the quiet of the evening,
when the garish light of the summer
sun had softened to twilight, when the
bird songs had ceased, and shadows
were creeping over the fields that this
miracle of the flowers was wrought.
Who can tell why they did not open
earlier in the day? The shower of the
morning and sunshine of the afternoon
had nourished the vine and made
every thing ready for the consumma-
tion, but it did not appear until even-
ing, and who can describe the beauty
and fragrance then of the revelation?

Shall the flowers teach us a lesson of
patient waiting and holy trust for the
coming year? There are hearts for
whom we long have prayed seemingly
closed as yet to every influence of the
blessed Spirit. The possibilities of a
perfect development are in them, and
how we long to see them unfold and
give out the fragrance of a holy life and
helpful service! But let us be patient.
We have sown the good seed: God's
rain and sunshine through His own
providences are nourishing the vine;
the breath of prayer always surrounds
it; surely by and by the divine touch
will in a way we can least understand
bring forth the perfected flowers of His
grace. Perhaps we must wait until
evening. It may be these hearts; for
those unfolding we pray will open
late; or they may open in the twilight
of sorrow and disappointment, when
the sun's rays and shadows stretch
over the path long before the day of
life is done.

God's way is often in the cloud and
in the whirlwind. By every means
He seeks to open all hearts to himself.
It is comfort and rest to know that
while we wait and watch He is watch-
ing too. The parallel is not perfect.
The flowers never resisted the gentle
influences of air and sun and rain;
hearts may resist the Holy Spirit and
remain, perhaps, forever closed against
Him. And yet from these sweet
blossoms we may surely learn a lesson
of patient faith. The silent forces are
at work; the God who cares for the
flowers of the field is surely caring for
those for whose perfected life in Him
we pray. Let us wait and watch with
Him, nor be surprised nor impatient
if it requires years of discipline to
bring a sinful soul, where by the divine
touch it can be transformed into a
glorious, ransomed spirit.

Converts Converted.

Salvation made easy and salvation
made small are much alike, and very
intimately connected. They are both
modern inventions. Men do not like
to have the Gospel plow-share run

through their flower-beds and melon
patches of self-indulgence, hence the
clamor for salvation made easy. The
early New Testament converts were
not regenerated by signing a card, nor
holding up their hands and voting
themselves disciples of the blessed
Master, joining the church and then
going off to a dance, the theater or a
game of cards.

"They were pricked in their heart,
and said unto Peter and to the rest of
the apostles, Men and brethren, what
shall we do? Then Peter said unto
them, Repent, and be baptized every
one of you in the name of Jesus Christ
for the remission of sins, and ye shall
receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." These
men and women wanted mercy; they
cried for it, and obtained it, and
went off to preach the Gospel full of
the Holy Ghost and wisdom.

In these converts we see some of the
evidences of a genuine work of grace
on the human heart that are evidences.
In each of them there was a reproduc-
tion of the characteristics of the Christ
the Jews had crucified. They were
filled with the Holy Ghost. They were
steadfast in doctrine and fellowship
and prayers. They were of one heart.
They praised God. There was not a
single moping, sour, discontented,
grumbling one among them. They
ate their meat with gladness and singe-
ness of heart. They went to the
prayer and class meetings. They were
not tongue-tied, they spoke the word
of the Lord with boldness. They re-
joiced when they were counted worthy
to suffer shame for Jesus's sake. They
were hospitable: "Distribution was
made unto every man according as he
had need." When persecuted they
went everywhere preaching the word.

Wherever they went they reminded
the people by their lives that they had
been with Jesus and learned of Him.
These converts were converted. The
Lord multiply this tribe!—L. P.
Cushman.

Picked to Pieces.

She was a mother. The subject of
conversation was her son aged eigh-
teen years. She was speaking to her
minister and this is what he said: "Yes
he likes to go to church. He pays
splendid attention to your sermons.
And he picks you to pieces." And there
was pride and satisfaction expressed
in the tone and look of the mother.

Picked to pieces! And by a youth
of eighteen! That was the rub. His
theology weighed in the balance by a
critic who had seen eighteen summers.
His ideas sifted in a sieve which was
the product of eighteen years of man-
ipulation in cradle, primary school,
grammar-school and behind a counter.
Peradventure, oh, horrible thought!
his elocution found wanting by a fel-
low who was playing with his sister's
dolls only a short time ago.

But this minister was a tolerably
philosophical man, and a little callous-
ed, too, by a good many years of con-
tact with critics of attainments almost
equal to those of this young man of
eighteen. He did not go away irritat-
ed. He was not even discouraged. He
thought he would go on preaching just
as before. But he went away sad.
How could he aid that young man?
What could his messages do when they
were simply shreds to be picked to
pieces by this boy's finger-nails? Es-
pecially difficult did it seem to him
to reach his heart since his picking to
pieces was heard with admiration by
the mother.

This mother is a representative of a
class of foolish parents, who fail to
teach their children how a sermon
should be heard. Perhaps they set
the example of picking to pieces. At
any rate they do not take pains to
train the children to listen in a rever-
ent and teachable mood. The fault-
finding habit is established and this is
a shield which turns aside the shafts of
truth from the heart.—Standard.

Daniel Webster's View of
Christ.

Through all the weaknesses and
wavering of his life, it is said that
Webster retained his reverence for the
God of the Bible and for the Saviour
of the world. The following incident
goes to prove the truth of this state-
ment:

When Daniel Webster was in his
best moral state, and when he was in
the prime of his manhood, he was one
day dining with a company of literary
gentlemen in the city of Boston. The
company was composed of clergymen,
lawyers, physicians, statesmen, mer-
chants and almost all classes of literary
persons. During the dinner, conver-
sation incidentally turned upon the
subject of Christianity. Mr. Webster,
as the occasion was in honor of him,
was expected to take a leading part in
the conversation, and he frankly stated
his religious sentiments and his belief
in the divinity of Christ and his depend-
ence upon the atonement of the

Saviour. A minister of very consid-
erable literary reputation sat almost op-
posite him at the table, and he looked
at him and said: "Mr. Webster, can
you comprehend how Jesus Christ could
be both God and man?" Mr. Web-
ster, with one of those looks which no
man can imitate fixed his eye upon
him, and promptly and emphatically
said: "No, sir; I can not comprehend
it; and I should be ashamed to ac-
knowledge him as my Saviour if I
could comprehend it. If I comprehend
him, he could be no greater man than
myself, and such is my conviction of
accountability to God, such is my sense
of sinfulness before him, and such is
my knowledge of my own incapacity
to recover myself that I feel I need a
superhuman Saviour."

There is a great deal of nonsensical
talk nowadays about getting ministers
that will draw. A man came up to my
study the other day from one of the
churches near Murray hill that is va-
cant, and he said: "I wish you could
recommend us a minister for our
church." I said "I could recommend
a dozen." He seemed rather bluffed
at that; thought that was a large num-
ber, and said: "Won't you suggest a
name?" And I went on suggesting
one name after another. I suggested
one man, and he said: "I understand
that man has not a very strong voice!"
I suggested another. "Well, I under-
stand that man wears a black
cravat in the pulpit!" Another man:
"Well I understand that man is not a
very good reader!" And another man:
"Well, I understand that man has a
very stiff and formal delivery." Finally
he said: "Well, what we want in our
church is a minister that will draw."
"O no, my Christian friend, what you
want is a church that will hold the peo-
ple when they get into it. The minister
cannot hold. Success depends not
half so much upon the minister as upon
you the church."—Van Dyke.

Minard's Liniment, for sale
everywhere.

THE "ROYAL" FLAVORING EXTRACTS
are absolutely pure.

OFFENSIVE SORE CURED.

DEAR SIRS.—I take pleasure in
testifying to the great healing qualities
of your medicines. I had the misfor-
tune to injure my leg, and through
cold and neglect it broke out in a run-
ning sore, my leg became inflamed and
very painful, and the discharges were
very offensive; various remedies failed
to help me when I had the good for-
tune to try your B. B. and Burdock
Healing Ointment. Before I had finish-
ed the second bottle the discharge
had stopped, and in two weeks more
my leg was as well as ever. I feel
justified in recommending it to the
public as a cure if only given a fair
trial.

GEO. LAURIE Portage la Prairie, Man.

Dyspepsia has driven to an early
and even suicidal grave many a man
who, if he had tried the virtues of
Ayer's Sarsaparilla, would be alive to-
day and in the enjoyment of health
and competence. Sufferer, be warned
in season, and don't allow the system to
run down.

Those intolerably painful and con-
stantly harassing things called piles,
which trouble so many people, are soon
healed by Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil—
the great external remedy for phys-
ical suffering and means of relieving
pains. A very small quantity achieves
results of the most gratifying kind.

Why will you allow a cough to lac-
erate your throat or lungs and run the
risk of filling a consumptive grave,
when by the timely use of Bickel's
Anti-Consumptive Syrup the pain can
be allayed and the danger avoided.
This Syrup is pleasant to the taste, and
unparalleled for relieving, healing, and
curing all affections of the throat and
lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc.,
etc.

TERRIBLE ITCHING

Used Everything Five Months. In
Three Weeks not a Scar or Pimple.
Cured by Cuticura.

When my baby was three months old his cheeks
and forehead began to break out with white
pimples on red surface. In a few days itching
commenced, which was terrible. After he would rub
it, matter would ooze from the points. In a
short time it spread over the top of his head, then
scale soon formed on head and face. We used
everything we could hear of for nearly five
months. It grew worse all the time. I saw your
advertisement of the CUTICURA Remedies in the
"Chicago Weekly." We purchased CUTICURA
Remedies and com-
menced their use. In
three weeks' time there was not a scar or pimple, not
even a scar, on head or face. He is nineteen months
old now, and has no signs of the disease. His scalp
is healthy and he has a beautiful head of hair.
(See portrait herewith.)

Mrs. OSCAR JAMES, Woodstock, Kan.

My infant, eighteen months old, was afflicted with
skin eruptions on his hips. Bad sores came on
other parts. All remedies failed until I procured
CUTICURA. Cured a year and no return of disease.
Mrs. A. M. WALKER, Carsonville, Ga.

Cuticura Resolvent

The new Blood Purifier, internally (to cleanse the
blood of all impurities and poisonous elements),
and CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA
SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally (to
cleanse the skin and scalp and restore the hair), have
cured thousands of cases where the suffering was
almost beyond endurance, hair lifeless or all gone,
disfigurement terrible. What other remedies have
made such marvellous cures?

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c.; SOAP,
5c.; RESOLVENT, \$2.50 (prepared by the PUTTER
DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston).
Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64
pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp purified and beautified
by CUTICURA SOAP. Absolutely pure.

ACHING SIDES AND BACK.

Hip, Kidney, and Uterine Pains and
Weaknesses relieved in one minute
by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster,
the first and only pain-killing plaster.

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like them in the world. Will positively cure or relieve
in ten days the most obstinate cases of
all manner of disease. The information around and
in is worth ten times the cost of a box of pills. For
about them, and you will always be thankful. On
a box. They expel all impurities from the blood.
Delicate women find great benefit from using them
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nishes.

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The coach colors in all the usual shades.
The varnish in one and half gallon tins,
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The above are from one of the best
manufacturers, who only make reliable
goods.

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All Rail Line to Boston, &c. The

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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. Vancboro. St. Stephen,
St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock
and points north.

1.35 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St.
John, and points east. Vancboro,
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 Junc-
tion, 10.50 a. m., 2.50 p. m.; Vanc-
boro, 10.25 a. m., 2.30 p. m.; St.
Stephen, 9.00, 10.30 a. m.; St. An-
drews, 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.

D. MCNICHOLO,
Gen. Pass Agt.,
Montreal.

C. E. McPHERSON,
Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt.,
St. John, N.B.

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