

Loss and Gain.

BY MRS. M. A. HOLT.

We often find that loss
Is priceless gain,
Which hides, like clinging moss,
The gold's bright grain.

We often find that gain
Is deepest loss,
And leaves a fadest stain
And worthless dross.

And so we may not choose,
But fully trust
In God, who only knows
The gold from dust.

—New Berlin, N. Y.

BACKBONE.

The vertebral column is the fundamental bone of the body frame. To it all the other bones of the skeleton are directly or indirectly attached. Without a backbone there can be no well-rounded bodily structure. But in man that bone is of additional importance, because without it he could never assume, much less sustain, an upright position. It is his well-formed backbone, capped by a head, that renders him the superior of all other forms of animals. Hence its importance physically.

But the term backbone has a moral signification, which is of as much importance to the man and to the race morally as the vertebral column is to the bodily frame physically. This moral backbone sustains to man's character the same relation that the spinal column sustains to his bodily structure. Without it the individual can no more have a stable symmetrical, upright moral character than the body could sustain an upright position if destitute of a vertebral column.

Figuratively speaking, there are several kinds of this important element. There is official backbone which manifests itself in the public officer who faithfully discharges duty even if it should cost him his political head. Officials destitute of this important element truckle to public opinion, and seek to be on the popular side rather than on the side of right. They strive to serve party rather than to do duty, overlooking the important truth enunciated by General Grant that "he serves his party best who serves his country best."

Then there is a private-citizen backbone. This is possessed by him who dares to declare his convictions on important social and moral questions and stand by them, despite the fact that doing so subjects him to being denominated "a crank." However, we do not mean by this that he goes around offensively thrusting his opinions into the faces of others. He recognizes the fact that others are as honest as he is, and as much entitled to their convictions as he is to his. He firmly adheres to his convictions, but recognizes the right of others to adhere to theirs. He never accuses those who do not think and see as he does of being "narrow, ignorant, and bigoted," only narrow, bigoted, backboneless men make such accusations.

Then there is ministerial backbone. This manifests itself in the ministers who kindly, firmly, and in the spirit of Christ preach the truth to their people even at the risk of incurring the displeasure of the masses. On the other hand, the backboneless preacher carefully feels his way, and preaches only such discourses as tickle and please. He is like the pastor who once said when a great moral question was agitating the city: "Well, I have a future in this place, and I do not propose to injure my chances by taking sides on this question." Alas, that there should be such backboneless men in the ministry. True, such preachers "have a future," but, oh, what a future! It is not the future of the brave apostles Peter, John, Paul, and their associates. Their brave answer to the Sanhedrin was, "We ought to obey God rather than men." So ministers of the Gospel to-day ought to have, and all true ones do have, moral backbone enough to declare the whole counsel of God, not fearing the frowns nor coveting the smiles of mortal man.

On this question of backbone the celebrated statesman and moral hero, Charles Sumner, in his published works Vol. II., page 121, says:

Admonished by experience of timidity, irresolution, and weakness in our public men, particularly at Washington amidst the temptations of ambition and power, the friends of freedom can not lightly bestow their confidence. They can put trust only in men of tried character and inflexible will. Three things at least they must require. The first is backbone, the second is backbone, and the third is backbone. My language is homely. I hardly pardon myself for using it; but it expresses an idea which must not be forgotten. When I see a person of upright character and pure soul yielding to a temporizing policy, I can not but say, "He wants backbone." When I see a person talking

K. D. C. Restores the Stomach To Healthy Action.

loudly against slavery in private, but hesitating in public, and failing in the time of trial, I say, "He wants backbone." When I see a person who co-operated with antislavery men and then deserts them, I say, "He wants backbone." When I see a person leaning upon the action of a political party, and never venturing to think for himself, I say, "He wants backbone." When I see a person careful always to be on the side of the majority and unwilling to appear in a minority, or, if need be, to stand alone, I say, "He wants backbone." Wanting this, they all want that courage, constancy, firmness which are essential to the support of principle. Let no such man be trusted.

Not Far from the Kingdom of God.

It is not often that any crisis of life comes to us consciously and suddenly. As the tree falls, so it lies; but as the tree has been gradually and gradually leaning, so it falls. And thus it is that the lost soul seldom knows what was its last opportunity, what the last little act that consummated its ruin, for what poor mess of pottage it sold its heaven. It is done on a common day; it is done in an ordinary hour; no sigh of pity runs through the shuddering foliage; no wing of angel flashes from the silent blue. Yet surely, inevitably, "he that avoweth not small faults, by little and little falleth into greater." A watch may be but a second wrong; a mere touch would regulate it; the opportunity is neglected; the second goes on increasing; it becomes an hour, many hours, and alas! how soon does the watch become wrong wholly, not only useless, but misleading. And you know, too, that on one occasion probably in all life is a human soul brought face to face with the test of a known conscious choice between good and evil, between blessing and cursing, between life and death, between God and Satan, between the world and heaven, between the lusts of the flesh and the aspirations of the soul; on no occasion probably are the interests of the spiritual life stated, as it were, so absolutely on a single die as it was to you on the day of your confirmation, as it will be to-morrow to nearly one hundred of you or more.

There are in life unknown, unconscious crisis; to-morrow will be to many of you a known, a conscious crisis; on the spirit in which you meet it, in which you have been preparing to meet it, in which you mean to carry out its obligations, in which you purpose to approach its new and sacred privileges, how much of the peace or misery, of the shame or nobleness, of your future life depends! Almost might we apply to it the solemn appeal and fancy of the poet:

"There is a light cloud near the moon;
'Tis passing now, 'twill pass full soon;
If, by the time it's vapory sail
Hath ceased her shadowed orb to rail,
Thine heart within thee be not changed,
Then God and man are both avenged,
Dark will thy doom be—darker still
Thine immortality of ill."

O! of that great occasion of your life it is true, if it be true of any moment of life, *Ex hoc momento pendet a eternitas*; and you, whose choice was made for you long ago; you, whose service is pledged, whose military oath is recorded, can it, shall it, be that any of you will be among the enemies of good; you among those who increase and do not diminish the sum of the world's wickedness; you of them who, out of their own base, wretched weakness, pause not to imperil their own souls and the souls of others; you among those who offend Christ's little ones; you under the scope of those words of immeasurable ruin from the lips of immeasurable Love? O, your place is not there. Leave even now that banded apostasy, for you know not whether ever again it will be possible for you to do so. Death is always uncertain. Who knows but even now for some of us, for you or me, the fatal bowstring may have twanged, the fatal arrow have leaped from the string? If it have, no seven-fold shield can stay its flight. Yet, though we know not for how long, we still have time—be it but one day, one hour, one week—to repent and to turn to God; and if the arrow smite us, be it soon or be it late, it shall have stung, no victory then. It shall but glance down from heaven the welcome, the blessed signal, that pure, happy, redeemed, forgiven, we may pass into the presence of our God; not far from the kingdom of heaven now, we shall be in it, in it forever and ever then.—*F. W. Farrar, D. D.*

Nothing Doubting.

I am a little ahead, I know, in the Sunday-school lessons. Some of us, Brother Rauschenbusch and the other spies, good or bad, have to be—but we will all come to it presently, the story of Peter and Cornelius. Let us begin

F. D. C. Relieves Distress After Eating.

to prepare for it, that all over the land, in church, in Sunday-school, in home and in heart, it may mark the opening of a new spiritual and evangelistic life.

Peter is tarrying at Joppa, in the house of one Simon, a tanner. I think he is a little amazed at it. I do not think that when he started out from Jerusalem on his little itinerary, perhaps a kind of vacation tour among the churches, he had any idea that he would get as far as Joppa or Caesarea, or that he would bring up presently at the house of a despised tanner. But God has led him along step by step, summoned by angels, compelled by circumstances, and here he is at last humbly kneeling on the housetop of a hated tanner of hides. God leads.

Critical point in the history of the church. We are just on the edge of it, the greatest event, apart from the advent of Christ, in the annals of time. For this all Jewish chronicles, for this the gospels; for this expressly did Luke write the "Acts," that he might tell of the wide and manifest opening of a door unto the Gentiles—and to us.

Peter had reached the last stage of the journey, and a fit one it is, before the great terminus. Back there is Jerusalem, a great way off it must seem to the Hebrew evangelist just now. His brethren, I say, had not bidden him God speed for such a course. It was not down in his book. But in God's book it was. So went Saul forth, just a little before, with letters to Damascus. But on the way down God took his petty papers from him and gave him a wider commission—"To bear my name before the Gentiles." So Peter now: Get you ready Peter, it's a long way around the world.

But here he is ready, and the point of his preparedness on the housetop is just here: He has seen God's vision, heard God's voice, and he goes forward "doubting nothing," or in the order of the original, "nothing doubting."

It is a strong word, a startling word. As it occurs in the Greek it always gives me pause. Here it is as Jas. i., 6, where the man that desires wisdom is told to "ask in faith, nothing wavering," i. e., not doubting, or disputing, or setting up his own judgment. Here it is again, more strikingly still, at Rom. iv. 20, where Abraham, promised in his old age a son, baffled as to the way, yet "staggered not (doubted not judged not) at the promise of God through unbelief, but was strong in faith, giving glory to God." What was impossible to him was possible to God, and he let him have all the glory of it. How else?

Here goes Peter; yonder comes Cornelius. Neither sees the way clear, each is trusting God. They will meet. Go forward, Peter, in faith nothing doubting. You are on the right path, with thee, as with Saul, when thou hast gone, albeit with sightless eyes, into the city, "it shall be told thee what thou must do."

Nothing doubting is the way to all new apprehension of God and to all larger comprehension of his service. It is the way to realize what we have been talking of so long, and it is this I have desired to say most of all—the fullness of the Spirit. Jesus says to his disciples: "If ye, then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him."—*Inquirer.*

"The Faith of Many."

The Rev. J. M. Buckley, D. D., the acute, learned, and brilliant editor of the *Christian Advocate*, whom no man can accuse of bigotry or charge as being the enemy of a true and reverent human learning in its application to Biblical study, in closing a sermon before Cornell University a few weeks since, gave an impressive illustration of the dangers attendant upon the acceptance of the theories of higher criticism. He said: "A series of sermons was published in Scotland, teaching that almost everything held to be fundamental to Christian faith had, by the researches of modern scholarship, been found untenable, and speaking of what remains in an indefinite way. These discourses were republished in the United States. Among those who read and accepted them was a woman in the city of New York, of great intelligence and intellectuality and of high culture. A year or two later she removed to a suburb upon the Hudson River, continuing to attend the Presbyterian church, but frankly informing the pastor that she had lost faith, and attributing the change to those discourses. Afterwards she became ill and died of a lingering disease. During the months of steady but not rapid progress to the grave, the pastor frequently visited her, making every effort to re-establish her faith in the

K. D. C. CURES MIDNIGHT DYSPEPSIA.

simple provisions of the Gospel, but in vain. To the last she said that she knew nothing, and was not able to believe anything positively. So much had been shaken that she was not certain there was anything that could not be shaken.

Less than a year after her death, the author of those sermons was summoned to trial for heresy. When the charges were submitted, he asked a little time for reconsideration and submitted a statement that when he prepared those discourses he believed them, but further reflection had convinced him that he had erred in taking many things for granted that had not been proved, deducing conclusions that were not warranted even by his premises, and expressing himself in an unguarded manner, and that he desired to retract several of the discourses in whole, and in part all but one or two. But the woman who had given up her faith in the essentials of the Gospel for faith in him had died in darkness."

One such illustration—and, alas, there are many—does more than vindicate, justifies—demands all the anxiety, the protest and outcry which has risen here and there against the men and the system, whatever their claim, thus practically undermining the faith of many in the Word of God.—*Episcopal Recorder.*

Two ways of Quieting Conscience.

The first and only true way of quieting conscience, is to obey it. Conscience, instead of being the persecutor and accuser of a man, thus becomes his friend and most loving, welcome counselor. The peace of conscience, to one who obeys it, is not apathy or deadness; it is a quietude ever alert and watchful, but full of restful confidence, courage and self-reliance, like that of a couchant lion in the wilderness, over which he rules by royal prerogative.

But there is another, and a wrong way, of quieting conscience. It is by deadening its sensitiveness to the forbidden thing through indulgence. No matter how grave a sin may be, if the warnings of conscience are repeatedly disregarded, and the wrong thing persisted in till it becomes a habit, conscience will cease to protest against it. Thus there often comes a sense of moral relief to one who has gone wrong, after a continued course of indulgence in sin; and this sense of relief is almost sure to be mistaken for, at least, a partial justification of the wrong done. "I was too strict with myself before I began to enjoy life," the offender is apt to think. "I was simply a fanatical over-niceness in moral distinctions which made me shrink from my present courses at first. Now that I have actually availed myself of a greater freedom, I find that conscience does not sting me, as I imagined it would. On the contrary, its silence seems like an actual justification of my course. I am really more at ease in my heart than when I used to upbraid myself for even entertaining thoughts of what I considered the forbidden thing."

So the wrong-doer encourages himself in his wrong. But what he takes to be peace of conscience is really paralysis of conscience. He has quieted the inward monitor, not by obedience, but by violence. His conscience has been stifled by a blow. It may never awaken again; and if it does not, the offender will sink deeper and deeper into sin, until the way of return, for him, is forever lost. Conscience is defeated and slain; but ah! the judgment seat of God abides still, in the majesty of absolute right and undiminished power! The man's own standard of righteousness has been lowered till the pointer of virtue rests upon the dark index of vice; but God's standard of right has never varied a hair's-breadth, and it is that standard by which the man must be judged.

Treatment of Books.

Whoever helps to keep alive the respect for a book, for books as books, renders a great service in his time, when the feeling toward books is becoming like that toward newspapers, that they are to be rudely handled and cast aside when the news is snatched out of them—or when regard for them is like that of a hungry man for oysters, who scoops out the soft parts and chucks away the shells, perhaps with pearls in them. The love for the book goes along naturally with the love of literature itself, and there is something wanting in the "humanities" of a man, whatever his attainments, who has not a respect for what may be called the personality of a book. It is an underbred culture which does not honor it. Books, those unfailingly faithful companions, stand mute and waiting on the shelves. In their

The worst disease—Dyspepsia The Best Cure—K. D. C.

hearts are preserved the thought, the aspiration, the despair, the love, the heroism, the emotion, the tragedy, the immortal beauty, the bewitching loveliness, the personality of all the ages. We take one down—it is ready to yield to our every mood; we handle it with care; we linger a little over the cover; we study the book-plate; we judge the title page; we inhale the book fragrance as we open it and begin to taste its immaterial essence. It is brutal not to respect its individuality.—*Editor's Study in Harper's Magazine.*

FILIAL piety finds no place in the Thibetan character. It is no uncommon thing for a son to turn his father, when too old to work, out of doors, and leave him to perish in the cold. The superstition that the souls of the dead can, if they will, haunt the living drives their hardened natures to gain, by the exercise of cruelty, the promise of the dying that they will not return to earth. As death approaches, the dying person is asked, "Will you come back or will you not?" If he replies that he will, they pull a leather bag over his head and smother him; if he says he will not, he is allowed to die in peace.—*Edinburgh Review.*

There is not a message which the Sabbath brings, not a thought to which its proper use gives birth, not a feeling which it cherishes, but helps in the sanctification of the home-life and in purifying the sources of domestic virtue. Without the Sabbath the family could hardly realize its unity in the fullest extent, and the roof-tree, ceasing to be love's sanctuary, would become but the lodging-house of individuals ignorant of the highest happiness. With the Sabbath the home stands or falls. For the defense of the fire-side its sacred hours of worship and rest must be kept inviolate.—*The Abiding Sabbath.*

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.

BLOTCHES CURED.

DEAR SIRS,—In 1890 my body was covered with blotches and I was at last induced to try Burdock Blood Bitters; by the time I had used 3½ bottles of it I was completely cured, and I cannot speak too highly of it.

MRS. JAMES DESMOND.
Halifax, N. S.

LITTLE JENNIE WAS CURED.

DEAR SIRS,—My little Jennie was very bad with La Grippe which left a bad cough. I gave her Hagar's Pectoral Balsam and it soon cured her.

MRS. MCARTHUR, COPESTON, Ont.

No better preparation for the hair has ever been invented than Ayer's Hair Vigor. It restores the original color to faded and gray hair, and imparts that natural gloss and freshness, everyone so much admires. Its reputation is world-wide.

He has tried it.—Mr. John Anderson, Kinross, writes: "I venture to say few, if any, have received greater benefit from the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, than I have. I have used it regularly for over ten years, and have recommended it to all sufferers I know of, and they also found it of great virtue in cases of severe bronchitis and incipient consumption."

All disorders caused by a bilious state of the system can be cured by using Carter's Little Liver Pills. No pain, griping or discomfort attending their use. Try them.

DREADFUL PSORIASIS

Covering Entire Body with White Scales. Suffering Fearful. Cured by Cuticura.

My disease (psoriasis) first broke out on my left cheek, spreading across my nose, and almost covering my face. It ran into my eyes, and the physician was afraid I would lose my eyesight altogether. It spread all over my head, and my hair all fell out, until I was entirely bald-headed; it then broke out on my arms and shoulders, until my arms were just one sore. It covered my entire body, my face, head, and shoulders being the worst. The white scales fell constantly from my head, shoulders, and arms; the skin would thicken and be red and very itchy, and would crack and bleed if scratched. After spending many hundreds of dollars, I was pronounced incurable.

I heard of CUTICURA REMEDIES, and after using two bottles CUTICURA RESOLVENT, I could see a change; and after I had taken four bottles, I was almost cured; and when I had used six bottles of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, one box of CUTICURA, and one cake of CUTICURA SOAP, I was cured of the dreadful disease from which I had suffered for five years. I cannot express with a pen what I suffered before using the REMEDIES. They saved my life, and I feel it my duty to recommend them. My hair is restored as good as ever, and so is my eyesight.

Mrs. ROSE KELLY, Rockwell City, Iowa.

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 clear the skin and scalp and restore the hair), have cured thousands of cases where the shedding of scales measured a quart daily, the skin cracked, bleeding, burning, and itching almost beyond endurance, hair falling out all gone, suffering terrible. What other remedies have made such cures?

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c.; SOAP, 35c.; RESOLVENT, \$1.50. Prepared by the FOSTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

PIMPLES, black-heads, red, rough, chapped, and oily skin cured by CUTICURA SOAP.

IT STOPS THE PAIN.

Back ache, kidney pains, weakness, rheumatism, and muscular pains relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. 3c.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

UNLIKE ANY OTHER

As much

For INTERNAL or EXTERNAL use.

IN 1810

Originated by an Old Family Physician

Think Of It. In use for more than 80

Years, and still black

Every Traveler should have a bottle in his

bag. It is the best remedy for

Nervous Headache, Diphtheria, Croup, Catarrh,

chitis, Asthma, Cholera-Morbus, Diarrhoea, Indigestion,

Soreness in Bony or Limbs, Stiff Joints or Stomach,

will find in this old Anodyne relief and speedy

Every Mother should have Johnson's

Liniment in her house for Croup, C

Sore Throat, Tonsillitis, Colds, Cuts, Bruises, C

and Pains liable to occur in any family. It

notice. Delays may cost a life. Relieves all Sum

Complaints. Price, 25c. per bottle. Sold everyw

ies, 52c. Express paid. L. S. Johnson & Co., Boston.

Canadian Pacific Railway

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

All Rail Line to Boston, &c. Th

Short Line to Montreal, &c.

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

In Effect June 27th, 1892.

Eastern Standard Time.

LEAVE FREDERICTON.

7.10 A. M.—Express for Frederic

ton, St. John, and intermediate

points. Vancorbo, Bangor, Portland,

Boston and points west. St. Stephen,

St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock,

and points north.

10.00 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St.

John and points east, McAdams

Junction.

4.30 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St.

John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews

Houlton and Woodstock.

RETURNING TO FREDERICTON.

From St. John 6.25, 7.30, a.m.; 4.30 p.m.

Fredericton Junction, 8.25, a.m.

11.45, 5.35, p.m.; McAdams Junction,

7.00 10.00, a.m.; 2.00 p.m.

Vancorbo, 9.40 a.m.; St. Stephen,

5.35, 7.45, a.m.; St. Andrews

6.10, 12.20.

ARRIVE IN FREDERICTON.

9.25 a.m., 12.55, 6.40 p.m.

LEAVE GIBSON.

6.50 A. M.—Mixed for Woodstock and

points north.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

4.00 P. M.—Mixed from Woodstock, and

points north.

c Mondays and Thursdays only.

t Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays and

Saturdays only.

D. McNICHOL,

Gen. Pass Agt.

Montreal.

C. McPHERSON,

Asst. Gen. Pass Agt.,

St. John, N. B.

New Stock.

FALL GOODS

—AT—

WM. JENNINGS,

MERCHANT TAILOR.

English and Scotch Suitings in all the

latest shades.

Fancy Serge Suitings.

Canadian Tweed Suitings.

A choice selection of fashionable

Trowerings.

WM. JENNINGS,

Corner Queen St. and Wilmot's Alley,

Fredericton.

STOVES. STOVES.

We wish to call the attention of friends and parties wanting a good Cook Stove to some we have received lately, call and examine them carefully, as they are many good points about them that not found in some other stoves.

1st. They have genuine steel ovens

of course will bake with less fuel.

2nd. They have larger ovens than

other stove made in Canada.

3rd. The wide centres admit of two

puta being side by side.

4th. The tops are made in four pieces

are not liable to crack.

5th. The fire box is very large—comes

look at it.

6th. The fire door is large so as to ad

all kinds of rough wood.

7th. It is to say the least, the best of

ing stove