

"Not As I Will."

Blindfolded and alone I stand,
With unknown thresholds on each hand;
The darkness deepens as I grope,
Afraid to fear, afraid to hope.
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go;
That doors are opened, ways are made,
Burden are lifted or are laid
By some great law unseen and still
Unfathomed purpose to fulfill,
"Not as I will."

Blindfolded and alone I wait,
Loss seems too bitter, gain too late;
Too heavy burdens in the load
And too few helpers on the road;
And joy is weak and grief is strong;
And years and days so long, so long;
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go;
That I am glad the good and ill
By changeless law are ordered still,
"Not as I will."

"Not as I will," the sound grows sweet
Each time my lips the words repeat.
"Not as I will," the darkness feels
More safe than light when this thought steals
Like whispered voice to calm and bless
All unrest and all loneliness.
"Not as I will," because the One
Who loved us first and best has gone
Before us on the road, and still
Fore us must all His love fulfill
"Not as we will."

—Mrs. Helen (Fiske) Jackson.

Spiritual Power.

Power is not to be measured by effort—rather by the absence of effort. It is the condition of being equal to what one undertakes; and this equality of the force performing and the thing to be performed implies a certain ease and smoothness of action quite out of keeping with effort or struggle. You would not take as an illustration of power a horse struggling against a load too great for the normal exercise of his strength, but rather a horse moving forward steadily and smoothly beneath a burden to which he is fairly equal. In the one case the burden exceeds the strength put forth to carry it; in the other, the strength is equal to the demand laid upon it in carrying the burden.

The exercise of true power, equal to its task, is always accompanied by a certain unconsciousness of the effort put forth. Successful work, as a rule, is marked by lack of friction. It is harder for a clumsy dabbler in clay to make the rudest vessel than for a skilled potter to shape the finest vase. A man who is not equal to his work, no matter how herculean the effort he puts forth, can never accomplish great things.

This principle applies to the activities of the Christian life as well as to those of the secular life. Conscious effort is no criterion of strength. Neither does one deserve particular credit for doing Christian duty because he finds that duty hard. The most desirable and commendable condition is that in which the Christian does his work with a smooth, joyful ease—an ease which comes, not from the slightness of the task, but from the grand, whole-souled devotedness with which it is performed. This is the condition of spiritual power—the soul being unconscious of the effort which it puts forth. Who can have failed to notice this sublime unconsciousness of effort in the lives of men and women of great spiritual power and activity? It is like the smiling of the sun, which clothes the world with verdure and sends floods of life pulsing through every animate thing. All potent, world-moving influences are silent and easy. Their grand sweep is always without the friction and interruption of effort, always proclaiming the force which does equal to the thing which is to be done.

How shall the Christian obtain this reserve power which accomplishes with divine ease the thing to be done? It is the product of two essential factors in the spiritual life—absolute faith and absolute obedience. By absolute faith the Christian annexes his small factor of personal power, which is but instrumental at best, to the Divine power and purpose working in all time and in all existences. He shares the glorious sweep, the mighty impetus, of eternal and universal energy, working out its purpose in the lives of men and of worlds. Faith is like the connection established between the positive and negative poles of an electric battery. It makes available the mysterious force which otherwise would have remained unapplied. When a soul has unbounded and unquestioning faith in God, it has allied itself to the grand, central source of power in all the universe. Thenceforth it moves and acts enforced by the irresistible currents of Divine energy. The measure of its power is always simply the measure of its faith. It can do whatsoever it believes God can do through it instrumentally.

But there is another condition of power—that of obedience. A man may have faith sufficient to remove

mountains, and yet stand helpless before them like Mahomet, because he fails to obey God's method of removing mountains. There can be no grand, masterful power in a soul which is forever opposing its will to God's will. Faith can avail nothing, though it links man's heart to God's heart, unless obedience comes also, and links man's will to God's will. Here is where the greatest difficulty lies—the chief obstacle to supreme and prevailing spiritual power. It is comparatively easy to believe absolutely; but to obey absolutely, in face of one's own inclinations and judgments—that is the crucial thing! And yet until we pass this supreme test of spiritual unity with God we cannot have the exaltation and power which characterize the truly spiritual life. As well might the speck of dust on the drive-wheel of a great engine attempt, by flying away from the wheel, to maintain the speed and force of the engine. Obedience is the prime condition of power. We must not only believe in God's wisdom and love, but we must also adjust ourselves to His evident and necessary methods of working in the world. It is a poor faith which does not establish and confirm itself by obedience.—Z. Herald.

"What Ailth Thee, Hagar?"

She was only a poor outcast, a hopeless woman wandering in the desert. Weary with aimless travel, with food and water exhausted, and with a great ache in her heart for the innocent boy by her side, she yields to the terrible pressure upon body and mind, and only awaits for death to relieve them both of their troubles. "What ailth thee Hagar?" O, the comfort of a sympathetic word when one's heart is breaking! and she had heard that voice before. It was the voice of a heavenly messenger sent of God to help her. Then the sorrowing ones of earth are known in heaven. Her name is spoken by the angel, even the name of this outcast bondswoman. There is One who "carries our sorrows," who takes our burdens as His own. "The very hairs of your head are all numbered." Our heavenly Father is concerned about knowing the minutest interests of our life. Yet how good it is just to tell our troubles to a sympathetic hearer! He knows, nevertheless; He listens to our own story of trial and need; He invites our confidence. The things we cannot tell to others, the things our dearest earthly friends could neither understand nor rightly judge, we may unfold to God without reserve.

"There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given."

What ailth thee? The very question is a prophecy of help. "My God shall supply all your need." He is "able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think." Weeping Hagar is too blinded by her tears to see what relief God has provided. "He opened her eyes, and she saw a well of water." Look for the fountains of refreshing right about you, for not one desert experience remains for the Christian in which the promise is unfulfilled; "I will even make a way in the wilderness, and rivers in the desert. I will bring the blind by a way they knew not; I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them and not forsake them."

But do not wait for great emergencies to drive you to God. We honor Him, not by seeking Him as a last resort, but as our daily refuge. When Daniel knew that the decree was signed by which his life should be forfeited, he prayed three times a day, opening his window toward Jerusalem, "as he did aforetime." He only continued what he was accustomed to do. He was trying no uncertain experiment. He knew the Friend he talked with every day, and was even unconcerned about a decree which was as the laws of the Medes and Persians. Great emergencies? So they seem to us; but emergencies and surprises are unknown to heaven. Like a little child who laughs in the midst of disaster because she is all safe in her father's arms, we may also rest secure, knowing that "underneath are the everlasting arms" of our heavenly Father.

Talk Up That Pastor.

"I do not remember ever to have heard in my father's home one disrespectful or unkind word concerning a minister." That is what we overheard a young woman say not long ago. She said to her parents a very high compliment, and described a condition of things which should find a counterpart in every Christian home in the land.

Ministers are men. They are not perfect. There are flaws in character and inconsistencies in life. But many persons magnify molehill infirmities into mountains of real badness. The

reckless handling of ministerial reputation is one of the flagrant sins of our times. Poisoned arrows are shot from a thousand bows. A minister's reputation is his capital. It is everything. You might a hundred times better burn his home than unjustly assail his good name. As well waylay him and stab him to the heart as break down public confidence in his integrity and religious character. A bad man should not be excused nor shielded because he carries the shepherd's crook. But the fact that he carries the crook should not subject a man to unjust and malignant criticism. We plead for fair play.

Christians should be outspoken and true-blue in loyalty to their minister. Many are against him. They should be for him with emphasis. Many are talking him down. They should talk him up, up. Suppose he does not just suit you. He cannot suit everybody, and he is an ideal pastor in the estimation of a good many people who know almost as much as you do. Kind words count. Speak them often. Allow no one to speak disparagingly of the minister in your presence. Give the faithful man a lift every little while. Talk him up. Talk him up in the church. Talk him up in the home. Talk him up in society. Talk him up on the street, in the shop, on the cars, everywhere. He will take courage. Will preach better sermons. Will put increased enthusiasm into all his multiplied duties. Will win gloriously. And you will have the great joy of knowing that your bracing words proved a real tonic and helped the dear soul to conquests he never could have achieved while struggling alone.—Epworth Herald.

Looking After Men.

When Christ began his ministry he set one foot to looking after men, men who were possessed of many traits of character—men in whom there was a bright and stirring spirit of inquiry—men who wanted to know the reason of things, and who could reason on things which were below the mere surface of visible facts. Christ wanted such men and he searched after them, as one seeks after hidden and precious treasure. And he found such men, in the persons of Andrew and Peter and Philip and James and John. And some of these found each other, as the result of the spirit of earnest inquiry. They began looking around and beyond their narrow circle to find men who were adapted to the great work of pushing the business of their new Master and Lord, in a line of religious enterprise, which was new to the world and above the world. Christ found Philip and Philip found Nathanael. And Philip, in a glad and exultant spirit, said to Nathanael: "We have found him, of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph." Now, we would naturally expect that Nathanael would have received this blessed announcement without question and with great pleasure. It would seem to be a declaration which would naturally meet the felt want of Nathanael's soul at once. But he was troubled with what appeared to him to be a serious question, which was this: "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Yet he found in Christ a complete answer to his question, and it made him ready to go about looking after men.—C. H. WHEATBERRY.

Communion Wine.

The matter of obtaining non-intoxicating wine for communion service, or a suitable substitute therefor, has troubled many an officer of the church who has believed it wrong to tempt some of the flock by presenting at the Lord's table that which will awaken old appetites and renew conflicts which are unnecessary on the part of some brethren who have struggled hard to overcome themselves.

The juice of raisins soaked in cold water has been used by some; but it is a very poor substitute, it being cloudy and insipid. Raisins are grapes dried. If the juice can be properly extracted from them some sisters in my church argued that a healthy and palatable drink could be made from them. They have tried it for the last two years, and I ask for no better wine than has been for that time on our communion table. For the benefit of those who have not made so good a discovery and to draw out others who have found out a better way I give their recipe below.

Remove the stones from a pound of the best raisins. Boil them gently in an earthen vessel in water enough to cover them for three hours—a double boiler is best. Add water if necessary to make the amount sufficient to fill two chalicees. Let this juice be strained through a linen cloth, and if two tart sweeten with sugar, being careful not to get too sweet. When thoroughly cooled it will be fit for use. If the stones are retained the flavor is greatly injured.

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

W. C. T. Union.

OUR MOTTO.—If God be for us,
who can be against us.

British Women's Temperance Association.

WELCOME TO LADY HENRY SOMERSET.

A crowded and most enthusiastic meeting of members of this Association, and of delegates from the various provincial and other branches, was held at Memorial Hall, London, on Tuesday evening, May 3, 1892, for the purpose of formally and publicly extending a welcome to Lady Henry Somerset on her return to England after a tour for temperance work and experience in America, and for the purpose of presenting to that lady a written address from the members of the executive committee.

After the presenting of the address which was signed by twenty-four members of the executive Mr. Robert Rae, on behalf of the National Temperance League presented the cordial welcome of that body to her ladyship.

Lady Somerset followed in a most eloquent and impressive address, some extracts of which we subjoin:

LADY HENRY SOMERSET'S ADDRESS.
Madame President, ladies and gentlemen, and dear comrades in that society in which we are all loved as one, I thank you from my heart for the welcome that you have given me.

To-night I return to this home circle—a home circle dearer to me perhaps than my own fireside in one sense, because I believe we are bound by ties enduring and strong which life and death cannot sever, that do not attach us only to this world, but which anchor us in eternity. As I continued my journey in that new and wider world, I have had this Association constantly in my mind, and have turned over in my thoughts all that which I thought might have hindered or in anywise done it harm.

There have been words spoken to-night which will always remain in my heart. When I heard of those little children's greetings from the lips of that one who has been associated with them so long, I felt that we are but blazing a way through the forest, and as we lead our troops today we hear the muffled music of the steps that tell us that victory is following on our track. Those children are marching in their serried ranks, united by the bond of happy union, and you and I are making that way easy. We have to take every means, we have to take every care, that the children of tomorrow shall have a better time than the children of today.

As I traveled through America, from the moment I landed, I was seized by women with kindly outstretched hands, who took me to their hearts because I was the representative of a cause dear to them. I felt that it was not for me only; every woman here toiling in this great cause, all the hands that have been held out to help the little ones and lift the fallen, all the lives that have been consecrated to this cause in England, all the human throbbing in this land to-day, inspired by the divine joy, all these received that welcome through me.

I went to Portland to be the guest of Neal Dow. As we drove through the streets I could not help feeling that although no monument had been erected to that great father of prohibition, those clean and bright streets, the absence of liquor shops, and all that spoke for the glorious reforms he had carried through, were the best monument that could be erected to any man. They had prepared a special treat for me in Portland, for when the authorities knew that I was coming, they saved up all the liquor they had seized during three months in order that I might see it poured out, and a stranger scene I never witnessed. I went to the great city hall and there in the cellars were stored up this confiscated mass of goods. There were the barrels labeled "sugar," there were the milk and cream cans, and every possible device for smuggling this thing into the state. But it amounted to little more than the goods of one of our public houses. We hear of prohibition being a failure, but I cannot understand how anybody can go through Portland and realize that here is a seaport town with foreign sailors crowding daily to its shores, with all the evils that such a population must bring; and seeing these quiet, bright, clean streets, the wholesome, happy looks of the inhabitants, and the welfare of what was at one time the poorest state in America, and not realize that prohibition is God's greatest gift to man. I was glad to take up those whisky jugs and see it go into the

K. D. C. Relieves Distress After Eating.

gutter. We have all seen so many men and women go there that I was glad to see a little of the "crater" go there too.

If I did not think that this temperance cause was Christ's cause, if I did not believe this reform and all those correlating reforms had the distinct touch of the Divine in them, I would never stand on any public platform to speak again. But I have come back more persuaded than ever that we have the great responsibility of knowing how best to act, that we need to look up and above. Let us take what God sends, even though the message be new, if it strikes us that it come from Himself as a divine gift to us.

Minard's Liniment is the Best.

Perfectly charming is what the ladies say about "Lotus of the Nile" Perfume.

Cesar's famous "Veni, vidi, vici,"—I came, I saw, I conquered—might be an appropriate motto for Ayers Sarsaparilla. We charge nothing for suggestion. This great blood-purifier conquers wherever it comes, and is now absolutely without equal in the world.

IN ALL CASES
DEAR SIR,—I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for summer complaints, and after a fair trial have proved it a sure cure both in my own case and others of the family.
LAURATTA WING, New Dundee, Ont.

GUELPH GOSPI.
DEAR SIR,—I have been troubled for over a year with sick headache and sick stomach. Nothing did me any good until I tried B. B. B., which made a perfect cure before I had finished the first bottle. I recommend it as a safe cure for headache to all my friends.
MISS ANNIE McNULTY, Guelph, Ont.

Mrs. Chas. Smith, of James Ohio, writes: I have used every remedy for sick headache I could hear of for the past fifteen years, but Carter's Little Liver Pills did me more good than all the rest.

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 Bickle'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.

Random Readings.

How much learning it takes to make things plain!—Archbishop Usher.
He who keeps away from horns will not get stung. It is the same with bad habits.

It might be well for us to remember that it is much easier to be critical than correct.

In the rest of the Christian there is stability. Nothing can shake his confidence but sin.—H. More.

No experience makes one grow old so fast as struggling to keep down the voice of conscience. No one can do this without wasting the strength of his life.—Dr. A. E. Dunning.

The fact that God created man in his own image seems to indicate that he had some high and noble service for him to perform, and yet how many are endeavoring to thwart that purpose.

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Terrible Sufferings of Little Baby.
Seven Doctors and Two Hospitals.
Fall. Cured by Cuticura.

My baby boy, 6 months old, broke out with eczema. The itching and burning was intense; the eczema spread to his limbs, breast, face, and head, until he was nearly covered; his torturing agonies were pitiable to behold; he had no peace and but little rest night or day. He was under treatment at different times at two hospitals and by seven doctors in this city without the least benefit. Every prescription of the doctors was faithfully tried, but he grew worse all the time. For months I expended about \$3 per week for medicines, and was entirely discouraged. I purchased CUTICURA, CUTICURA SOAP and CUTICURA RESOLVENT and followed the directions to the letter. Relief was immediate, his sufferings were eased, and rest and sleep permitted. He steadily improved and in nine weeks was entirely cured, and has now as clear a skin and is as fat a boy as any mother could wish to see. I recommend every mother to use it for every Baby Humor.

MRS. M. FERGUSON,
95 W. Brookline St., Boston.

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The greatest skin cure, blood purifier, and humor remedies of modern times, instantly relieve the most agonizing forms of eczema and psoriasis, and speedily, permanently, economically, and infallibly cure every species of torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, and pimply diseases and humors of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to age, whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary, when all other methods and best physicians fail.

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Think Of It. Years, and still leads a
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In Effect November 30th, 1891.

Eastern Standard Time.

LEAVE FREDERICTON.

6.15 A. M.—Express for Fredericton Junction, St. John, and intermediate points. Vancouver, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock and points north.
1:35 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John and points east, Vancouver, 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.; Vancouver, 10.25 a.m.; 2.30 p.m.; St. Stephen, 9.00, 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, all points north.

D. McNICHOL,
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The paints comprise all the popular colors in one and half gallon tins, quart pints and half pints.

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