

"Peace Upon Earth"

"Peace upon Earth!" It sweetly broke
From angel voices ringing,
And ever through the ages comes
The echo of their singing:
For lo! the Saviour promised long
Was now to sinners given,
And sweet and clear the anthem rolled
Through all the courts of Heaven.

"Peace on Earth!" prophetic words!
The years of strife had ceased;
And after many centuries, came
A holy rest and peace:
For anxious hearts had waited long
To see Messiah's glory,
And now upon a waiting world
Burst forth the angels' story—

"Peace upon Earth!" O weary hearts
List to the angels singing,
To you upon this Christmas Eve
Glad tidings they are bringing:
They tell of patient hope fulfilled,
They speak of sin forgiven,
And open to a fallen race
The golden gates of Heaven!

"Peace upon Earth!" O warring souls
Cease from your toil and strife,
And tune with songs of love and peace
The golden harp of life,
And now when Christmas bells peal forth
News of a Saviour's birth,
May we the angels' love-song join,
And peace reign on the earth!

Observer.

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The Descent of Jesus.

There was a time when men were
ambitious to scale the heavens. They
sought to build themselves a city and
a tower whose top would reach the
sky. But that was when the world
was young. Flung from the heights,
not all too high, which they had won,
they came to learn that if heaven and
earth were ever to meet, heaven must
come down, for earth could not rise.
A traveller lays down his weary head
on a pillow of stone, and heaven is far
enough away. Duplicitous and ambition
have all but broken the wings on
which his soul might have soared
away. Yet heaven stoops to him, if
he cannot rise to her; and on a ladder
of sorrow and silence the angels of
God descend.

How men tremble with delight and
hope when they see an angel of God
descending! It is so today. It was
so in the old world when, in the per-
sons of Paul and Barnabas, the gods
seemed to the men of Lystra to have
come down in the likeness of men.
The people were wrong; and yet were
they altogether wrong? For it is a
godlike thing to descend; and the
angels of God—then, and now, and
evermore—come down in the likeness
of men. Nay, did not Jesus Himself,
being in the form of God, come "in
the likeness of man?"

History, so far as it has meant pro-
gress, has just been the descent of
heaven upon the earth. If on one
side it has been the effort of aspiring
man, on the other it has been the
grace of the condescending God. The
renovated world seemed to the seer
of Patmos to be just the holy city
"coming down out of heaven from
God."

The Bible presents the vision of a
possible ascent of man; it is still more
the story of the descent of God. From
heights which it discloses, God and
His angels are continually seen descend-
ing for their beneficent work, now to
rouse the conscience of those who
have eaten of forbidden fruit, now to
assure prophet or warrior of heavenly
help.

But of all the strange descents of
heaven upon toiling or disheartened
men, surely none is so strange or so
blessed as the descent of Jesus. Who
may tell the heights from which He
came? "I am come down from
heaven." That is all He says. Majestic
silence no less than majestic speech!
He came down: down to a world worn
by superstition and speculation, down
to men out of whom the spirit had
been crushed by oppression and priest-
craft, down to "deep weariness and
sated lust." And into this corruption
and decay, heartlessness, indifference,
despair, He brought life. The nobles-
man who said to Jesus "Come down
ere my child die" is but an emblem of
that ancient world, voicing her own
helplessness to heal her children, and
uttering her great inarticulate cry to
the Jesus who alone could save her
from folly, shame, and suicide. Nay,
it is not the cry of all the nobler spir-
its to-day, who look with sorrow upon a
civilization that sends the weakest to
the wall, upon a religion whose heart
the Lord hath not touched, upon inter-
national friendships that are hollow,
upon a stage that is degraded and de-
grading? Those who have not let
Jesus come down into their hearts
know the distemper, but do not rightly
know its cure. But surely the dumb
voices of the people, if they could
break through their perplexity and
speak, would say, "Jesus, come down,
ere we and our children die." Nothing
but the Highest—and the highest is
Jesus—can save us. The highest

must stoop and lift us up or we shall
die. "Jesus, come down."

But the Highest has stooped; stooped
from the height to the blackest depths.
"Jesus descended into hell"—stepped
fearlessly down into all the experience
that has made men bitter and revenge-
ful; into poverty, unpopularity, de-
feat, shame, death, till He reached
that obedience and perfection, which
can only be learned by the things
which men suffer. The seeming de-
scent was but the royal way to heaven.
By coming down Jesus redeemed and
transfigured our life, and made it pos-
sible for us to find our heaven in the
depths as well as on the heights.

Jesus came down; and in any depths
we shall find Him. Our doubts He
meets with His certainties: our world-
liness He rebukes with His silent look
of baffled love; our despondency He
casts out by His revelation of a love
that will not let us go; our orphaned
hearts He heals by the vision of man-
sions where those that are lost to us
are gathered together. And is all this
nothing to you, O ye that pass by?
He stopped to share all that vexes and
tempts and hurts us. With such a
fellowship in the depths, who can
doubt or faint or fear any more? He
descended into the lowest parts of the
earth, lower than any other son of man
has known or can know, and "He
that descended is the same also that
ascended." Shall we, then, who have
had the glory of walking with Him in
the depths, not also with Him "ascend
far above all the heavens?"—J. E.
McF. in Westminster.

If We Cared.

If we cared for the souls of our
neighbors, we would pray for them
every day. It is impossible to believe
that a Christian can have any interest
seriously at heart and not take it to
the Lord in prayer every day. If we
take no soul to the throne of grace in
our prayers from week to week, can
we honestly say that we care much
whether they perish or not?

If we cared for the souls of men, we
would study diligently to find out the
most effectual methods of reaching and
saving them. If the city were invaded
by the plague and thousands were
dying every day, and a company of
physicians, instead of studying the
best method of fighting the enemy and
saving the sick, should give their en-
tire attention to money-getting and
pleasure-seeking, would it not be
evident that they did not care? Would
they not incur the condemnation of all
good men? The plague of sin rages
everywhere. Thousands are perishing
in every city every year. A sovereign
remedy has been provided, and the
application of that remedy is with us.
If we make no effort to induce sinners
to avail themselves of it, how can we
say that we care?

If we truly care to see men saved,
we will avail ourselves of every oppor-
tunity to win them from evil ways and
do them good. We meet such oppor-
tunities every hour. Do we improve
any of them? A few days ago a
prominent citizen of a great city was
suddenly killed by an accident. A
lady from a distant city happened on
that day to go into a store not far
from the place where the accident
occurred. The clerk who waited on
her spoke of the sorrow that had come
to the friends of the man who had met
such an appalling fate. When she
learned what had happened she said,
"If he was a Christian, he is now
better off, and this must be a great
comfort to those who have been sud-
denly plunged into this deep sorrow."
Seeing what a good opportunity had
been thrust upon her, she said to the
clerk, "I hope you are a Christian."
He answered, "I am sorry to say that
I am not. I wish I were." Then she
spoke a few fitting words and went
away. Who shall say that those words
faintly spoken in a store may not prove
to be good seed sown in good ground?
If we never improve one of the many
opportunities which the providence of
God thrusts upon us to try to win a
soul, can we think that we really care
whether men perish or not?

If we cared, we should scrupulously
avoid every word or deed which might
hinder a soul in its aspirations after
God and a better life. We cannot tell
what is going on in the minds of those
about us. What good desires burn
within them, what thoughts of a better
life secretly struggle in their minds,
we know not. But we do know that
the soul is exceedingly sensitive, and
that a very little thing will turn the
scale for good or evil. A word thought-
lessly spoken may leave a scar which
time cannot efface. A cold glance, a
little slight, an unintentional neglect,
a bad example, may put a damper on
a single spark of holy desire, which,
if cherished, might have kindled into a
flame of life and love. Are we care-
ful, thoughtful, gentle, vigilant? Do we
care for the effect of that glance
which is exerting almost every
hour of the day?

If we cared for the souls of men,

this feeling would manifest itself in
many unmistakable signs. We could
not think more of the theater than of
the house of God. We could not care
more for a party with cards and din-
ing than for a prayer meeting with
Bibles and holy songs. We could not
think more of gold than of God. We
should seek earnestly for a deeper
concern for the salvation of souls.
There are many who inquire what they
may do to become more profoundly
interested in the great work. They
lament the fact that they care so little
for so great an interest. The fact that
they desire to have more feeling on
this subject proves that they have
some feeling already. They are not
wholly without care. But if we have
no appreciable desire to care for the
souls of men, we have a sure evidence
that our hearts are not right.

If we cared for souls, we should be
in harmony with God. He cares more
for souls than for anything else. If
we do not care for them, we are far
from Him. We should be in sympathy
with the angels if we really cared to
see sinners converted. There is joy
among the angels over one sinner that
repenteth. If we have no particular
interest in such a scene, then we
should not be happy in heaven, for we
should be out of harmony with our
surroundings. We should be in
fellowship with all the best men and
women if we were deeply concerned
for the conversion of sinners. The
greatest work on earth is the conversion
of a sinner. We may not disparage
the accumulation of wealth or the
advancement of learning or the mul-
tiplication of victories for freedom and
good government. But those who
have turned many to righteousness
have done more for humanity than all
the merchant princes, fine scholars,
profund philosophers, victorious
generals, and wise statesmen. If we
sincerely care for souls, we are in
fellowship with the noble army.—The
Advocate.

Renewals for 1900 are now
in order. Kindly send yours.

Willfully Blind.

Modern infidels of the Ingersoll type
still persist in adhering to Voltaire's
great mistake, namely, accusing Chris-
tianity of having perpetrated the
monstrous crimes of the dark ages, the
massacre of the Waldenses and of St.
Bartolomew's night, all of which out-
rages were committed by the corrupt
Roman Catholic Church of those times
in direct violation of all the fundamen-
tal teachings of Christ and his apostles.
There was some excuse for Voltaire's
making that mistake, because all the
knew of Christianity was what he saw
of the Roman Catholic Church of his
day and when he read in history of its
dark and bloody deeds. His inexcu-
sable error, however, was in his not
studying the Bible, especially the New
Testament, for himself. Had he done
so his clear intellect would easily have
discerned between the noble, righteous,
philanthropic teachings of the Man of
Calvary, as set forth in the Sermon on
the Mount, and the monstrous abuses
and crimes set forth in the teachings
and practices of the Roman hierarchy.
But to-day the infidels who persist in
rehashing the crimes of Romanism and
arraiding them against Christianity as
reasons why Christ and his teachings
should be rejected, are either too
stupid or too dishonest to merit the
consideration of candid, intelligent
men. Any one willing to do so, can
see in a moment that the Golden Rule
alone condemns all the crimes that
Rome has perpetrated, as well as the
crime of burning witches practiced by
the Puritans in their fanatical, mis-
guided zeal. Any reasonable man of
ordinary intelligence readily sees that
these crimes no more lay against the
Christianity of Christ than the horrible
lynchings of to-day lay against mod-
ern civilization.—The Telescope.

Never Too Busy to Pray.

Jesus appears to have devoted Him-
self specially to prayer at times when
His life was unusually full of work and
excitement. He was a very busy
life; there were nearly always "many
coming and going" about Him. Some-
times, however, there was such a con-
gestion of thronging objects that He
had scarcely time to eat. But even
then He found time to pray. Indeed,
these appear to have been with Him
seasons of more prolonged prayer than
usual. Thus we read: "So much the
more went there a fame abroad of
Him; and great multitudes came to-
gether to hear, and to be healed by
Him of their infirmities. And he
withdrew Himself into the wilderness
and prayed."

Many in our day know what this
congestion is. They are swept off
their feet with their engagements, and
can scarcely find time to eat. We
make this a reason for not praying.
Is there a y doubt which is the better
course? Many of the wisest have in

this respect done as Jesus did. When
Luther had a specially busy and excit-
ing day, he allowed himself longer
time than usual for prayer beforehand.
A wise man once said he was too busy
to be in a hurry. He meant that if he
allowed himself to become hurried he
could not do all that he had to do.
There is nothing like prayer for pro-
ducing this calm self-possession. When
the dust of business so fills your room
that it threatens to choke you, sprinkle
it with the water of prayer, and then
you can cleanse it out with expedition.
—Rev. Dr. Sailer.

Seed Thoughts.

A pious African went to a missionary
to present a contribution for sending
the Gospel to others. The missionary
thought the negro offered a larger sum
than he was able to give, but the man
insisted on giving it, saying, "The
work of the Lord must be done and I
shall soon be dead."

With the arithmetic of the world it
is impossible to explain how, if a man
gives back to God one-tenth of his
income, he will be more prosperous
in his temporal affairs when if he with-
held it; but it is true, nevertheless,
that the more we give the more we
get.

Giving to the Lord is depositing it
with him, and he pays good interest,
and it is compounded not half-yearly
but daily. "He that hath pity upon
the poor lendeth to the Lord, and that
which he hath given will he pay him
again." What better security or return
could any one ask?—H. W. Barker.

A Church Notice.

The following is a copy of a unique
notice, affixed to the church door at
Whitechurch, London:

Missing, last Sunday, some families
from church.

Solen, several hours from the
Lord's day, by a number of people of
different ages dressed in their Sunday
clothes.

Strayed, half a score of lambs, be-
lieved to have gone in the direction of
"No Sunday-School."

Misaid, a quantity of silver and
copper coins on the counter of a public
house, the owner being in a state of
great excitement at the time.

Wanted, several young people.
When last seen were walking in pairs
up Sabbath Breaker's Lane, which
leads to the city of No God.

Lost, a lad carefully reared, not long
from home, and for a time very pro-
mising. Supposed to have gone with
one or two older companions to Prodi-
gal Town, Husk Lane.

Any person assisting in the recovery
of the above shall in no wise lose his
reward.

Reading Hymns.

"No, he is not what you would call
a great preacher; but he makes up for
it by the way in which he reads the
hymns. Why, it is worth going to
church just to hear the reading of the
hymns."

So said a woman of intelligence the
other Monday morning. We have
attended that church, and know that
her praise of her pastor's hymn-reading
is not too strong. We also know the
reason why this part of the service is
so effective. He selects his hymns
about as soon as he selects his text.
He sees that song and sermon fit.
He reads and re-reads the hymns until
he is so familiar with them that he can
almost repeat them from memory. He
seeks for their teaching. He goes
over them until his own heart glows.
Then inflection, and emphasis, and
measure, and even facial expression,
bring out the depths of doctrine.
Every one is disappointed when the
minister occasionally says, "We will
sing the hymn without reading"—
Ejworth Herald.

"It Will Light You Home."

"The word of the Lord is tried." It
has stood and will stand every test,
and will ever commend itself alike to
our hearts and our reason. Our wisest
effort will always be in trying to lead
people to put it to the test of personal
experience, for every one who does so
test it will find it a lamp to his feet,
guiding his steps toward home.

We have been told of a man of
Christian purpose who went a distance
of one or two miles into a neighbor-
hood where few could read to spread
an evening reading the Bible to a
company who were assembled to listen.
As he was about to return, by a nar-
row way through the woods, he was
provided with a torch of light wood or
pitch pine. "I objected," said he,
"that it was too small, weighing not
over half a pound. 'It will light you
home' 'But if it should rain?' I again
objected. 'It will light you home,' he
insisted. Contrary to my fears, it
gave abundant light to my path all
the way home."

Just so will it be with every one
who will take the Bible torch to light-
en his feet along the narrow way.

Does some one bring criticism of the
Bible? Answer: "It will light you
home." Does another offer objections?
Urge again: "It will light you home."
To every argument of distrust or
doubt, let your persistent answer be,
in the words of the man who furnished
the torch: "It will light you home."
The test of experience is the darning
of criticism. Each honest reader will
come to say: "Thy word is a lamp un-
to my feet, and a light unto my path."

This is the blessed work every
Christian is privileged to do, the de-
lightful work of putting into the hands
of souls groping in the dark a lamp
which will guide them home.—N. Y.
Observer.

Home Life.

The home life must be the sweetest.
Keep out all bickering and strife. The
world is full of backbiting and misun-
derstanding and envy; the home must
be a refuge. The man is to be pitied
who, after a hard day's sail amidst the
storms of business cares and fears,
cannot drop anchor at eventide in the
quiet harbor of a peaceful home.

We want to get rid of our grum-
bling, fault-finding spirit in the home
and learn to speak words of praise
and approval. It is as easy to tell the
wife when she does well as when she
misses a button or has weak coffee; it
is wiser to praise the children for their
good deeds than to be unceasingly
nagging them about their misdeeds.
Make home happy, and the richest
results will follow.—Peninsula Metho-
dist.

About Pastoral Visiting.

We believe most heartily in the
necessity and advantage of pastoral
visitation when done with a fitting
purpose and spirit, but there is a kind
in vogue with which we have little
sympathy—when a minister tries to
see how large a number of calls he can
make in a day and how many people
he can shake hands with. Such hasty,
automatic calls cannot be made in a
helpful and inspiring spirit. There is
no time for admonition, edification, or
the expression of a sympathetic and
powerful spirit on the part of the
minister. Dr. C. A. Berry, of London,
in a recent address, put it well in say-
ing, "The pastor is not the man who
vies with the postman and rivals the
errand boy in knocking at street doors
and pulling at bells."—Preacher's
Helper.

"What do you expect to do with all
your money?" asked the multi-million-
aire's spiritual adviser. "You can't
take it with you where you are going."
"Yes, but I can," answered the
multi-millionaire. "I am going to
Europe."

The Christian life is having con-
victions and not talking about them;
having them and not fancying that we
have them. Not calling Christ our
Master, but making him our Master
in fact. "Believest thou this?" Ask
the question on your knees, and pray
that God will help you to give an
honest answer.—Greenough.

The missionary: "My erring brother,
have you been christianized?" The
native: "Not completely. They have
gobbled all my land, but I still have
my few clothes."

A PHYSICIAN is not always at hand.
Guard yourself against sudden coughs
and colds by keeping a bottle of Pain-
Killer in the house. Avoid substitu-
tes, there is but one Pain-Killer,
Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

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mal health thoroughly and in a very
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and have recommended it to all suffer-
ers I knew of, and they also found it
of great virtue in cases of severe
bronchitis and incipient consumption."

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these pills I suffered such tortures
could not turn over in bed without
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