

At Prayer Meeting.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

There were only two or three of us
Who came to the place of prayer
Came in the teeth of a driving storm;
But for that we did not care,
Since after our hymns of praise had risen
And our earnest prayers were said,
The Master himself was present there,
And gave us the living bread.

We knew his look on our leader's face,
So rapt and glad and free;
We felt his touch when our heads were bowed,
We heard his "Come to me."

Nobody saw him lift the latch,
And none unbarred the door;
But "peace" was his token to every heart,
And how could we ask for more?

Each of us felt the load of sin
From the weary shouldr fall;
Each of us dropped the load of care,
And the grief that was like a pall;
And over our spirits a blessed calm
Swept in from the jasper sea,
And strength was ours for toil and strife
In the days that were thence to be.

It was only a handful gathered in
To the little place of prayer,
Outside were struggle and pain and sin,
But the Lord himself was there;
He came to redeem the pledge he gave—
Wherever his loved ones be,
To stand himself in the midst of them,
Though they count but two or three.

And forth we fared in the bitter rain,
And our hearts had grown so warm,
It seemed like the plying of summer
flowers,
And not the crash of a storm;
'Twas a time of the dearest privilege
Of the Lord's right hand," we said,
As we thought how Jesus himself had
come
To feed us with living bread.

Christ in the Upper Room.

BY REV J. R. MILLER, D. D.

The upper room was a sacred place.
We do not positively know where it
was, but probably it was in the house
of Mary, the mother of John Mark.
If so, Mark was almost certainly "the
good man of the house," the man bearing
a pitcher of water, whom the two
disciples followed, and who showed
them a large upper room furnished and
ready.

Wherever this room was, it was made
sacred by what took place in it that
night. We may suppose that it was
in this same room also that three nights
afterward the disciples were gathered
when Jesus appeared alive among them,
showed them His hands and His feet,
and said, "Peace be unto you." Here,
too, seven weeks later, the disciple
company were together in prayer when
the Holy Spirit came upon them. Some
years after this we find Mary's house
the scene of an all-night meeting for
prayer for the relief of Peter from
prison.

In the dusk of the evening the Mas-
ter and His disciples gathered in this
upper room. Jesus knew all that was
before Him, but His heart was full of
peace as He took His place at the table.
In strange contrast, however, with the
holy calm of the Master was the spirit
of the disciples. It would seem that
even in that sacred hour there was a
strife among them for precedence, a
contention as to which of them was
the greatest. It hurt the heart of
Jesus to hear their murmurings, but
He spoke no word of chiding. He
arose quietly from His place, and, re-
moving His outer garments and gird-
ing Himself like a slave, He took
water in a basin and began to wash the
disciples' feet. This is one of the pic-
tures of Jesus we should never let fade
out of our thought—Jesus with the
basin and towel. It tells us of an
essential part of His work—"If I wash
thee not, thou hast no part with Me."
It shows us also an essential quality in
all true discipleship—"I have given
you an example, that ye also should
do as I have done to you."

Among the company Jesus had
chosen and learned to love so tenderly
was one who was false. Christ's treat-
ment of Judas is one of the most won-
derful manifestations of His patient
love. Knowing of the treachery that
was ripening in His disciple's bosom,
He yet kept him in His family, show-
ing by no sign that He knew the black-
ness of his heart, washing his feet,
giving him the sop, the touch of His
hand, the look of His eye and the tone
of His voice, all making their appeal
to the conscience of the traitor, and
giving him opportunity for repentance
and confession. But in all the warmth
of that wonderful love, under all these
holy influences, the heart of Judas
only grew harder, as he gave himself
over more and more completely to the
Evil One.

After the departure of Judas came
the institution of the Lord's Supper.
In this Jesus revealed much of His
heart. It showed His love for the
twelve. He wanted them close to Him
that last hour. He was loath to be
parted from them. It showed also His
desire to be remembered. No one wants
to be forgotten by his friends. No
thought could be sadder than that he
might not be remembered after he is
gone. It told also of the humanness

of Jesus that He so craved to be kept
in mind by His friends. The Lord's
Supper, every time we partake of it,
repeats to us this desire of our Master,
"Remember Me. Do not forget Me."
Nothing has done more to keep His
precious memory alive in the world
through these centuries than the con-
tinued obeying of His dying request,
for the Lord's Supper, wherever it is
spread in the eyes of men, witnesses to
the wonderful love of Christ and to
the costly sacrifice made by Him in
the redeeming of the world.

From the upper room we have this
precious feast of memorial, and while
we observe it reverently and with ten-
der affection, the circle around that
first table widens out and we find our-
selves sitting in the company of Christ's
friends, as the first disciples sat that
night, partaking of His body and blood,
and entering into the closest commun-
ion with Him.

After the Supper came the farewell
address. In its every sentence we
hear the heart-beat of the Master.
From beginning to end it throbs with
tender love. It opened to the disciples
windows through which they looked
into the future. It told them of the
Father's house to which Jesus was
going and where He would prepare a
place for them. It told them of the
coming of the Comforter and then
made plain to them what their part
would be as branches in the Vine,
bearing fruit to feed the world's
hunger.

Part of the Master's farewell words
were answers to questions which cer-
tain of His disciples asked Him. These
men had their difficulties and He
helped them with these. After the
conversations Jesus made His be-
quests, leaving the gifts of peace and
joy to His friends. He had blessed
them in wonderful ways during His
life, but the best things of His love
He kept to the last.

When the farewell words were ended,
then followed the great intercessory
prayer, in which Jesus gave His dis-
ciples into the keeping of His Father,
now that He must leave them Himself.
His pleading was full of tender love.
It was like that of a mother about to
leave this earth, and who is commend-
ing her children to the care of God.
His wish for His disciples was, not
that they should be taken out of the
world to miss its persecutions and its
temptations, but that they should
stay in the world to witness for Him,
being kept meanwhile from the evil of
the world. There was a pleading also
that they should be led into complete
consecration of spirit, and should be
to the world what He had been to them.

When the prayer was ended, the
Master and His eleven disciples left
the upper room and went out into the
street and on toward Gethsemane, to
meet the anguish of the Garden and
then in an hour to be betrayed into
the hands of His enemies.

There never has been on earth
another meeting of such wondrously
deep and sacred meaning and influence
as that farewell meeting in the upper
room. There the friendship of Jesus
and His disciples reached its holiest
experience. The yearning of His love
appears in His giving up the whole of
this last evening to this trust with His
own. He did it for His own sake,
and we may be sure He received from
the sweet communing strength which
helped Him in the bitter hours which
followed. He did it also for the sake
of His friends, and the memory of
those blessed experiences hung over
them like a star in all the darkness of
their sorrow, and was a benediction to
them as long as they lived.

Then who can tell what blessings
have come out from that upper room
for the ages since that night? It is
the holy of holies of Christian history.
The Lord's Supper, instituted there,
has sweetened the world with its fra-
grant memories. The words spoken
by the Master have been passed from
lip to heart, wherever the Gospel has
gone, giving comfort to uncounted
millions. The petitions of the great
high-priestly prayer have been rising
continually, like holy incense. This
farewell has kept the Christian hearts
of all the centuries warm and tender
with love to Him who is the unchang-
ing Friend, the same yesterday and
to-day, yea, and forever.—N. Y. Wit-
ness.

Daily Devotions in the Home.

Surely God means that there should
be an altar in every house, and that
religion should sanctify everything in
every home. What can be said of a
Christian home without daily prayer?
It lacks one of the essentials of a
Christian home. If a stranger should
sojourn in that home for a week, or if
a companion of one of the sons or
daughters should tarry under the roof
for a season, would he carry away with
him the conviction that it was a Chris-
tian home?

Family prayer is neglected in many
so-called Christian homes. The father

and mother are members of the Church,
but no prayer that can be heard by
the children is offered there from the
beginning to the end of the year. We
are told that this is a growing evil. In
former days family prayer in Christian
homes was the rule. Now it is thought
to be the exception. If this is true,
it is an alarming truth. One needs to
inquire no further to understand what
the matter with the churches. If
family religion is declining, all religion
must decline; and if this decline shall
continue, the time is not far distant
when the churches will be empty and
conversions will cease.

In former days pastoral visits meant
more than they do now. The old
time pastor went to the homes of the
people, not to talk on secular questions
or enjoy a social hour, but to inquire
into the religious state of the family,
to give counsel and stimulate religious
life. Men now living can remember
the time when the pastor was wont to
ask the head of the family whether
family prayers were maintained regu-
larly in the home. There may have
been something embarrassing in such
questions. It would seem now as
though this were going too far. Per-
haps the present generation would not
tolerate such inquiries. But have we
not gone to the opposite extreme?
Could not the pastor do much to aid
parents in maintaining family religion
in the home? Is the indifference of
pastors to this important feature of
Christian life justifiable? If pastors
should set about the work diligently,
conscientiously, and persistently, could
not hundreds of broken down family
altars be rebuilt? Could they do a
better work?

There are many hindrances in the
way of family prayers in this day.
Parents are pressed for time. In the
morning the father must eat his break-
fast while his children are in bed, and
hurry away to catch a train or a boat,
and travel many miles to reach his
place of business. When he returns
at night the children have retired.
When the sons and daughters are old
enough to go to school they are also
under a constant pressure of duty. In
some cases they must study far into
the night and leave home early in the
morning. The new conditions which
have come with our great cities, our
educational enterprise, and our ad-
vancing civilization are not friendly to
daily family devotions. But it will
never do to allow so important an
interest as family prayer to be crowded
out of our life. The business and
education which demand so much time
are not more important than this.
The life of the Church of God, the
spiritual life of our children, the good
of the nation, are at stake. Better
conduct family prayer every day, even
though only a part of the family may
be present to participate. One Chris-
tian woman was so jealous of this great
family interest that she sometimes
conducted family prayers in the parlor
alone. But the children who were
preparing for breakfast could hear her
voice in prayer, and it was not in vain.

What is more seemingly or more profit-
able than this feature of family life?
It is not a little thing. The restraining
power of the morning prayer in the
home is very great. Both parents
and children feel it through the day.
The father who offers a fervent prayer
for the care of divine Providence over
himself and his children will feel the
influence of that prayer when tempta-
tion arises and dangers threaten. That
prayer is the keynote of the day.
Whatever is out of harmony with it
will produce a rude shock and cause
anxious thought. That prayer sancti-
fies the secular affairs of the day.

Daily devotional services in the
home tend to familiarize the children
with religion. It is to them a part of
their daily life. The domestic affec-
tions and memories are insensibly
mingled with religious emotions. The
son who is brought up in such an at-
mosphere will feel a golden chain about
his spirit wherever he may go in the
world, holding him to the best things.
He may wander, but this hallowed
influence will not forsake him. Mem-
ories of home and religion are insepar-
ably united in his mind. Many a way-
ward son has been brought back to the
paths of virtue and religion by the
sacred memories of the family altar,
and thousands of others have been
kept from wandering by the same holy
influence.

Besides all this, prayer is answered.
The daily prayers which parents offer
for their children in their presence are
not in vain. The larger part of the
history of each one is unwritten. Could
we know just how much we owe to the
prayers of our fathers, we would be
more careful that our children should
not be forgotten at the family altar.
The call to preach the gospel has come
to some young men while the morning
prayer ascended to God from the
family altar. Some have been guided
in the choice of a secular pursuit in
the same way. The most important
events in the history of the children

have been determined by the prayers
of fathers and mothers.

No one would think of dispensing
with public prayer. Let the voice of
prayer continue to rise in the sanctu-
ary where the multitudes assemble.
All those who believe in religion real-
ize the importance of secret prayer.
They will admit that if secret prayer
should be abandoned it would not be
long before religion itself would be
abandoned. Is family prayer less im-
portant? If this should fall into dis-
use, will not the kingdom of God suffer
as much as it would if men should
cease to offer public prayer? This is
a serious matter which calls for seri-
ous thought, self-examination, and
action. Where no family altar has
been established let it be done at once.
In those homes where the fires have
gone out and the altars have fallen
into decay let them be speedily rebuilt
and the fires of family worship re-
kindled, never more to burn low. If
family prayer should be observed in
the right spirit in all the homes of the
Church, wonderful changes for the
better would soon take place. Is it
not a solemn duty? Can we refuse or
postpone duty without guilt and
shame?—Chris. Advocate.

The Leading of Providence.

We are very much impressed by a
little incident in the life of the now
sainted Rev. T. S. Winn, told us the
other day by a gentleman who was at
the time a member of one of his
churches. On one occasion, when
Mr. Winn was preaching at Carthage
church in Hale county, Ala., while the
hymn that immediately preceded the
sermon was being sung, he discovered
that he had failed to bring with him
the sermon he intended to preach.
He was accustomed, as are so many of
our older ministers, to preaching from
manuscript, and it was with consid-
erable trepidation that he thought of his
predicament. He hastily took the
Bible from the sacred desk, and opened
at once at the passage of Scripture
that he had used as the basis of his
remarks in the prayer-meeting of the
week before. All the divisions of his
subject came back to him in an instant,
and he preached with unwonted force
and unction.

At the conclusion of the service,
Dr. B——, one of the elders, came
to him as he was leaving the pulpit,
and with tears streaming down his
face, thanked him for the good his
sermon had done him. He told the
minister he was glad he had been told
of his differences with one of the mem-
bers of the church, as the information
had enabled him so to preach as to
cause him to see his fault, which he
would lose no time in correcting. Mr.
Winn had heard nothing of it.

As Mr. Winn was about to leave
the church grounds, he was stopped
by a man who had long attended upon
his ministry without any apparent re-
sults, and was informed that he had
been powerfully awakened by the ser-
mon to see himself a sinner in God's
sight. He soon thereafter connected
himself with the church.

Was not the preacher under the
direct leading of God when he forgot
his sermon, and was led to make a
direct appeal to the heart and con-
science of these two men?—Christian
Companion.

A NEGLECTED COLD is very danger-
ous, and the farther it goes the faster
it goes. A very small quantity of
Adamson's Botanic Balm will cure a
"young" cough. An older one re-
quires more Balm to stop it—but no
cough is too old for it to cure. 25c.
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Dr. Adam Clarke on Dancing.

That dancing exerts a fascinating,
dissipating influence upon young
people is as certain as it is that rum
inebriates and that familiarity with
euchre tempts in the direction of
gambling. In evidence of this we
have the testimony of the above-named
great scholar and Bible commentator.
Of the influence and effects on him of
dancing, when a young man, he wrote:
I learned to dance; I grew passion-
ately fond of it. Would scarcely have
but in measured time, and was con-
stantly tripping, moving, and shuffling
in all times and places. I grew im-
patient of control, was fond of com-
pany, and wished to mingle more than
I had ever done with young people. I
also got a passion for better clothing
than that which fell to my lot in life,
and I was discontented when I found
a neighbor's son dressed better than
myself. I lost the spirit of subordina-
tion; did not love work; imbibed the
spirit of idleness, and, in short, drank
in all the brain-sickening effluvia of
pleasure. The authority of my parents
was feared, but not respected; and few
serious impressions could prevail in a
mind lured now with frivolity.

Dancing was to me a perverting in-
fluence, an unmixed moral evil. It
drowned the voice of a well-instructed
conscience, and was the first cause of
impelling me to seek my happiness in
this life. And I can testify that I

have known it to produce in others
the same evils it produced in me. I
consider it, therefore, as a branch of
that worldly education which leads
from heaven to earth, from things
spiritual to things sensual, and from
God to Satan. Let them plead for it
who will, I know it to be an evil, and
that only. They who bring up their
children in this way, or send them to
those schools where a cing is taught
are consecrating them to the service of
Moloch. "No man in his senses will
dance," said Cicero, a heathen. Shame
on those Christians who advocate a
course by which many sons have become
profligate and many daughters have
been ruined.

LAKE TITICACA, in South America,
has the peculiar quality that prevents
metal from rusting in its waters. A
chain or an anchor or any article of
ordinary iron can be thrown into it
and remain for weeks, and when it is
hauled up it will be as clean and
bright as when it came from the found-
ry. And, what is stranger still, rust
that has been formed upon metallic
objects elsewhere will peel off when
immersed in its waters. This is fre-
quently noticed by railway and steam-
ship men. Rusty car wheels and rails,
and even machinery, can be bright-
ened by soaking them in the waters of
this lake. There is a fountain that
has power to cleanse the stains of sin
and guilt from the human heart. Cow-
per sings about it in his famous hymn:
"There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains."

Our stewardship of God's bounties
is a real or, for we must yield up all
things at last.

Our blessings are as much from God
as though we took them directly from
his extended hand.

God's love is just as great in a poor
harvest as in a rich one, for all our
blessings do not go into the corn-crib.

He who spends saves, he who hoards
wastes, for money is not an end in
itself to be sought for. It is a means
to be used for spiritual good, which is
the real end.—Our Morning Guide.

It is a royal thing to be ill spoken of
for good deeds.—Marcus Aurelius.

Defect in manners is usually the de-
fect of fine perceptions. Elegance
comes of no breeding, but of birth.

Make sure that however good you
may be, you have faults; that how-
ever dull you may be, you can find
out what they are; and that however
slight they may be, you would better
make some patient effort to get quit of
them.—Ruskin.

SORE FEET.—Mrs. E. J. Neill, New
Armagh, P. Q., writes: "For nearly
six months I was troubled with burn-
ing sores and pains in my feet, to such
an extent that I could not sleep at
night, and as my feet were badly
swollen I could not wear my boots for
weeks. At last I got a bottle of Dr.
Thomas' Electric Oil and resolved to
try it, and to my astonishment I got
almost instant relief, and the one
bottle accomplished a perfect cure."

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stairs. The least exertion caused
heart to flutter and palpitate, and
I sometimes felt a smothering
sensation on going to sleep."

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years, but I got no relief from any
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troubles speedily yielded to the re-
freshing of Milburn's Heart and
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ceived of healthful, refreshing and
it will always be a pleasure to
recommend them to others."

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