

Rest.

O Christ, who givest rest, we come to Thee
Thy voice calls sweetly o'er life's fretful
sea;

And we are weary
With our journey dreary;
And Thou art waiting our sweet rest to be.

What is the rest Thou givest to the soul?
What potent magnet draweth to the goal
Our souls weary.
With their conflicts dreary,
Whose compasses have failed to point the
Pole?

It is the rest of faith, sweet trust in heaven;
Such is Thy victory to men still given,
To souls full weary
With their burdens dreary,
To anchor their frail boats, sore tempest-
driven

It is the rest of meekness and content:
Duty and discipline are heaven sent;
So, sad souls weary,
With life's duties dreary,
Take from God's hand what He in love
hath lent.

It is the rest which maketh burdens light,
Which takes the yoke from care, from frost
the blight;
And to souls weary
With their weeping dreary,
It giveth joy songs in the darkest night.

O Christ, give Thou to us Thine own sweet
rest,
Of all Thy precious gifts it is the best;
Then souls weary,
With their failures dreary,
Shall take heart and renew their heavily
quest.

—David Farquharson.

From the Pit to the Throne.

BY THE REV. CHARLES ALBERT DICKINSON, D. D.

From weakness to strength; from
penury to affluence, from slavery to
mastership—these are the extremes
which mark the strange career of
Joseph. No pen dipped in the imagi-
nation of genius could invent a story
more fascinating, or paint a picture
more full of marvelous lights and
shades.

We see him first a handsome, bright
eyed youth, the life of the home tent,
the joy of Jacob's heart, like all boys
of promise, a dreamer, a seer of
visions, an aspirant after great things.

We see him suffering the hardships
of budding genius, coming to grief at
the hands of jealousy, seized by his
brethren and cast, heart-broken, into
one of the wells of Dothan.

But we see him again; and this time
he appears amid the blare of trumpets
and the acclamations of a thronging
populace. His coat of many colors
has been exchanged for the robe of
royalty. He is second to great Pharaoh
himself. He bears the royal ring. He
rides in the royal chariot. A herald
goes before him crying, "Clear the
way! Bow the knee!" He is called
the Revealer of Secrets, the Saviour
of the world. His word is law. His
countenance is sunshine. When he
frowns the people tremble. Without
him "no man lifts up his hand or foot
in all the land of Egypt."

Joseph's history is a striking illus-
tration, on the one hand, of human
energy, and on the other of the divine
providence. His success was the
result of a happy co-operation of the
two. Looking at him world-wise, he
appears as a self-made man, in the
best sense of the term.

Benjamin Franklin, a waif in the
streets of Philadelphia, was not worse
off. The Hebrew lad had not a shekel
in his pocket. Indeed, he did not
even have a pocket, in which he could
carry a shekel. The coat which his
father had given him his brothers had
taken; and, worse yet, the prospect
was that he would not need even a
coat very long.

If ever a man was at the bottom of
the ladder, Joseph was as he lay shiver-
ing and despairing in that well of
Dothan. A ladder of any kind was
the least thing which he seemed likely
to lay his hands upon. But Reuben
was up there in the sheep pasture, and
the Ishmaelites were coming over the
plain. The rope which was to rescue
him was ready, and soon he found
himself delivered from the pit to be
sold into Egypt, where he was to
begin life with less than nothing. His
only hereditary possessions were a
strong body and an active brain; but
these were not his own. They had
been sold to Potiphar.

He was, moneyless, kinless, friend-
less. Who thinks that he will one day
be a great lord? Who thought
that that green country boy in the
Bethlehem sheep pastures would be-
come David, the great king? Who
thought that Tenterden, the London
barber, would ever be the Lord Chief-
Justice of England?

Take a prophet with you and go
down to the Grantham market. There
is a pale-faced boy selling cabbages.
"That lad," says the prophet, "shall
one day revolutionize the world by his
discoveries. He shall exchange his
cabbages for stars and constellations,
and shall be known through all time
as Sir Isaac Newton."

Take your prophet with you into

other obscure places where men are
working for their daily bread, and he
will open our eyes to marvelous
futures.

In that tinker's shop, mending
kettles, he will show you the author
of "Pilgrim's Progress," in that
cobblers' shop Carey, the first of mis-
sionaries; in that weaving room, Foster,
whose writings are immortal; in that
telegraph office, Edison, whose inven-
tions have revolutionized commerce.
That young man with the trowel in his
hand is the great Hugh Miller. That
lad with the axe on his shoulder is
Abraham Lincoln.

And so the wondrous apocalypse
might go on, revealing over many an
obscure well of Dothan the vision of
the Egyptian throne.

Success is usually born at the bottom
of some dark well. They that begin
the lowest usually climb the highest.
In spheres less favored than those
alluded to, the principle is the same.
Our successful merchants and men of
commerce have most of them begun as
poor as Joseph. The successful man's
son, if he would repeat his father's
success, cannot begin where his father
leaves off. He, too, must start with
the initial hardships of the trade or
profession. His future depends upon
himself, and not upon his father.

Joseph's most troublesome possession
was the gaudy coat which Jacob gave
him.

A fortune without labor is a misfor-
tune. Better be disinherited than to
take an inheritance into uncalled-for
hands.

But there was a divine element in
the making of Joseph, as suggested by
his words to his brethren, "As for
you, ye thought evil against me, but
God meant it for good." Good out of
seeming evil; the blossom out of the
rod; the throne out of the pit; the
crown out of the cross—this is the
divine evolution.

Who says that the religion of the
Bible is not needed in a world of rods
and crosses? Pits and fetters lie be-
tween most men and their earthly goal.
But if a man will trust in the Lord
God of Sabbath, he shall rise from
the pits, and break the fetters, and be
the stronger for his trouble. There is
something in the sustaining grace of
God which holds his life together even
though it becomes the sport of tempta-
tion and calamity.

It makes you think of that wonder-
ful cascade in the Swiss valley which,
as it leaps over the precipice, is caught
by the rough winds and dashed into an
almost invisible spray, but by the
subtle power of affinity and gravitation
is again gathered into a merry stream
at the foot of the precipice, and made
to flow on its way with a song in its
waters down through the valley, all
the more beautiful because of its con-
flict with the winds.

Without suffering there can be little
joy and little influence. This is the
law of the universe, the law of the
Cross of Christ. I go to my friend
and find him in trouble, stripped of
his robe of many-colored joys, plunged
into the depths, disappointed, despair-
ing. Was there ever well in Dothan
so dark and deep? Do we wonder if
he fails to see how all things are to
work together for his good? Do we
wonder if he cries out in his distress,
"All these things are against me?"

Can success of any kind follow such
sorrow?

Success is a word which belongs to
that busy world up yonder, not to his
joyless prison-house. He has lost
heart and courage, and so he leans
against the cold walls of his trouble,
and refuses to be comforted.

What shall I say to him?
I can say, "Be not faithless, but
believing," the Lord is "a very present
help in trouble." "He will not leave
thee nor forsake thee." There is no
well too deep to be sounded by the
plummet of infinite love.

Help is coming from Gilead. Listen
well, and over the plains of life thou
shalt hear the footfalls of the deliv-
ering angels who come in the name of
the God of all comfort.

So judge not by the seeming.
Faithward fighting heart!
The rod that leaves thee streaming
Will turn thy scepter,
If thou, for true faith equipped,
Meet pit and master
It shall sure crown thy Egypt
Here and hereafter.

Chris. Intelligencer

Love for the Church.

The faults and infirmities of Church
members and the corruption of eccle-
siastical administration do not furnish
good ground for turning away from
the Church. Jesus loved Jerusalem
notwithstanding the cruel treatment
He received at the hands of those who
regarded themselves as the peculiar
people of God. He loved the sanctu-
ary of the Lord even when He knew
that the holy place was trodden by un-
hallowed feet and unclean hands min-
istered at the altar. Insincerity,
worldliness, and hypocrisy character-
ized the priests and Levites in the

days of our Lord, but He did not turn
away from His Father's house on that
account. Are we better or purer
or wiser than He? The Church
is not perfect. One may easily find
fault with its polity, its government,
or its people. But it is the Church of
the living God notwithstanding these
faults and infirmities. When a fisher-
man casts his net into the sea and
brings to the shore a great multitude
of fishes, some of them are good and
some are bad. Does he despise his net
because it included some bad with the
good? When a husbandman sows good
seed in his field tares spring up with
the wheat. Does he despise his field
because some tares are found among
the good grain? Nay, he thanks God
for the good, and plows and sows
again.

The church is not all bad. It is
worthy of respect and affection because
of its history, its achievements, its
usefulness, and the future in store for
it. God loves the Church, and has
promised great things to His people.
Glorious things are spoken of Zion.

The Church is a blessing to the
home. If the Christian home should
disappear, what desolation would be
wrought in the earth! What would
be the fate of the home if all the
churches were closed all Bibles de-
stroyed, and all worship abandoned?
Contrast those communities where
there is no church with those where
the church has long existed and ex-
erted a paramount influence. When
an intelligent man seeks a wife,
whether he be a Christian or not, he is
sure to show preference for a woman
who has been brought up in a Chris-
tian home. He tries to establish his
home in the neighborhood of a church
for the sake of his family. He encour-
ages his children to attend church and
Sunday school, because of the good in-
fluence which will surround them
there. Let those who have been
brought up in homes which were in-
timately connected with the church
say whether they are better or worse
on that account. If every father,
mother, husband, wife, brother, and
sister should sever their relations with
the Church of God, and nevermore
enter the sanctuary or read the Bible
or pray, would the world be better off
or worse than it now is?

The Church is a blessing to the
country. Whatever tends to promote
the strength and prosperity of our
country deserves our respect, our sup-
port, and our prayers. Among all the
institutions to which our country is
indebted the Church stands first. The
temporal interests of the country are
advanced by the Church. When a
church is built in a city, town, or
country place the value of property in
that vicinity is enhanced thereby. A
saloon causes the value of real estate
in the block where it is located to de-
cline, but the church causes it to ad-
vance. If we should look no higher
than commercial values, we should en-
courage and love the Church. The
Church fosters education. It is a
great teacher. The Bible is its text-
book, the best text-book in the world.
The Church has established most of
the educational institutions in the
country. Not only the colleges and
universities, but the common schools,
owe their existence to the Church of
Christ. If education is a benefit, then
the Church has done wonders for our
country.

The Church promotes morality, in-
dustry, economy, political, social, and
commercial integrity, and every ele-
ment of the highest and best civiliza-
tion. It leaves the whole lump.
There is nothing that relates to the
well-being of man which the Church
of God does not touch and improve.
The Church promotes the unity of
the human race. Sometimes divisions
and quarrels have arisen in the Church,
but only when the people of God have
forgotten the spirit of their Master
and submitted to be ruled by the
spirit of the world. It is not neces-
sary that all Christians shall be mem-
bers of the same organization, but
that they all be moved by the same
spirit. The unity of the Church is
spiritual, and not formal. When the
Spirit of God was poured out on the
day of Pentecost an example of the
unity of Christians followed. So it is
wherever the spirit of Christ prevails.
This spirit of brotherhood supplies a
great want of human nature. Societies,
clubs, and brotherhoods are organized
by men everywhere to meet this want,
but the best brotherhood in the world
is the brotherhood of believers. A
Christian can go anywhere in the
world almost and speak the name of
Jesus, and he needs no other pass-
word. He is made to feel at home
wherever he finds men and women
who have the mind of the Master.
There are many theories for harmoniz-
ing labor and capital and bridging the
gulf between the rich and the poor.
After all these theories shall have been
tried and found wanting, the religion
of Christ will remain and conquer.
Men will learn at last that the simple

motto, "All things whatsoever ye
would that men should do to you, do
ye even so to them," is the cure of all
divisions and strifes.

The Church shows men the way of
salvation. If one should come into
the Church expecting to be saved from
his sins because he is a member of the
Church, he would be disappointed.
Salvation is of the Lord. But the
Lord is in His holy temple. The place
to find the Lord is in His temple.
When men find the Lord in other
places they are bound to confess that
the light which led their feet into the
way of peace proceeded from the house
of God. "Out of Zion, the perfection
of beauty, hath God shined." It is
not from Babylon, nor from Athens,
nor from Rome, nor from Paris, nor
from London, nor from Jerusalem that
the word of the Lord has gone forth to
bless mankind. It is not from the
school, nor from the store, nor from
the Legislature, nor from the Stock
Exchange, but from the Church that
the light shines that brings salvation.
It is not always a costly temple in
which the way of life is found. It is
sometimes a humble chapel, or a
schoolhouse on the frontier, or a lowly
cabin, but for the time the cabin and
the schoolhouse were turned into a
house of God, for the Bible was there,
the Spirit of God was there, and the
mercy seat was there.

"There is a spot to me more dear
Than native vale or mountain;
A spot from which affection's tear
Springs grateful from its fountain.
'Tis not where kindred souls abound—
Though that were almost heaven—
But where I first my Saviour found,
And felt my sins forgiven."

—N. Y. Advocate.

The Friend We Need.

If our way led through a wilderness
we would need a guide. If we had to
pass along the brow of a precipice we
would seek the support of a strong
hand. Before attempting to climb
the Matterhorn we would engage some
mountaineer as an escort.

Well, we are in a world of difficulty.
Before every earnest soul lies some
definite, desiderated goal. Obstacles
multiply as we advance toward it.
Many things confuse and hinder. We
all need a guide. And none need be
without one. Jesus offers himself. He
has the power to render us completest
aid. All power is given unto Him in
heaven and in earth. Homeless and
hungry, misunderstood and opposed,
as He once was, He is touched with
the feeling of our infirmities.

We are in the world of perplexity.
Business life is full of it. Men are
agitated by the ups and downs of the
markets. They are harassed by failures,
irritated by the neglect of employees,
or, if employees, they are often dis-
pirited and vexed by the exactions and
inconsiderateness of employers. Dom-
estic life is burdened by constant
cares—the details of household manage-
ment, anxiety for children, the thous-
and frets and worries that wear upon
the spirit and disturb its quiet. We
need Jesus. He came from the Father
—was the likeness of the Father's
glory and the express image of His
person. No voice like His to comfort
the perplexed. New life is imparted
by His assurances: "Not a sparrow
falleth to the ground without your
heavenly Father's knowledge." "The
very hairs of your head are all num-
bered."

We are in a world where death casts
its shadow upon all things. Our hopes
and prospects are often blighted by it.
They wither, contract, and perish
before our eyes. Friend after friend
is hurried from our side. The man of
fifty continues his life almost among
strangers. Most of the friends and
companions of his youth are gone.
Customs have changed, and others
repugnant to a staid conservatism have
come into vogue. In a world of death
what stay and comfort have we but
the Lord of life? He alone can cause
our hopes to bloom again, or give us
in exchange for them the sweeter
solace of the submissive will. When
He stands by it the grave becomes
but the dark vestibule that leads to
the temple of life and light eternal.
We need Jesus.—The Examiner.

Their Dying Words.

Under the head of "Dying Words
of Pious Women," a religious journal
gives the following: "Oh, those rays
of glory!" said Mrs. Clarkson, when
dying. "My God, I come flying to
Thee!" said Lady Alice Lucy. Lady
Hastings said: "Oh, the greatness of
the glory that is revealed to me!"
Beautiful the expression of the dying
poetess, Mrs. Hemans: "I feel as if I
were sitting at the feet of my Re-
deemer, hearing the music of his
voice, and learning of him to be meek
any lowly." Hannah More's last words
were, "Welcome joy!" "Oh, sweet,
sweet dying!" said Mr. Talbot of Read-
ing. "If this be dying," said Lady
Glenorchy, "it is the pleasantest
thing imaginable."—"Victory, victory,

through the blood of the Lamb!" said
Grace Bennett, one of the early
Methodists. "I shall go to my Father
this night," said Lady Huntingdon.
The dying injunction of the mother of
Wesley was, "Children, when I am
gone, sing a song of praise to God!"
To the above may be added the last
words of Mrs. Manchester, who died
recently in Pittsburgh, aged one hun-
dred and five years. She said, while
dying: "I was afraid God had forgotten
me, He has left me in this world
of sorrow so long."—From an old
newspaper.

A Boston lawyer, who has for forty
years been eminent in his profession
and no less eminent in Christian work
and in princely gifts to the cause of
benevolence, tells this story of what
fixed his course of life: "When he
was a young man he once attended a
missionary meeting in Boston. One
of the speakers at the meeting, a plain
man, said he had a girl in his domestic
service at a wage of less than two dol-
lars a week, who gave a dollar every
month to missions; she also had a
class of poor boys in Sabbath school
who never missed her from her place.
And he said of her, 'She is the hap-
piest, kindest, tidiest girl I ever had
in my kitchen.' The young man went
home with these three broken sen-
tences in his mind, 'Class in Sabbath
school—dollar a month to missions
happiest girl.' The first result was
that he took a class in Sabbath school;
the second was a resolve that if this
girl could give a dollar a month to
missions, he could, and would. These
were the immediate effects of one plain
girl's consecrated life.

Be patient towards all men. The
cold hammer fashions the hot iron.
He would govern others must first
learn to govern himself. Passion is
blind. Cool, deliberate, and at the
same time energetic action makes itself
felt in every department of life.

TOTALLY DEAF.—Mr. S. E. Crandell
Port Perry, writes: "I contracted a
severe cold last winter, which resulted
in my becoming totally deaf in one
ear and partially so in the other. After
trying various remedies, and consult-
ing several doctors, without obtaining
any relief, I was advised to try Dr.
Thomas' Electric Oil. I warmed the
oil and poured a little of it into my
ear, and before one-half the bottle was
used my hearing was completely re-
stored. I have heard of other cases
of deafness being cured by the use of
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the vision of some watchful
the world honors the discoverer
new star a fitting
records the addition
sum of human
gained by this
Yet of what small
humanity at large
do for the sleepless sufferer who
and burns the long night through
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do to stop, or even to do
of good," writes J. M.
of Cameron, Screven Co.,
chanced to see an adver-
years, and forthwith
bottle of your invaluable
Medical Discovery." Be-
taken half a bottle I was
well."

Winter before this, my
oldest boy (who is now
nearly five years old)
had a terrible cough; he
had it the whole winter
and all summer. Phy-
sicians did him no good,
and nothing my wife and
I could do did him any
good. After your 'Dis-
covery' had cured me so
quickly I wrote my great-
wife to bring him
back from the
country, she having
carried him there to
see if the change
would do him good.
We were living in
Savannah, Ga., at the time. She brought
back and after giving him your great
Medical Discovery for a time he was
cured."

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