

"Master, Say On!"

BY FRANCES RIDLEY HAVESAL.

Master, speak! Thy servant heareth,
Waiting for thy gracious word,
Longing for thy voice that cheereth,
Master! let it now be heard.
I am listening, Lord, for thee;
What hast thou to say to me?

Often through my heart is pealing
Many another voice than thine,
Many an unwelcome echo stealing
From the walls of this thy shrine:
Let thy longed-for accents fall;
Master, speak, and silence all!

Speak to me by name, O Master,
I et me know it is to me;
Speak, that I may follow faster,
With a step more firm and free,
Where the shepherd leads the flock,
In the shadow of the Rock.

Master, speak! and make me ready,
When thy voice is truly heard,
With obedience glad and steady
Still to follow every word.
I am listening, Lord, for thee;
Master, speak, O, speak to me!

Ministerial Reputation.

An ordinary layman has but little conception of the delicacy of ministerial character—and by this we do not mean fragility, and more than we would mean it of a Corinthian column in marble—we refer to its susceptibility to stain, and the effect which the slightest stain has upon its value. The minister is the most helpless and defenseless soul in the world against the malice of a slanderer. He is precluded from any and all the defenses which civil and ecclesiastical law and the common customs and rights of man assure to the layman. We did not come to a full appreciation of this till within a short time past. The illustration which made it impressive was this. A minister, rather young, complained that he had an enemy who had cut him off from a number of promising calls by writing to the churches which wished to call him and denouncing him to them as a "dangerous man." "Why do you not arrest him and carry him before the civil courts for libel?" One reason was because the letters were always marked "confidential" and professed to be disinterested. Discussing this subject with a wise and able minister, he explained that it would not do for a minister to take legal measures of defense against such calumnies. "It would preclude him from receiving a call from any church," he said. "The churches are suspicious of a minister who is engaged in such a conflict. They would be afraid that he might be a quarrelsome man, and get them into trouble. We ministers can not afford to defend ourselves as you laymen do."

We confess that while the truth of this view was apparent, yet it was a surprise. It reveals a defenseless situation that ought not to be allowed to continue; and we do not believe that a church before whom the whole facts of such a case were exposed would fail to approve a minister in defending his ministerial life. At any rate it would be a life not sacrificed in vain if it resulted in the exposure of the character of a man who was thus engaged in secretly and stealthily knifing the reputation of his "brethren."

The lesson for laymen to learn is that of personal loyalty to a good and true minister. As he can not defend himself, let us who are free, brave and devoted, not fear to defend him. Any minister who has consecrated himself to the service of the Prince of Peace, and who is living as blameless a life as is allowed to poor human nature, and is praying and laboring to bring souls to Christ, to help us bring up our children to lives of piety, honor and usefulness, and is giving his influence and his example to whatever is for the moral and spiritual elevation of the community—such a man, though he possess not the highest talent or attractiveness, is worthy of our whole-souled loyalty, and as true Christians we ought to render it.

But what if the assailant be another minister? Has not he also a delicate reputation to preserve? He may be, or he may have thoughtlessly become over-zealous and imprudent, or indifferent to the danger to himself. However that may be, such an assailant has left his place and entered the lists of common fighting humanity, and he is entitled to no ministerial consideration. He is the "dangerous man," and is not to be fought with his own weapons. All that is necessary is the remedy suggested for the trusts of publicity.

It may be said that it is the duty of a minister to warn a congregation against a "dangerous man." This might be true in extraordinary imaginable circumstances, but it is a license in detraction that tempts to abuse. A congregation purposing to call a minister is bound in common prudence to investigate for themselves the character and standing of the man they think they want, and they are bound in honor as Christians and gentlemen to do it fairly. They should send a committee to the place where the minister

sought is living and to the congregation which he is serving, and learn the truth about him. They have no right to listen to the detraction of any one individual who may be a schemer, a bigot or a personal enemy. It is not fair play, it is not honorable dealing, to put one man's fate into the hands of one man. Being enemies, they may each regard the other as "dangerous," while the testimony of neither may be worth considering. A church is only consulting self-preservation to guard vigilantly against dangerous men, especially against men of acrimonious tongues and bitter hearts.—The Interior.

A Bright Promise for a Dark Day

Everyone has a day of trouble. With some it is a long, dark day, with scarcely a rift in the cloud through which the sun may shine for a moment. Multitudes spend all their days in trouble. They are, indeed, "born to trouble." So soon as they begin to think they find themselves sitting in darkness and the shadow of death. It has been said that "one-half of the world does not know how the other half lives." Prosperous families, well-to-do people, know but little of the hardship and agony of thousands who live within a few blocks of their comfortable homes. They have read about them in novels and newspapers. They have sometimes heard the story of one of them. They have looked on the outside of the tenements and hovels which they inhabit, but their real life they never witnessed.

"Darkest England, and the Way Out," is the title of a book published by General Booth several years ago, in which he has drawn a harrowing picture of what he calls "the submerged tenth," or the masses of poor people in London and other English cities. These people have literally been swallowed up by adversity, and have no power to rise, and there is not in them a ray of hope that they or their children will ever be better off than they are now. The case is not so bad in America, but it is bad enough. There are thousands in our cities to whom life is a burden because of abject poverty.

Many have brought this trouble on themselves by indolence and vice. Some have been plunged into this sea of trouble by vicious ancestors or near relatives. Others, being handicapped in the struggle for existence by bodily or mental infirmity, have been pushed to the wall by social conditions and cruel taskmasters. Their day of trouble is long and dark and dreary.

It is a mistake to suppose that poverty alone causes trouble. Wealth and rank are not exempt. Kings, robed in purple and fine linen, crowned with gold and attended by servants and courtiers, are often the most unhappy men in the world. In homes where comfort and luxury abound deep afflictions may often be found. Men and women who are looked on by their neighbors with envy on account of the abundance of their comforts may be carrying the heaviest load of all. Goodness does not exempt men from trouble. Mary and Martha sent to Jesus, saying, "He whom Thou lovest is sick." "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." If Job and Moses and Hezekiah and Paul must suffer, and if Jesus, who was holy and harmless and separate from sinners, must be made perfect through sufferings, who are we that we should claim exemption? "Think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you."

The nature of the body renders trouble inevitable. The constitution of the mind makes it impossible to escape trouble. When we consider the delicate and sensitive powers of the mind we are amazed, not that we have so much trouble, but that we have so little. Doubt, perplexity, disappointment, fear and grief must come into every mind. The condition of the world renders escape from trouble out of the question. If we were perfect, the world would still be imperfect. Nothing here comes to perfection. Fair flowers are blasted before they reach maturity. Crystal streams are dried up by the summer heat. The warm currents of life are chilled by the breath of winter. The tender ties that bind kindred hearts in closest union are broken. The dearest treasures of the throbbing heart are in the grave. The world is wrong. The conspiracies of wicked men against the innocent and just ripen and prosper.

Sin is the chief cause of trouble. It lies at the bottom of all trouble. Sin brings trouble to the conscience, grief to the affections, torment to the mind, remorse to the spirit. If we could be rid of sin, we should be well-nigh free from all trouble.

Everyone carries some burden. It may be an affliction in the home. It may be a lurking disease, known only to the sufferer and a few intimate

friends, silently making inroads upon his system and bringing the end nearer every day. It may be a wandering son, whose way the father deplores, and whose doom he dreads. It may be a financial calamity, which has swept all away. But whatever the trouble there is a message in the Gospel to meet the case. There is a bright promise for the darkest day. God has not forgotten the troubled soul. He has remembered him in His will, saying, "Call upon Me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me."

Some of Moody's Sayings.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

There is no power like love. I loved my little boy long before he loved me. One night I heard him say to his mamma, when he thought me asleep, "I love papa." What a thrill of joy that gave me! I had loved him from infancy, but now he was beginning to love me. A few weeks before he might have seen me carried out of the house in a coffin, and perhaps, not knowing better, have thoughtlessly laughed about it. But now my love for him had found a response. Something like this is the feeling God has when a sinner melts under his love. Love produces love. What a power it might become in our pulpits and Sunday school classes and meetings! The reason we have so little love for Jesus Christ is that we are so little acquainted with him. The more intimately we get acquainted with the Son of God, the more shall we love him, and we may get acquainted with him by reading about him in the Word.

AN OLD BEDRIDDEN WOMAN'S PRAYERS.

I remember preaching in Liverpool in a certain church and the results were astonishing. In ten days that church took in 400 new members. I was amazed. But I learned that a poor old bedridden woman had been praying about it. When we get to the other world and find out the secrets of heaven we will find that some people we never hear of now—some bedridden saint, some one living up near the gates of paradise—will have accomplished a great deal more than some men who have been heralded through the press.

WORK HERE; REST HEREAFTER.

Thank God, we have got all eternity to rest in. This is the place to work. I pity any child of God who wants to sleep all the time down here. Brothers, sisters, wake up! We have got plenty of time to rest hereafter. The question is not what Gabriel can do, or what we will do when we get to heaven; the question is, What can you and I do before we get there!

FEELINGS.

A class of persons are in great trouble about their feelings. They are afraid they don't feel right or don't feel enough. So they get into doubt, and the devil will keep them on that plank for a few weeks and then let them down into the pit again. I want to show there isn't a word about feeling in the Scriptures in reference to salvation. It doesn't say, "He that feel-eth." It is "he that believeth." Not one word about feeling. I do a great many things that I don't feel like doing. Obedience means marching on whether we feel like it or not. Many times we go against our feelings. Faith is one thing; feeling is another. The proclamation of the Gospel is: "He that believeth . . . hath everlasting life." I remember some years ago—oh, how I used to pray for feeling! I thought faith was feeling and that some strange kind of feeling would come stealing over me. But it wasn't that at all. Then I found, in Romans 10: 17, this text—and how it came upon me like a flash of light, "Faith cometh by hearing and hearing by the word of God." Sometimes we go right against our feelings. Don't mind your feelings. Let feelings take care of themselves. What you want is to obey. When people begin talking about their feelings, bring them right to the Scripture.

EXPERIENCES DIFFER.

It is a great mistake, in dealing with inquirers, to tell your own experience. Experience may have its place; but I don't think it has its place when you are dealing with inquirers. For the first thing the man you are talking to will do, will be to look for your experience. He does not want your experience. He wants one of his own. No two persons are converted alike. A great many men are kept out of the kingdom of God because they are looking for somebody's else experience—the experience their grandmother had, or their aunt, or some one in the family.

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The Small Congregations.

On stormy days, or when other unfavorable conditions dwarf a congregation to a mere handful of people, then the question arises, or is likely to arise, in the minister's mind, What shall I do? What shall you do? Why, your duty is plain. If God sent you at that time and to that place with a message, He knew just how many would be present, and it is your duty to deliver His message. Yes, deliver it with as much unction and zeal as though the house were full of waiting people. Do your duty faithfully, at all times and under all circumstances, and leave the results with God.

Here is an incident in the life of Bishop Randall, who at one time was announced to preach in an eastern church in behalf of his missionary work in Colorado. Only six persons appeared, and it is said for a moment the good bishop hesitated. Finally he concluded that it was his duty to carry out his appointment. The question of congregation was none of his business. Accordingly the service went on, and he preached his sermon to the six people. In the collection which followed was an offering alone of two hundred dollars. This amazed him. The next day he received a note from a gentleman asking him to call at such an office. The bishop responded, "I am the one," said the gentleman, "who gave you the two hundred dollars last night. But after getting home I did not feel quite satisfied with doing that. I propose to make up the sum to one thousand dollars, and here is my check for the balance."—Unknown.

Character.

The best thing in the world is a good man. The most blessed thing in this world is a blessed good man. The first thing that a human being should recognize about himself is that his character is his distinguishing feature. It is not the amount of money, the amount of power, the amount of brains that a man has that is his distinguishing feature, but his character. Whatever a fellow-man may temporarily say or do to the contrary, this is a fact, that whatever separates him from others and gives him his individuality is his goodness or lack of goodness, according to its degree. Money, power, and brains have their place, and they do exert an influence in temporarily deciding a man's position and recognition.

But the standard of the ages, by which anyone and everyone is tried, is character; and in God's sight, which is the final and determining sight, men are what they are in their wishes and purposes. It is not, then, too much to say that the supreme ambition of a person's life should be to secure a worthy character. Everything else, however important, is merely subsidiary. Beauty of person, brilliancy of achievement, acuteness of intellect, sway of authority, are secondary, while goodness is primary.—National Advocate.

Twelve Views of the Cross.

BY D. L. MOODY.

The soldiers saw in Christ a criminal, with cruelty.
The women saw in Christ a benefactor, with sorrow.
His mother saw in Christ a son, with anguish.
The disciples saw in Christ blighted hopes, with perplexity.
The first thief saw in Christ a malefactor, with hardness.
The second thief saw in Christ a King, with penitence.
The centurion saw in Christ divinity, with conviction.
The priests saw in Christ an impostor, with mockery.
Angels saw in Christ love, with wonder.
Devils saw in Christ the seed of woman, with dismay.
Jehovah saw in Christ obedience, with affection.
The passers-by saw in Christ nothing, with indifference.

To Heaven Incognito.

You will not be able to go through life without being discovered; a lighted candle cannot be hid.
There is a feeling among some good people that it will be wise to be very reticent, and hide their light under a bushel. They intend to lie low all the war-time, and come out when the palms are being distributed. They hope to travel to heaven by the back lanes, and skulk into glory in disguise.
Rest assured, my fellow-Christians, that at some period or other, in the most quiet lives, there will come a moment for open decision. Days will come when we must speak out or prove traitors to our Lord and to his truth.
You cannot long hold fire in the hollow of your hand or keep a candle under the bed. Godliness, like murder, will out. You will not always be able to travel to heaven incog.—Spurgeon.

Life Sermons

It has been truly said that a holy life is a continual sermon. Though it be silent in its speech, yet it speaks with a force that cannot be unheeded even by the most careless—a force that pulpit oratory never can attain, however eloquent it may be. We may extol the name of Jesus from the pulpit in words of eloquence and elegance, and be listened to with indifference; but let the humblest disciple of Christ manifest holiness in his daily walk and conversation; let him be meek and lowly as our Saviour was, patient under difficulties, bold and fearless in danger, trusting and confident even in the darkest hour; and he wields an influence for Christ which all the wisdom and eloquence of this world cannot equal. Best of all sermons is the silent sermon of a holy life; and, indeed, without it all other preaching is useless and vain.—J. S. Thorpe.

A Quiet Hour With God.

A quiet hour spent alone with God at the beginning of the day is the best beginning for the toils and cares of active business. A brief season of prayer, looking above for wisdom and grace and strength, and seeking for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit, helps us to carry our religion into the business of the day. It brings joy and peace within the heart.

And as we place all our concerns in the care and keeping of the Lord, faithfully striving to do his will, we have a joyful trust that however dark or discouraging events may appear, our Father's hand is guiding everything and will give the wisest direction to all our toils.—Sol.

Circumstances are beyond the control of man, but his conduct is in his own power.—Disraeli.

A little man with a great gospel is far more effective than a great man with a little gospel.

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