

TRUE SYMPATHY.

If you have a friend worth loving
Love him—yes, and let him know
That you love him, e'er life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend, till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it—do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one that thrills your heart
Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you
By its humble pleading tone,
Join it—do not let the seeker
Bow before his God alone.
Why should not your brother share
The strength of two or three in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling,
Falling from a brother's eyes,
Share them—and thus by the sharing
Own your kinship with the skies.
Why should any one be glad
When a brother's heart is sad?

CHARGING THE CHURCH.

BY LAURENS.

Well, the pastor has had his chance, and if Crosstown does not make its new minister happy, it will not be my minister's fault.

It came about in just the right way. The pastor got a letter from a very frank Crosstown deacon, and flourished it before me with satisfaction. "Listen to this," he said: "We want you to give the charge to the church, and to tell us plainly how we ought to treat our new pastor, for I am free to say that I don't think we have ever learned that yet. Just tell us the truth, no matter where it hits."

"And I will," said the pastor, with a twinkle in his eye that meant mischief. "For once, if never more, they shall hear the truth, unvarnished and unadulterated. And I want you to go along and hear it, too."

I looked keenly to see whether there was another twinkle, and promptly accepted the invitation.

Now that it is over I am only sorry our whole church was not there to hear with me. I was never prouder of my pastor. He spoke with the plainness and authority of a prophet, and while Crosstown vined under the lash, it was the reproof unto repentance of righteousness, not unto rebellion.

I knew the pastor's heart was full, not alone because of the treatment Crosstown had accorded to its last minister, but because a brother pastor and intimate friend in a neighboring association had been unsettled and forced to resign right in the midst of a most blessed and fruitful work. It was indeed a case to make good men weep. Here was a man, young in years, gifted and gentle, of a signally consecrated spirit and lovable nature, sowing the seed of Christian character, building up a powerful church in the very element it lacked—spirituality, wearing his life out in the effort to lift a dead weight of worldliness to a higher level—and suddenly sacrificed, so far as his church was concerned. Why? Hold your breath to hear: *Because one woman was not consulted about his call!* The one woman was Deacon Crossus's wife. Deacon Crossus ruled the church, and his wife ruled him. Need a word further be said? Only this, that nothing more unchristian and wicked was ever seen in a church than the cruel criticism and sly stiletto strokes of innuendo and the gradual growth of dissatisfaction-breeding gossip by which the loving, faithful pastor was undermined in his work and unsettled in his spirit, so that resignation was his only remedy.

So, without knowing it, Crosstown caught a bit of the castigation belonging to Mrs. Crossus, but it was none of it harder than the case in hand deserved. The house was crowded, and the hush was almost painful as in his quiet, dignified way, telling because of its gentleness and sincerity, and thrilling in its occasional flashes of indignation and tender appeal, the pastor pictured what the relation of people to pastor ought to be. I shall do my best to give you the gist of it, because it is just possible some other church may find therein a hint that may save the Master's cause from shame and harm!

"Can any of you tell me what a miracle is?" asked a teacher of her class. A hand went up. "Well, Jennie Wells, you may tell us." "My ma says it'll be a miracle if you don't marry the new parson," was the incorrigible reply. My prayer is that I might perform the better miracle of marrying this church to the new parson. This was the introduction, and the smile paved the way for what was to come.

"You have just put a roof on the new parsonage. Would you know how to keep a good minister under it? The truth lies packed in this single sentence of Paul's: But we beseech you, brethren, to know them that labor among you, and are over you in the Lord; and to esteem them exceedingly in love for their work's sake."

"You must know your pastor. Not simply by sight and name, a passing acquaintance and occasional handshake. Paul would hardly take the trouble to enjoin common civil-

ity. The word he uses means to know appreciatively and approvingly. Dr. Burkitt says, quaintly, 'Observe the people's duty to their pastors; they are to know them with a knowledge of observation, approbation, and imitation.' You know your pastor in Paul's idea when you take a thoughtful interest in him, and cherish a grateful respect, and regard for him both in his public and private ministrations.

"Whom are you thus to know? 'Them that labor among you.' There is just one pastor a church is not enjoined to respect, and that is the lazy one. May his small tribe decrease. But the worker who wears himself out in holy service for Christ and men, who worthier to be approved, appreciated, loved?

"Paul adds a second and most significant expression, 'Them that are over you in the Lord.' This smites down on the idea that has done more than any other error to destroy the power of the pastoral relation for good. This idea is what I call the *commercial view* of the ministry; this, that the minister is merely a man engaged by other men to fill a certain place, in a purely human organization called a church, at a certain price; that this is a simple matter of business like any other matter of business; and that when the stipulated service is rendered by the party of the first part and paid for by the party of the second part, that is the end of it—the contract to last as long as the service pays, or pleases the proprietors. The pastor in this view occupies the same plane as the sexton. This may be the nineteenth-century notion, but it is false to gospel as it is crippling and corrupting. 'Money can buy everything,' says Mammon. It is a lie. Money cannot buy heart-beats, nor sympathy, nor spirituality, nor heaven. Simon the sorcerer has had a host of followers, but none have been any more successful than he in the effort to buy the power of the Holy Ghost. No money can buy a true pastor, or pay him for the most helpful part of his ministry. The sooner the churches stamp out this despicable and degrading idea of a hireling service the sooner they will be rid of hireling servants. The gospel idea must be reinstated and the scriptural bishop, overseer, shepherd be recognized, the ambassador of Christ be received and honored.

"I charge you, then, to esteem your pastor highly in love, as the one having rule over you in the Lord; not lord over you, but over you 'in the Lord,' a very different thing. Here you reach the heart of your privilege and duty alike, 'in love for the work's sake.' Love alone can cement the pastoral relation. Love strengthens with strain, beareth all things, is not provoked, suffereth long and is kind. Love rounds all the sharp corners of contact. Love kills the spirit of fault-finding; and if this demon be not cast out, it will cast out the pastor. The moment gossip shows its head, crush it. Be careful, critical brother. Judge not, censure not, condemn not. Are you, then, perfect? Love overlooks trifles. Do not criticize your pastor. He is human, or you would not have him. To be human is to err. But is he trying earnestly to do God's work and good to all, and is his work in the main large and helpful spiritually? Is God with him, and is he a sincere, consecrated servant of Christ? Then beware how you hinder his work or hurt his feelings. Remember that you stand in close and peculiar relationship to him. Let love rule all between you. If he go astray in doctrine or practice, preaching other than the gospel and living other than as a Christian, then warn and rebuke. But go straight to him and do it. Let no third person come between. You never can rebuke a man behind his back—you only stab him, then, like an assassin; and it would be more merciful to assassinate him than his reputation. In all the mint, anise and cummin matters be charitable. Do not call one sermon too short and the next too long. If not for his sake, for your own, be not petty, forever hugging trifles to a withering heart and letting go all the great gifts of God. Only divine love can make littleness into largeness. Let Christ enter and enlarge, and then let the pastor in to enjoy the new and beautiful life with you.

"Love is practical as well as poetical. What proves it to say you esteem your pastor highly in love if you do not sustain him in the church services? One evening of presence counts for more than a month of protestation in the way of help and cheer. Do not call him leader and tell him go ahead, and then leave him with nobody to lead. Give him your prayers, but be sure and give yourself with them. Would that for one hour only the pastor's burden might be laid on the member who, stretched out at home for his Sunday evening's ease, says carelessly, 'Well, let him preach. We pay him for it.' No, you do not pay him for it. You can never

pay a godly pastor for your failure to meet an obligation that affects not him alone but the Master's cause for which he labors, and for which you profess to. The same thing applies to the prayer-meeting. Presence is inspiration; absence is a wet-blanket thrown on effort, no matter how earnest the effort. Absence hurts the meeting, hurts the pastor, hurts you—perhaps keeps a sinner away—and do you suppose that, with all this, it does not wound Christ?

"And now, lastly, I charge you that you are to love your pastor for his work's sake, because the people make or unmake the conditions on which his success depends. He is everything, under God, with their co-operation, nothing without it. Peculiarly dependent is he upon conditions for his best and largest work, because this work is one of love, and love is a delicate plant. If you think it betokens weakness that a pastor should be so cheered by thoughtful kindness and loving remembrance and appreciative words, and so heart-chilled at the lack of them, recall the experience of that manly man, Paul. Hear him tell the Corinthian Christians that while he was in Macedonia, afflicted on either side, fightings without and fears within, he was greatly comforted of God. How? By the coming of Titus. And what did Titus? He told me your longing, your mourning, your zeal for me, so that I rejoiced yet more," says Paul. Just simple, loving remembrance buoyed up the great apostle's sinking heart. Again he is touched to the depths by the thoughtful kindness and love which prompted the Philippian converts to send him a purse against possible need. And now touching that scene where, approaching Rome, he is met forty miles out by the band of brethren come to give welcome, 'whom, when Paul saw, he thanked God and took courage.' What a rich reward for a forty-mile tramp, to give Paul courage! And that they should have thought enough of him to come out thus—that was what did it. Why, if they had stayed in Rome till he got there, and then after a while had sent somebody over to inquire if he was settled, and to say that if he needed a little help they would try and get up a subscription and raise it—they would have acted more like our modern Christians, it is true, but do you suppose we should have read the words, 'thanked God and took courage?' Certainly not on their account.

"The moral of which is, that your pastor probably is no stronger a man in spirit than Paul was. More than this: a man who is so cold-blooded that he cares nothing for appreciation and love and sympathy may make an excellent iceberg but must prove a very poor pastor. If your pastor does not want your affection, very soon you will discover that you do not want him. And for your sake, for his sake, for Christ's sake, give him and his the largest measure of your thoughtful consideration. If a sermon does you real good, tell him so. Approval is not poison; it often is a balm. And if you are not quite sure that your pastor knows how highly you esteem him in love for his work's sake, make sure of it by telling him so. It will not hurt him. It may nerve him for new struggles. No true man is ever spoiled by the appreciation and sympathy and support of his people. What pastors suffer for want of it the Judgment only will reveal.

"You have called a true man to be over you in the Lord. Be true to him and to that Lord, and the love of Christ shall not only cement your union but build you up in all excellence. I charge you to make such a record in this pastoral relation as you will hear with joy and not shame in the day when all records shall be revealed."

Of course this conveys but a meagre idea of the pastor's words, and none at all of the profound effect produced. I believe the Crosstown church will take it to heart, and that the new minister's wife will often find an unexpected daintiness in her larder. If only our churches everywhere would remember that true pastors do not want large annual gifts and indifference for eleven months and thirty days, but do need the little and constant kindnesses and remembrances which prove so delicately the presence of thoughtful affection—this being, next to the divine grace, their best inspiration. I, for one, am going to look after my pastor. What can you do for yours?

"Pastor," said I, "you were asked to give a charge to the church. I should call yours a charge upon it, foot, horse and dragons."

"Very well," said he, "God help the church to rise and meet the emergency."

"Amen!" said I.—B. Standard.

The true and grand idea of a church is a society for the purpose of making men like Christ, earth like heaven, the kingdoms of this world the kingdoms of Christ.

AUNT SAMANTHY'S SERMON.

"Now, I'm going to preach you a sermon, child," said Aunt Samanthly, bringing her knitting out to the porch that was shaded from the rays of the afternoon sun by honeysuckle and the old-fashioned climbing roses.

"Yes, I'm going to preach you a sermon that has a personal, practical application—and I'm going to take for my text that clump of ribbon grass yonder. Now, I suppose you wonder what on earth I'm going to make out of it, but if you'll have a little patience, you'll soon find out."

"I've noticed lately a habit of yours, and it's a habit that's fast gaining on you, too, to go around this world measuring your fellow-creatures by a little foot rule that's just the length and breadth of your own opinions. If any one falls short, or over measures by your rule, you just set them down as mistakes, and it never occurs to you that there's room for a diversity of opinions."

"Now I am not going to divide my sermon up into a good many heads, so I will just say, firstly, take a good look at that clump of grass. Pull a handful of it and lay it out here on the steps; now see if you can find any two alike. No, you couldn't if you looked for a week. They are all differently striped, every one of them, and yet each one is just the way it was meant to be. I don't suppose you would pick out one of them, and then condemn all the others because they weren't striped in exactly the same way; but that is just what you are continually doing to your fellow-creatures, and not you alone, but plenty more good people. You have opinions of your own, and that's all right enough; I wouldn't give a farthing for anybody that hadn't his own opinions—and didn't stick to them; but let other people have the same privilege. It's quite possible that other people's ideas may suit them and their circumstances a great deal better than yours would. Every blade of that grass is different from the rest, isn't it? Just so every body's opinions differ a little—and I've got as much right to have my set of ideas differ from yours as that blade of grass has to have three broad white stripes, and one narrow one, instead of five or six like the one next to it."

"Half the time people are doing just the best they can under the circumstances they are surrounded with, and then people that don't know anything about it criticize them as severely as if they hadn't any business to act for themselves without consulting everybody else's opinions. There's no sense in it, and what's more to the point, there isn't any Christianity in it, either. I haven't the least idea that these people who cavil at everything would be one whit better satisfied if they had the reconstruction of the world and all the people in it. If they made everything and everybody on the same pattern, they would get sick of the monotony of it before a week was over; and if they made things different, why, it would be just as it is now. This is a good big world, plenty big enough for us all to live in peace and quietness, if we would only think so."

"Do you suppose these stripes of grass would criticize each other if they had the power of speech, just because they aren't all alike? I don't think they would, for I don't believe they are human enough for that. It takes living human beings, who profess to be full of charity to the whole world in general, to criticize every individual just as harsh as they've a mind to because they don't always agree with them. Now I've got my own ways, and, being old, I reckon I'm rather set in them, and 'tisn't unlikely I prefer them to every one else's; but I do hope and pray that I've reached that degree of grace where I'm willing to acknowledge that there's plenty more ideas and opinions in the world equally good, and may be suiting other folks a heap better."

"Whenever I see these people that just seem to make it their business in life to set up and measure everybody by their own foot-rule, without ever waiting to look whether it isn't a little askew after all, I always want to point out that bunch of ribbon-grass to them, and show them how peaceable those strips of grass get along—though the good Lord hasn't made any two of them alike the world over."

"That's my sermon, and now I'm going in to see after supper, and I'll leave you out here to meditate a while longer on the text; maybe you'll get more good out of it than out of Aunt Samanthly's sermon. There's sermons in stones, you know, and I believe that bunch of grass yonder preaches a sermon on charity and goodwill equal to any minister's, if folks only heeded it." *Christian Weekly.*

BRASS or copper vessels used for stewing fruits should be polished while warm; as they are easier cleaned; to say nothing of the pleasure to find them ready for use.

MANNERS IN COSTA RICA.

No Costa Rican lady or gentleman is ever embarrassed. They always know how to do and say the proper thing, and while their courtesy and good manners are said to be only skin deep, they are the most charming of companions, the most generous of hosts, and the most polite of gentlemen. No laborer ever passes a lady on the street without lifting his hat, and he touches that always dirty and generally dilapidated portion of his apparel when a gentleman passes him. If a lady approaches a group of men digging a cellar, repairing the street, or what not, even though some of them may be half-naked, they always salute her respectfully, and in the rural districts no one ever meets you without saying, "May God prosper the object of your journey," or, "May heaven smile upon your errand," or something in Spanish like that. The same man will swindle you out of your eye-teeth if he gets a chance, and if you ask how far it is to the next place he will undoubtedly tell you a falsehood. He doesn't care a copper whether you ever reach the end of your journey, and has no more regard for your welfare than the flea in the grass, but he recognizes a beautiful custom and says, "God be with you," as if he meant it for a blessing. And this politeness permeates all classes and castes. If you enter a store with a lady every man there will salute you and remove his hat out of respect to her. On the streets the people will stand aside to let you pass, and it is necessary to do so, for the sidewalks are often less than two feet wide. If you go into a hotel-office, a barber-shop, restaurant, or any other public place, everybody present will salute you with "Buenos Días," or some friendly welcome. While there is not a particle of sincerity about this; while the object and end of life in the Spanish code of ethics is to get along with as little work and as much swindling as possible, they are certainly to be praised for cheating you in the most polite and agreeable manner possible.

TELL YOUR PASTOR.

Tell your pastor when his services have been a blessing to you. His words may have convicted you of sin, warned you of some lurking danger, guided you in perplexity, comforted you in sorrow, elevated your groveling desires, and brought the very life of God to your soul. Whatever good his words may have conferred upon you, make it known to your pastor. The knowledge will comfort and encourage him. He has many discouragements in his work. Among these is the reticence of his people respecting their appreciation of his services, or of the blessings which, in whatever form may have come through his words to their souls. There is no danger of pride being engendered in his heart by your cheering words, as it is sometimes imagined might be the case by superficial thinkers. Gratitude, praise, joy, are more likely to fill his heart and burst from his lips. Besides, you owe it to your pastor to tell him how you have been benefited by and through him. It is part of the reward allowed him by God for his work. It is only following in the footsteps of the good in all ages, and the example is given by God himself, who will say to each faithful servant, "Well done." Do not let your pastor, then, be discouraged through your failure to inform him of his agency in your spiritual good. Tell your pastor.—*Pulpit Treasury.*

THE BIBLE.

No fragment of an army ever survived so many battles as the Bible; no citadel ever withstood so many sieges; no rock was ever battered by so many hurricanes and so swept by storms. And yet it stands. It has seen the rise and downfall of Daniel's four empires. Assyria bequeaths a few mutilated figures to the riches of our national museum. Media and Persia, like Babylon which they conquered, have been weighed in the balance, and long ago found wanting. Greece faintly survives in its historic fame; and iron Rome of the Caesars has long since ceased to boast. And yet the book that foretells all this still survives. While nations, kings, philosophers, systems, institutions, have died away, the Bible engages now men's deepest thoughts, is examined by the keenest intellects, stands revered before the highest tribunals, is more read and sifted and debated, more devoutly loved and vehemently assailed, more industriously translated and freely given to the world, more honored and more abused, than any other book the world ever saw. It survives all changes, itself unchanging, it moves all minds, yet it is moved by none; it sees all things decay, itself incorruptible; it sees myriads of other books engulfed in the stream of time, yet it is borne along till the mystic angel shall plant his foot upon the sea and swear by him that liveth for ever and ever that time shall be no longer.—*H.N. Lane.*

Ho! for Christmas!

1885!

LEMONT'S VARIETY STORE.

(Established 1844.)

Boys and Girls supplied with all Christmas Knickknacks.

Sleds and Sleighs; Moccasins and Snow-shoes, Blackboards, Cars, Blocks, Gun-belts, Dolls, Chairs, Towers and Cottages, Zitherns, Telephones, Wooden Guns, Students' Book-racks, Frisky Cows, Combination desks.

A NEW LINE OF Velvet, Brussels and Tapestry Folding Chairs.

A Beautiful Collection of COLORED GLASSWARE.

LARGE VARIETY OF SINGLE CUPS AND SAUCERS, AND MUSTACHE CUPS.

DOLLS: DOLLS: In large numbers. INDIAN CURIOSITIES, (Latest.) Our stock of Silver-Plated Ware is well assorted and consists of the usual kinds—CASTERS, 4, 5, 6 Bottles, large variety.

Cake Baskets, Pickle Bottles, Butter Dishes, Card Receivers, Tea Sets, (Plated), Plated Knives, and Forks, Spoons, etc.

THE PERFECTION IRON GRANITE TEA AND COFFEE POTS: FANCY AUSTRIAN, GERMAN, FRENCH AND ENGLISH GLASS. WARE AND CHINA.

We have two upholsterers making up PARLOR SUITES, LOUNGES, EASY CHAIRS, SOFAS.

Buy a nice Parlor Suite, or a beautifully finished Bedroom Set.

EASY CHAIRS.

Furniture of all kinds and qualities in large Warehouses.

Feathers, Mattresses and Spring Beds, Woven-wire Mattresses, Davenport and Book-cases, Lamps, Chandeliers, Hall and Side Lamps, Knives and Forks, (different handles), Looking Glasses, (low and high priced), White Stone and Colored Dinner, Breakfast and Tea Sets.

And Thousands of Crockeryware sold by the piece or dozen.

A magnificent stock of goods at very low prices. Don't forget, at—

Lemont & Sons.

ESTABLISHED 1844.

Dr. John M. Howe's Inhalant Tube. To be carried in the Pocket, for breathing Pure Air. Used as a remedy for diseases of the Throat, Lungs and Digestive Organs, expands the Chest and Lungs from two to six inches in a few minutes use. Has been sold thirty years. Very best of testimonials. Price at store, \$2.25; by mail to any address in Canada, \$2.50.

LEMONT & SONS, Agents for Dominion of Canada. Dec. 1, 1885.

COMMENCING TO ARRIVE

—AT—

Thos. W. Smith's

FASHIONABLE

Tailoring and Clothing

Establishment,

EDGEcombe's BUILDING,

Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B.

ENGLISH, SCOTCH, GERMAN & CANADIAN TWEEDS.

Of the best quality and newest patterns.

GERMAN WORSTED SUITINGS, AND FRENCH TROUSERINGS,

Of the latest Designs.

The latest styles of GENTS' PUR HATS and GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, in great variety.

Satisfaction Guaranteed. All the latest Fashion Plates to select styles from.

Call and Examine. Will be pleased to show our Goods.

T. W. SMITH.

1885. Fall and Winter, 1886.

NEW GOODS!

WM. JENNINGS,

MERCHANT TAILOR.

HAS NOW IN STOCK A CHOICE SELECTION OF GOODS SUITABLE FOR THIS SEASON'S TRADE, amongst which will be found

BEAVERS, NAPS, AND MELTONS,

In Plain and Fancy Colors.

Fancy Worsteds Overcoatings, Diagonal and Corkscrew Coatings. Worsteds Trouserings, in Stripes and Checks.

Also—all the Latest Patterns in ENGLISH, IRISH, SCOTCH AND CANADIAN SUITINGS.

WM. JENNINGS, Corner Queen St. & Wilnot's Alley, FREDERICTON, N. B.

Watches!

Page, Smalley & Ferguson,

Have a Large Assortment of

Fine Watches,

In Gold and Silver, Hunting and Open-face, Engraved and Plain Cases, Keyless and Key-Winding, of English, Swiss, and American Manufacture.

Persons wishing a Good Time-keeper should examine our stock before making a purchase.

EXTRA DISCOUNTS TO CASH CUSTOMERS AT

43 KING STREET.