

"I WILL REPAY."

The Lord reward thee! For thy good
What good have I, to make return?
Save the bright flame of gratitude,
That ever in my soul shall burn.

I cannot give as He will give
In bounteous stores of love and care
Sweet thoughts to think, dear life to live,
The daily bread to daily prayer.

The Lord reward thee! All my ill
He shall revenge; it is not mine
To bend and change thine evil will,
To work his purposes divine.

Whatever cruel thought or deed
Has darkened all my daily life;
What gift denied me in my need,
Foreboding dream or waking strife;

Whatever bonds of kindred love
Thy hands have dared or tried to break,
I know he registers above,
His judgments are not mine to make.

But, sure as daylight floods the land,
Or night comes darkling o'er the hill,
The words He spoke shall ever stand,
His promise fast for good or ill:

"What thou hast done to one of Mine,
I will reward it line by line;
For thou hast done unto Me!"

—Rose Terry Cooke.

The Pulpit.

THE TRUE CHRISTIAN'S HEART-GLOW.

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

We count that a poor fireplace which sends all its heat up the chimney, and throws none out into the room. But around a glowing hearth people love to gather. An open fire is almost a "means of grace" to the children of a family in making home so attractive that they will not lust after some other places of evening resort. What is true of the house is also true of the heart. A cold, cheerless religion attracts nobody and wins no converts. One of the thousand strong arguments in favor of the religion of Jesus Christ is that it has a perennial glow in it. It is warm with the warmth of divine love; it kindles with what the Bible calls "the joy of the Lord."

Two opposite mistakes are often made in presenting Christianity. The first error is that of the preacher who dwells chiefly on prohibition and penitence, and would turn the service of God into a stern, sad, severe penance. He will tell us that "Jesus wept" but we are never told that he ever laughed or even smiled. Yet we are told that the compassionate Man of Sorrows was "anointed with the oil of gladness above his fellows." If our Lord had been melancholy or morose he never could have won all classes to himself as he did, or have held his disciples to such a tender attachment. "These things I have spoken unto you," he said to them, "that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full."

The opposite error is that of presenting the religion of Christ as a mere exhilarant. Such enthusiasts dwell so much on sudden, rapturous conversions, and talk so much in *italics* (as the Irishman said), that people are sometimes induced to try religion as certain invalids inhale nitrous-oxide gas for the pleasurable excitement. But ecstasies are necessarily short-lived, and are apt to be followed by depressing reactions. Holiness signifies health, or "wholeness" of heart, and a healthy Christian is not always in a rapture.

Between these two opposite and equally false conceptions of Bible religion lies that calm, deep, substantial gladness which is called "the joy of the Lord." It has its perennial fount-head in him. It is one of the most precious gifts of the Spirit. Spiritual joy is every true Christian's right. Spiritual joy is every Christian's duty. It is—ought to be—his perpetual inspiration; the joy of the Lord is our strength. Look for a moment at the causes and sources of this heart-glow. A pile of pine shavings may kindle a blaze; but solid anthracite keeps its ruddy and radiant glow through the long, dark night.

(1.) Every child of God has a right to rejoice because he has such a Father. The contemplation of God in all its attributes of wisdom and power and unbounded love is such a source of sweet and sublime satisfaction that the Psalmist declared: "I have set the Lord always before me; therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiced." In his presence is fullness of joy. This refers to the experiences of this life, and then up at his right hand, will be the "pleasures forevermore." It is a bad heart that skulks away from a loving Father in terror and hatred. Then, too, what joy is kindled in our souls when we are brought into full reconciliation with God through the atoning love and perfect mediation of Jesus Christ. The prodigal's heart thrills under every kiss of his forgiving Father.

"Earth has a joy unknown in Heaven—The new-born peace of sins forgiven, Tears of such pure and deep delight, Ye angels! never dimmed your sight."

When guilt is pardoned and the penitent soul is restored to the divine favor—when conscience no longer stings like a scorpion, but smiles its approval, then the Lord becomes our strength and our song, and we can draw with joy out of

the walls of salvation. The assurance of full salvation is enough to keep our hearts aglow. "I give unto you eternal life" says our omnipotent Redeemer. "Ye shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck you out of my hands." All things work together also for good if we love God. Even sharp pruning and severe trials may only be made to yield rich clusters of peace, if we will let God have his way. And after the conflict of this school-life is over—shines this glorious assurance that "our names are written in Heaven."

All these joys God provides for us, dear brethren, and offers them to us. We cannot create canary-birds; but we can provide cages for them, and fill our rooms with their music. Even so we cannot create the heavenly gifts which Jesus offers; but they are ours if we furnish heart-room for them. The birds of peace and contentment and joy and praise will fly in fast enough if we will only invite Jesus Christ, and set the windows of our souls open for his coming. Every time that we perform a loving, Christ-like service to the poor, the wrong, or the neglected, another canary bird flies back to our window. The blessedness of giving makes the heart glow.

(2.) Now with all these pure and substantial joys within our reach, it is a sin, and a shame, and a crime for a genuine Christian to be wretched. Is not disobedience to God a sin? Yes; well he commands us to rejoice. It is a Christian duty. "Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say, Rejoice, Rejoice evermore." The joy of the Lord is your strength." To disobey these injunctions is dishonoring to the best of Fathers, and to him who stooped to Calvary in order to lift us to glory. If a young lady who was always cheerful before her marriage should wear a sad countenance during the honeymoon, everybody would think that she had made an unhappy choice. A cold, gloomy Christian attracts nobody to Christ, any more than a cold hearth draws any one to it on a winter day. Do you say that you cannot control your feelings? To a certain extent it is true that you cannot; and we admit that to sit down and force yourself to be happy would be an absurdity. But you can control your position toward God. Instead of hiding in the cellar of sloth or down in the coal-hole of dogged unbelief, nursing your doubts, you can come out into the bright sunshine of God's promises. You can fill your soul with inspiring, warming thoughts, and you can occupy yourself in such deeds of love, and acts of obedience as will kindle your soul into a glow. A noble woman of my acquaintance makes rainbows on the cloud and tear-drops of her widowhood by ministrations of mercy to the poor and destitute. Such men as Spurgeon and Moody never have the blues. Every Christian has a "godly sorrow" over sins and shortcomings, and over the woes of others. But the sorrow is upon the surface and the joy of the Lord is down at the core and center of the soul.

Dr. Maclaren beautifully says that "the sorrow and the joy blend into one another, just as in the undrinkable sea, there will be some fountains of fresh water from a deeper depth than the surrounding ocean, and pour their sweet streams up into the salt barren waste. So I as a Christian have gladness; because I trust, and trust is gladness; because I obey my Lord, and obedience hath meat to eat that others know not of. My troubles are transient, but my joy is solid and endureth forever."

All the coal-beds in Pennsylvania are only solidified sunshine. The love of Jesus in your soul, streaming down from him makes the central heat; that heat generates power. So doth the joy of your Redeemer become your perennial strength. An aguish Christian cannot do much but *shake*. A backslider is on the road to Doubting Castle and the clutch of Giant Despair. But "he who is nearest to Christ is nearest to the fire." Close contact with him, and constant work for him, will keep your heart up to a red glow. If joy is love counting its treasures, then count up your golden mercies, every day, your precious hopes, your privileges of doing good, your jewel-promises, your victories over the devil; and as you journey on toward your Father's house, let your soul wax warm with its blaze of eternal glory!

A YUKUTH SAINT.

BY M. E. WINSLOW.

No word is oftener upon the lips of Christians than self-sacrifice—sacrifice for the cause of Christ. It is the key-note of all attempts, questionable or otherwise, to raise money for church purposes, the plea urged for missions, the theme of sermon and appeal, story and poem. The poetical beauty of self-sacrifice has captivated the fancy of all ages, and given rise to all sorts of orders and societies in which the idea of

the object of sacrifice is lost sight of in undue exaltation of the act itself. Indeed, the self-sacrifice of the Christ Himself has often won the suffrages of those who completely failed to see in it anything beyond a beautiful picture and a stimulating example.

But, after all, what does the self-sacrifice of most of us amount to? We sit in our comfortable pews and listen to eloquent discourses from ministers to whom we pay high salaries, and while enjoying exquisite and costly music drop into contribution boxes the loose change which we never miss as we return to the comforts of our luxurious homes and pride ourselves on our missionary spirit. But the missionaries leave their churches, and music, and homes, of which they are presumably as fond as we are, to endure hardships of which we scarcely dream—for what? That the Gospel which comes to us so easily as to be a mere matter of course, shall reach souls as precious in God's sight as our own; this it is that ennobles and renders poetical even the necessarily homely details of missionary life.

These somewhat trite thoughts were brought to the surface while listening to an entertaining popular lecture on "Life in the Great Lone Land," delivered recently in the Brooklyn Historical Hall by the venerable Archdeacon Kirby, resident for twenty-seven years in the northwestern part of British America in the employ of the English Church Missionary Society. Here in a climate which varies from 60 degrees below zero in winter, to 98 above in the brief summer, this exceedingly modest missionary, who speaks of his own labors and hardships as simply as he might of a trip across the ferry to New York, settled himself at Fort Simpson, twenty-five hundred miles farther in the wilderness than Manitoba, in a neighborhood whose houses are about two hundred and fifty miles apart. Here he visited his vast parish on snow shoes, often walking four hundred and fifty miles on a stretch, and sleeping at night in circular pits dug out in the snow, where, wrapped in buffalo robes, he was always glad of the additional warmth of a heavy fall of snow. Here he lived and brought up his family in a house inside of whose windows the ice was an inch and a half thick, while outside it lay piled to the depth of six or seven feet. Here he rejoiced to receive his English mail, letters reaching him three times a year, newspapers but once; and here on one occasion he was forced to wait four years for some necessary clothing ordered from England, an old shawl of his wife's being made to do duty as a coat during the greater part of that period.

From here the tireless and enterprising missionary, pushing northward in a canoe by way of the Saskatchewan and Athabaska rivers, Great Slave and Bear Lakes and the Mackenzie Rivers, reached the estuary of the latter, and for the first time proclaimed the Gospel far within the Arctic Circle, and from there climbing the northernmost spur of the Rockies, came into Alaska by the valley of the Yukon and organized churches among the Thlinkets and Yukuth Indians.

On the hardships and fatigues of these long journeys, the exposure to cold and heat, the enforced subsistence on pemican, the loneliness of living entirely among the Indians, the hard mental labor of mastering and reducing to writing three distinct Indian languages, the speaker touched lightly, saying there was no martyrdom in it; it was but little to do for Him who gave up all for us; but he did dwell upon the following incident as illustrating the true idea of self-sacrifice:

Coming to a settlement of the Yukuth where no white man or missionary had ever before visited, the traveler was surprised to find that nearly all the inhabitants could both read and write in the simple syllabic character of his own invention, having learned from his grammars and service books carried to them by traders and wandering Esquimaux. Still more marvelous did it seem that many of them had acquired both head and heart knowledge of the way of salvation, and were anxious to be baptized. While examining them for this purpose, the missionary came upon two women weeping very bitterly.

"We both wish to be baptized," said the elder, "but what can we do? We are the wives of one man, and the Book forbids that."

On questioning the husband of the would-be catechumens, he acknowledged that such was the fact, and that he, too, would become a praying man if he could see his way out of his dilemma.

"You must put away one of your wives," said the missionary.

"Which?"

"Why, the one you first married is your wife; the other must be put away."

"But she," said the savage, "is young and not strong; she cannot

hunt, and if there comes a cold winter, both she and her two little boys may perish. I cannot leave her to do that."

"Well," said the missionary, finding himself in deep waters, "perhaps you had better think about it till I come again next year."

But the savage conscience, awakened if untaught, was not so easily to be satisfied. The next morning, the younger wife came to the meeting, and voluntarily renounced all claim upon her husband's support and protection, determined, as she said, to work for her own maintenance and that of her children.

"I must be a prayer-woman," she said, "and he must be a prayer-man. God will help me to do it."

Can the annals of civilization furnish a more God-like instance of self-sacrifice?—*Z. Herald.*

WALKING WITH GOD.

Meditation is one of the pleasantest duties of the Christian, and yet a duty much neglected in this busy age. It is too often imagined that the whole of religion is comprised in external Christian activity. This makes our Christian life superficial. There is not that depth and richness which we notice in the writings of the Christians of a less excited period, nor that fulness of Christian experience which excites our wonder, and causes us to think that they were much more holy men than any who now fill their places in the church. It is not true that these Christians of earlier times were a different class of men from those of the present day. They were men of like passions with ourselves, but they balanced their lives better than we do. They understood that it was not only in public assemblies that the service of Christ could afford them sacred pleasures, but that there were rich treasures of happiness which they might enjoy in private hours of seeming loneliness when they might entertain the choicest company, and dwell upon the sweetest and most enriching themes; and they could not have been persuaded that any active labors were to be preferred to those holy and sanctifying interviews.

Jonathan Edwards thus gives an account of his feelings enjoyed in religious meditation: "I walked abroad 'with a calm, sweet abstraction of soul from all the concerns of the world; and sometimes a kind of vision, or fixed ideas and imaginations, of being alone in the mountains or some solitary wilderness, far from all mankind, sweetly conversing with Christ, and wrapt and swallowed up in God. The sense of divine things would often of a sudden kindle up, as it were, a sweet burning in my heart, an ardor of soul that I know not how to express."

"I very frequently used to retire into a solitary place on the banks of Hudson's River, at some distance from the city, for contemplation on divine things and secret converse with God, and had many sweet hours there."

David Brainerd, of whom his biographer says, he "daily walked with God," makes many such entries in his journal as this:

"June 15, 1742—Had the most ardent longings after God. At noon in my secret retirement I could do nothing but tell my dear Lord in sweet calm that he knew I desired nothing but himself, nothing but holiness; that he had given me these desires and he only could give me the thing desired. I never seemed to be so unlinked from myself and to be so wholly devoted to God. My heart was swallowed up in God most of the day. In the evening I had such a view of the soul being, as it were, enlarged to contain more holiness, that it seemed ready to separate from my body."

Henry Martyn writes to his sister in this holy strain: "Can there be any one subject, any one source of cheerfulness and joy at all to be compared with the heavenly serenity and comfort which a believer must find, in holding communion with his God and Saviour, in addressing God as his Father, and more than all in the transporting hope of being preserved unto everlasting life, and of singing praises to his Redeemer when time shall be no more?"

And John Flavel makes this record of one day's experience in a life which was pre-eminent for active devotion to the cause of Christ. He was "alone, upon a journey, and in all the day's travel neither met, nor overtook nor was overtaken by any."

Thus going upon his way, his thoughts began to swell and rise higher and higher, like the waters in Ezekiel's vision, till, at last, they became an overflowing flood. Such was the intention of his mind, and such the ravishing taste of heavenly joys, and such the full assurance of his interest therein, that he utterly lost the sight and sense of this world, and all the concerns thereof; and for some hours knew no more where he was than if he had been in a deep sleep upon his bed. On reaching his inn the same frame of spirit continued all night so that sleep departed from him. Still the joy of the Lord overflowed him, and he

seemed to be an inhabitant of the other world. He many years after called that one of the days of heaven, and professed that he understood more of the life of heaven by it than by all the books he ever read or discourses he ever heard about it."

These are not specimens of the vagaries of extravagant enthusiasts, but the statements of cautious, sober-minded men, occupied regularly with multifarious duties, and concerned not only with the business and politics of their day, but much engrossed likewise by scholastic learning. They were by no means disposed to make piety consist in transports, nor to reckon a sudden glow of the affections better evidence of Christian character than a consistent and devoted life of practical Christianity; but they set a high and proper estimate upon that religious enjoyment which flows from communion with God, the Fountain of all good, the Source of the soul's true life.—*N. Y. Observer.*

LOVE AT THE LORD'S TABLE.

At the Lord's table, humbly partaking of the symbols of his body and blood, we express our gratitude for God's "unspeakable gift." Here is the centre of all divine benedictions; and here we may most successfully seek to comprehend "what is the breadth, and length, and depth and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."

Who are they who neglect the Lord's Supper? Are they the most pious and devoted, the most heavenly-minded? Are they those who manifest most love for Jesus, and attachment to his word and to his people? What answer do the facts indicate?

Immediately after the first celebration of the Supper our blessed Lord said: "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." And then, to enforce it, he subjoined this most pathetic and powerful argument: "As I have loved you, that ye also love one another." And, as an additional inducement to duty, he assures us that this shall be a badge, a decisive proof of our discipleship, saying:

"By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love for one another." To all this we might add that brotherly love is made, in the scriptures, a decisive proof to ourselves, as well as to others, that we are disciples of Christ. "We know we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." "One is your Master, even Christ, and ye are all brethren." Where is there a more sublime recognition of this Christian brotherhood and brotherly love than at the Lord's table? Is it possible for any who are constrained by the love of Christ, and are attached to his people, to voluntarily absent themselves from the Lord's Table? Must not we, therefore, attribute such neglect to the want of proper feelings both toward Jesus and toward his people?—*Rev. G. W. Follen.*

Take us the Little Foxes that Spoil the Vines.

The wise man was right. Men never become bad at a jump. Not all at once do they fall into the pit of vice, but by degrees and from small beginnings. First, the little sins—the tender vines—are eaten by the little foxes, and after the little sins—the tender vines—are mastered, the hideous, big gnarly trunks, the lusty sins are easy work.

The law of morals is the law of health; all things being created double, one over against the other; and so, men rarely lose their health at a stroke. Usually it is the little neglect, the slight indisposition, that ends in organic disease which becomes confirmed by the use of drugs.

It is the slight cold, repeated and neglected, that ends in consumption or pneumonia; the gastric disturbance and biliousness that ends in confirmed dyspepsia and diseased liver; the continued malaria dosed with quinine, that ends in enlarged and diseased spleen; the frequent recurring rheumatic twinges that end in diseased kidneys and etc. The rule of wisdom is the rule of safety.—*Exchange.*

THE BOOK BAD MEN HATE.

One reason why we believe the Bible is the word of God, is the extraordinary and indefatigable pains taken by men of obscure integrity to get rid of the Bible. The things that bad men hate, it will, as a rule, be safe for good men to believe in. Men's hearts stain through into their philosophy. It never ceases to be true that every one that doeth evil hateth the light, lest his deeds should be reproved. Light always shows the spots. Bad men congregate under the shadows. Men like to have the Bible vilified because it eases a little the pressure on their conscience. It is always possible to gather an audience to listen to an unbeliever.—*C. H. Parkhurst.*

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