

## LEAVE IT WITH HIM.

Yes, leave it with Him,  
The lilies all do;  
And they grow—  
They grow in the rain,  
And they grow in the dew—  
Yes; they grow.  
They grow in the darkness, all hid in the  
night;  
They grow in the sunshine, revealed by  
the light;  
Still they grow.  
They ask not your planting,  
They need not your care  
As they grow.  
Dropped down in the valley,  
The field, anywhere—  
There they grow,  
They grow in their beauty, arrayed in pure  
white,  
They grow, clothed in glory, by heaven's  
own light,  
Sweetly grow.

The grasses are clothed  
And the ravens are fed  
From His store.  
But you who are loved  
And guarded and led,  
How much more  
Will He clothe you and feed and give you  
His care?  
Then leave it with Him; He has, every-  
where,  
Ample store.

Yes, leave it with Him,  
'Tis more dear to His heart,  
You will know,  
Than the lilies that bloom,  
Or the flowers that start  
Nearth the snow.  
What you need, if you ask it in prayer,  
You can leave it with Him, for you are in  
His care,  
You, you know.

—New York Observer.

## HOW HE LOST HIS PARDON.

BY REV. A. J. GORDON, D. D.

He lost it simply because when he was forgiven he would not forgive. He had no penitence with which to meet pardon, and no godly sorrow with which to respond to proffered mercy.

This is the story as we find it in the *Richmond Register*: "A man named Samuel Holmes, now in Frankford jail undergoing punishment for a murder, received a visit from his old schoolfellow, Lucien Young. The Kentucky Legislature recorded some years ago its appreciation of Young's bravery in rescuing several lives from a wrecked vessel; and when Young, moved by Holmes' condition, made an appeal to Governor Blackburn for his pardon, the governor remembering his brave action, relented and signed the pardon for his sake. With the document in pocket, Young hastened back to the prison to tell the good news to his friend. Before telling him, however, that he had come to make him a free man, Young commenced a conversation, and, after talking awhile upon other subjects, finally said: 'Sam, if you were turned loose and fully pardoned, what would be the first thing you would do?' The convict very quickly responded, 'I would go to Lancaster and kill Judge Owsley, and a man who was a witness against me.' Young uttered not a word, but turned mournfully away, went outside the prison wall, took the pardon from his pocket, and tore it into fragments."

We venture to say that the history of divine grace and human impenitence was never more exactly illustrated than in this incident. Observe the striking points.

First, the pardon of the governor was granted absolutely and alone for the sake of the prisoner's friend. The character of the convict, his state of mind at the time, his conduct while in prison—these and similar considerations had nothing whatever to do in influencing the governor to issue the pardon. "For your sake, and in view of your great services for the State," he said to Mr. Young, "I will pardon your friend."

So God forgives us solely for Christ's sake. In declaring the sinner's pardon, He does not rest his action at all upon the merit or character of the sinner, but solely upon the worthiness and atonement of Christ. "Even as God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven you," are the words of Scripture. While you were in sin, oh reader, condemned and under sentence of a violated law, God sent you as an unskilled and undeserved pardon. He did it alone and absolutely on account of his well-beloved Son, Jesus Christ our Lord.

Again, the friend of the prisoner carried to his cell a full and unconditional forgiveness. The governor did not say to him, "Go to the culprit and talk with him, and if you find him to be one to whom I can consistently show mercy, I will consider his case." On the contrary, he sent an unconditional pardon to him. The bearer carried it in his pocket signed and sealed, and ready to be delivered. He could say to the condemned man not, "The governor will forgive you," but "He has forgiven you, and I am authorized to declare to you the fact." So we who preach the gospel come to you with the declaration of fact, not of a possible merely. This is the message, that "God hath reconciled us unto himself by the death of his Son," that he has "forgiven you all trespasses, blotting out the handwriting of ordinances that was against us, nailing it to his cross." And you are simply asked "Will you accept this grace of God?" We

do not come to persuade you to beg for mercy which God has already extended to you. The announcement which we made is "That God in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them." The errand on which we come is "As though God did beseech you by us; we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God."

Once more; while the prisoner was forgiven by the governor, he remained, in fact, unforgiven, because of his hardness and impenitence of heart. There must be two consenting parties in every real forgiveness. Forgiveness may go out from the heart of one, but unless it is received into the heart of the other, there fails to be any reconciliation. "There is forgiveness with Thee," says the Psalmist. But unless there is forgiveness with us so that we can accept that forgiveness penitently, submissively, cordially, we cannot be at peace with God. His divine compassion has been simply thrown away upon us.

And then, finally, note that the prisoner remained under condemnation in spite of the governor's pardon, because he had no penitent heart to receive forgiveness. Did the governor condemn him? No; he pardoned him. Why was he executed then? Because he would not forgive. Did the friend who came with the message sentence him to death? No; he brought the announcement of deliverance from death. What, then, was the condemnation? That the executive would not relieve him? No. This was his condemnation, that when forgiveness was offered him he would not be forgiven, because of his hardness and impenitence of his heart. Read in the light of this story these words of scripture: "For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved."

"He that believeth on him is not condemned; but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God. And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil."

That prisoner died pardoned; and yet he died condemned. He was forgiven by the judge, and yet doomed through his own hardness of heart. And, sinner, remember that if you die in your sins, it is because you would not live. Those sins were borne by Christ, and it is only because you rejected his grace, that they so come back upon you; your condemnation aggravated by the weight of God's rejected forgiveness added to the weight of your sins.

Shall God's grace have been extended to you in vain, oh souls, for whom Christ died? Answer now, while the messenger of Christ has your pardon in his hand.—*Words and Weapons.*

## PEACE AS A RIVER.

The prophet Isaiah was commissioned to bear to the Jews this message from God, "O that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments; then had thy peace been as a river." The condition of blessedness under the old dispensation was obedience, and it is the same under the new. Christ said, "Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you." And again He said, "He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him and will manifest myself to him."

Peace, in the Bible, means a great deal more than it does in the history of nations. Gesenius defines the Hebrew word, which is translated "peace" in the Old Testament, "completeness, health, welfare, prosperity." And Robinson, in his *New Testament Lexicon*, says that the Gospel idea of peace is "every kind of good," "happiness, blessedness." Then all that the heart can desire, the fulness of grace that will meet its uttermost wants and longings, is promised to those who obey the Gospel—who believe in, and love and honor the Lord of life and glory. Thisfulness is symbolized by a river, one of the most familiar yet most beautiful of natural objects. How is the peace of God like a river? It is like it in its origin. Rivers have their sources high up among the hills. They flow from fountains that rise in lofty and lonely places, filled by rain from heaven. No man or corporation of men ever made a river or ever will. And the head spring of peace is above, and comes into the heart in hours of quiet meditation and communion with God. Then showers of grace fill the deep places of the soul; hope and joy well up and begin to flow.

And as the river originated so it must be sustained, by prayer and the study of the Word. He who has no closet can have no abiding place. He may cherish the memory of past experiences, but the channel which they filled is now empty, and

the soul they gladdened is dry and desolate. Gospel peace is called "the peace of God," because it must ever come fresh from Him, as the water in a river from its fountain head.

Peace is like a river in its course. It must keep within its own channel. That channel is often rugged, narrow and winding. The water has to fret among rocks, dash over cataracts, and flow in the shadow of frowning mountains. It cannot choose its way, or move all obstacles out of the appointed way. Yet it does not stop because it is opposed. It goes on singing and shining. The rougher the channel the more musical the stream. What a lesson for the Christian! Does he think that because God loves He will prepare for him a channel of polished marble; will never let a cloud overshadow him, or a rough rock fret or chafe him? Nay, nay, our peace is not like that river of life, "clear as crystal, which proceedeth out of the throne of God and the Lamb." It is a river on the earth—a river of faith. We are to live as Paul did, "always rejoicing," though stoned, beaten with rods, shipwrecked, imprisoned. These are the earthly conditions of divine grace. The river itself is from heaven and its waters are sweetest where the channel is roughest.

Peace is like a river in its beneficence. While flowing on its winding way its waters the earth. The trees send their roots to it and drink. The thirsty cattle come and are refreshed. The pleasure-boat and the freight-boat are borne on its bosom. Its beauty gladdens the hearts of thousands, and the very air, as it passes over it, is made purer for those who are to breathe it. A land of rivers is covered with verdure and with life. A land without rivers is "barren, treeless, manless." If a river should become selfish, and refuse to flow because, while flowing, it must be giving, it would stagnate and die. And so it is with our Christian lives. We cannot be happy unless we are useful. Our joy in the Lord depends upon our fidelity in His service. Our Saviour "went about doing good." His influence and His efforts day by day, were like a river. What a blessing He was to that generation, and what a blessing is every true follower of His in his own sphere! A cheerful, active Christian is a benediction in any community. He brings down a heavenly element to gladden the earth, just as the river brings living water from the hills to water the plain. But when the Christian becomes a recluse, a visionary, a perfectionist; when he seeks to enjoy religion rather than to illustrate its power in benevolent action, he finds, like the river, that to stagnate is to die.

Peace is like a river in its growth. First there is a rivulet. But it widens and deepens. Now the traveller can step over it. Now the cattle and horses can ford it. Now it can be crossed only with the ferry boat or bridge. Now it is too wide to be bridged. It is a gulf rather than a river, with the tides and billows of the ocean. The grace of God in the heart, if genuine, must grow. Its nature is progressive. It is the good seed of the kingdom, and if it lives will germinate. When a man tells how much Christian joy and peace he had years ago, but has no new experiences to report, he may safely be set down as a dreamer or a hypocrite. The Bible tells us about babes in Christ who must be fed with milk. But those babes are to become men. They are to "grow strong in the Lord," and their spiritual enjoyment will increase with their spiritual strength. A babe that remained so for years would be a strange anomaly. But there seems to be many such babes in our churches—men and women in physical and mental development, but just as feeble in faith and love as they were when they entered the church. No wonder they are unhappy. Their peace, that should be as a river, has almost lost itself in the hot sands of selfishness and worldliness. It has crept out of the channel. It has become obstructed near the fountain, and is so feeble that it seems ready to fail. Let the despondent Christian harken to God's commandments and then the rill will become a river.

Peace is like a river in the end of its course. When the Amazon nears the ocean, the ocean does not wait for it, but pushes landward with its billows and tides to meet the welcome affluent. River and ocean mingle, so that no one can tell just where the river ends. And so it is when the Christian dies. Heaven comes down to meet him. By faith he sees Jesus standing at the right hand of God to welcome him. Angels fill his chamber waiting to carry him home. Gently "hope is changed to glad fruition, faith to sight and prayer to praise." The death of a godless man is as Hame expresses it, "taking a leap in the dark." It is the dashing of a river over a precipice, or into a sunless cavern. But the death of a Christian is the return of the river of love

to that infinitude of love from which its sparkling waters came. It is the entrance by the soul upon the full enjoyment of that grace the foretaste of which has been the solace of its life on earth. Who, that has seen a true believer's triumph over the last and most dreaded enemy of our race, can help exclaiming, with the son of Beor, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."—*The Interior.*

## REVELATION BY DEGREES.

The eternal God is never in a hurry. A gradual development is the divine order. Revelation is not a Jonah's gourd, rising up in a night; rather is it like the oak, for it takes ages to grow. The old preachers said: "Revelation began in Eden, had its centre point at Calvary, and has its end in eternity." The Old Testament runs into the New; it is a whole; they harmonize. We read that in heaven they have the song of Moses and of the Lamb, for these songs harmonized. The harmony of the songs they sing there is a proof of how well they harmonize here. There is a gradual development; and this runs through all the words of God.

First there was chaos. The world did not reach its present state in a few years. It has taken many ages for the world to become as we see it to-day—its fields covered with flowers; its woods filled with the singing of birds and butterflies with rainbow-tinted wings floating through the summer air. One glory made way for another.

Man was created in due time. Creation is a growth. A flower does not open and grow up in a day. First the stem, then the bud, and then the flower. Man is not born full grown; his is a gradual growth, a gradual development. Yet man must play through his programme in a few years, or death will step in and stop him; but God has all ages for his plans. A thousand years with him are but as a day.

We find the same gradual development in intellectual and moral things. We grow step by step. Education grows slowly—line upon line, precept upon precept, a little at a time. First a picture book, then a book with pictures and a little reading; and we must ever hold a higher book before the child. It is ever so in revelation: There were four thousand years between the first Adam and the second Adam. God was powerful enough to have brought them close together. Why not have placed the Garden of Gethsemane close to the Garden of Eden? Why should not the Saviour's feet have trodden the earth in the first century. Thus we see the God of our redemption and the God of the world is one and the same. There is the same slow and gradual progress. Our haste and our little reckonings are as nothing to God; he is never in a hurry—he sees the end from the beginning. The march of the Israelites might have taken only a few months from Egypt to Canaan; but God led them by a path that made the journey occupy forty years. Christ lived thirty years before he worked one miracle. Peter wanted to go out at once to preach (how great the need of it!) but Jesus said: "Tarry ye at Jerusalem." "Tarry." Redemption is slow, even as the rocks and hills were prepared for man's habitation. Thank God it was so! Why? A full-orbed redemption would have overwhelmed us. God holds himself back because of our weakness. We could not bear a vision of his splendor. Moses said one day, "Show me thy glory." God placed him in a cleft of the rock; he could not bear a full view of God's glory. Thank God for the cleft in the rock. How weak we are in presence of heavenly splendor! Remember Daniel says that on beholding the vision, "There remained no strength in me"—he had lost his breath. John, on seeing the "seven golden candlesticks, and in the midst of them one like unto the Son of man," "fell at his feet as dead." We cannot bear a full revelation of God's glory. The Bible is not yet exhausted of all its teachings and truths.

"Our little systems have their day." They have their day and cease to be; They are but broken lights of thee, And thou, O Lord, art more than they."—*Rev. Oastan Davies.*

## CONFORMITY TO THE WORLD.

How vain are all other attempts at curing conformity to the world! Perhaps there never was a time when there were so many Christians as there are to-day. Certainly there never was a time when there were so many home-made Christians as there are to-day—man-made, church-made Christians. Who does not know the receipt? Tie up the hands and say: "Sir, you must not do that." Tie up his feet and say: "You must not go to such and such places—at least, when you are at home." Gag his mouth; blind his eyes; stop his ears; cut him off from certain things at which society is shocked, and there is your Chris-

tian: a creature with his heart hungering for the world as fiercely as ever, and whose only evidence of any earnestness is in a constant discussion as to whether there is any harm in a score of questionable or unquestionable things that he desires, and in the sincerity of his complaint that they are forbidden. Can we wonder at the general notion that religion is a thing of hardships and restraints? To "present our bodies a living sacrifice" to the opinions of religious society is no cure for conformity to the world. This the only way—a glad, complete, whole-hearted giving up of ourselves to God. Then comes the being "transformed by the renewing" of the "mind." Transformed, not from without, but from within—exactly as the earth is transformed when it gives itself up to the seed. The contrast between the two words "conformed" and "transformed" is very much stronger and more definite as St. Paul stated it. The word rendered conformed means the external pose in which one sets one's self, an attitude. But the word transformed is literally metamorphosed. It implies an organic result. As Godet puts it: "The natural product of a principle of life which manifests itself thus. This is the very idea and heart of Christianity. It is not only an example of true life. It is not only a revelation of new purposes and motives. It is a power to which we can surrender ourselves, which can take us up and transform us into a new and higher life—even the life of God. 'I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice . . . unto God.'"

## FACE YOUR TROUBLE.

"I had plowed around a rock in one of my fields for five years," said one farmer, "and I had broken a mowing-machine knife against it, besides losing the use of the ground in which it lay, all because I supposed it was such a large rock that it would take too much time and labor to remove it. But, to-day, when I began to plow for corn I thought that by and by I might break my cultivator against that rock, so I took a crow-bar, intending to poke around it and find out its size once for all. And it was one of the surprises of my life to find that it was little more than two feet long. It was standing on its edge, and so light that I could lift into the wagon without help."

"The first time you really faced your trouble you conquered it," I replied aloud, but continued to enlarge upon the subject all to myself, for I do believe that before we pray, or better, while we pray, we should look our troubles square in the face. Imagine the farmer plowing around that rock for five years, praying all the while, "O Lord remove that rock!" when he didn't know whether it was a big rock or a little, flat stone!

We shiver and shake and shrink, and sometimes do not dare to pray about a trouble because it makes it seem so real, not even knowing what we wish the Lord to do about it, when, if we would face the trouble and call it by its name, one half of its terror would be gone. The trouble that lies down with us at night, and confronts us on first waking in the morning is not the trouble that we have faced, but the trouble whose proportions we do not know.

Let us not allow our unmapped trouble to make barren the years of our lives; but may we face it and with God's help work out our own salvation through it.—*The Advance.*

## LOVE MAKES THE DIFFERENCE.

"Oh, it is just as different as can be," said one of my young friends. "What is it?" I asked. "Why, being a Christian. Everything is so different from what I expected."

"What did you expect?" "When you used to talk with me about being a Christian, I used to say to myself: 'No, I can't now, for I have to do so many hard things, and I never can do them.'"

"What hard things?" "Oh, I used to think, 'Now, if I become a Christian, I shall have to walk just so; shall have to go to church and prayer-meeting; shall have to pray and read the Bible!'" It is so different from what I thought!"

Why, James, what do you mean? You go to church and to prayer-meeting; you read the Bible and pray."

"Oh, yes; but then I love to do them. That makes all the difference. I love Jesus, and love to do all he wishes me to."

Vice stings us even in our pleasures, but virtue consoles us even in our pains.

He that despairs measures Providence by his own little contracted model.

It is one thing to know how to give, and another thing not to know how to keep.

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