

## "IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME."

A WELSH HYMN BY REV. W. LEWIS. A TRANSLATION.

Think, think of Christ, the righteous,  
Christ infinitely fair;  
His blood-drops fast descending,  
His night-watch none to share.  
Bowed to the earth in sorrow,  
The hour is dark and still,  
Eternal praise shall crown him  
For this on Zion's hill.

Think of that band of warriors,  
With helm, and sword, and stave,  
Come to surround the innocent,  
Himself he will not save.  
Hear now his tender accents,  
The Cross he will not flee;  
"These, let them go" in safety,  
Me, let your victim be.

Think of those pallid features,  
Bearing derision's trace;  
His back all torn and bleeding,  
To deepen his disgrace.  
Saviour, to weigh Thy sorrows  
Is altogether vain;  
Thy love my heart shall soften,  
Reflecting on Thy pain.

E. Morgan, in London Freeman.

## The Pulpit.

## HOW TO GET RID OF YOUR MINISTER.

BY C. M. L.

1. To be sure, he's with you but a short time; and when he came you all said, "Never was such a man." So you installed him for life. Now you say a change would be for the interest of the church. He, innocent one, thinks the change ought to be in you. For months he has wondered if some merciful providence would not remove you and so promote the good of Zion. Of course he's wrong. You stick. Of course the church would dissolve if you were to resign. Those resolutions of respect for your departing dominion; how faithful he's been, and how the church has grown during his stay, and your sorrow at parting with him; presume they are already, eh?

Very well; now up and at the business. Quit you like men. There's the rub; how to get rid of the man whom those resolutions call equal nearly to Gabriel. That job bothers the best of you more than it did to rob some church of him.

"Brother West, seems as though you are the very one to go and tell him. You did it before, when they wanted Dominio Long to leave."

"Yes; and not a few in the church to-day think that I ought to have left with him. They won't speak to me for the part I took in that thing."

"I suggest Deacon Payne do it." But Deacon P. and each one of you has declined. Brother Dare, at your last meeting, suggested that you go in a body—six against one—and ask him to resign; and that if you were not a set of cowards you would. There's the mischief, however. You are cowards. "What can you now do?" One of several things.

2. Send him in his resignation. A certain colored preacher says that the way his church managed him when they wished him to go. Send him a kind but firm letter, with a good many signers. Of course you will get all the outsiders you can hear of to sign. Tell him he'd better seek another field. Such a letter, if well prepared, will win. He'll be crushed at first; but you can show him a copy of the resolution to comfort him. See?

3. Another effective way, if you haven't the courage to write such a letter and sign it—and 'tis not likely you have—is to set Miss Busybody at work against him. You remember how soon the thing was done in this way over at Gossipton. Miss Lipp was duly commissioned by several of the trustees. The first afternoon she led four families to decide that the interests of Zion demanded a change of ministers. It is true nobody ever heard that those families lay awake for Zion's sake. Still, Miss Lipp and they and "many more," they said, had reluctantly come to feel that the welfare of a church was before everything.

So the minister left. You might engage Miss L. to make a visit to Miss B. and show her just how to proceed.

Try this method, brethren. It has the warrant of experience upon it. And it will save you all the inconvenience of doing it yourselves. You see now your mistake in calling Miss B. an ugly old maid for having a finger in the pie some time ago. She's just the one for the job. Encourage her for the future of your Zion. However, it is possible that two-thirds of your church still think Miss B. is not to be listened to.

"What then?"

4. Starve him out. Empty his pocket and keep it so. That'll fix him. He's flesh and blood with a bit of self-respect. He'll catch the idea when you tell him you can't collect; that you are sorry people are so dishonorable as to refuse to pay an honest pledge just because a minister is not an angel; that you propose to pay your part if you don't like the preaching; still people can't be compelled to give if they won't, and what's to come of it you don't know, etc. You get the point? Very well. He'll get it, too, and get away if he can.

"But if he should think it was

owing to the hard times, and propose to take less salary or accept what his friends can raise—there are such cases—we should be in a box. Our minister, poor financier as he is, evidently has something to fall back upon, else how does the man give more than any two members of the church? Can't tell how long his bark would stand a run. They say Elder Sears held out three years. We want a change now?"

5. Then thin out his meetings. My Brother Parsons says he can share a crust of bread with his poorest member, but an empty seat just chokes him. So, stay away from all the meetings for a month or two and victory will perch upon your banner. Since you want to hurry things, be sure to meet your pastor with all your family on your way to another church. Same, when you return. Don't go any by-way. If he doesn't see you he may think you are at home ill and he will come to enquire after you. That would embarrass you, and your programme is to get rid of him without any scenes.

If you have no taste for another church, you might arm yourself with the *Morning Herald* and a cigar and put yourself where your minister's wife can see you as she goes and comes from church. She'll be sure to see you and tell it to her husband.

A further aid to the business would be the removal of your hymn-book from the rack. Make your seat in church as bare as you can. Better take the cushion and footstool away. A half dozen such seats would give the church a Sahara-like look. You and a few others can act in concert. Many's the minister to think his usefulness at an end sure when there's but a

"Desert drear"

before him a few Sabbath mornings. Perhaps, however, you'll be compelled to go to church to preserve your good standing and influence and see how near to a surrender the minister is. It may be that—

6. You can bother him more in the church than out. How? Many ways. Whisper is one. Turn the leaves of your hymn-book. Go to sleep as soon as he announces the text. Wake up; yawn; look at your watch; snap it shut like a pistol-shot. Vary these exercises. Be sure to be in your place when your pastor makes an exchange. Give the other minister the closest attention. Thank him most unsparsingly for his charming discourse. It would help matters to ask him for a copy of it, say you must hear it again. See that your pastor's wife or his daughter hears all this. You might also remark in their presence that young So-and-So was in church to-day for the first time in many weeks, and that So-and-So said he and many more young men would come to church if that man were the preacher.

Thus it will go out, with a little wise talk, that your pastor can't draw the young. You might take pains to get the young folks to saying the same, and suggests to some of the youthful leaders in society to stay away for a time, and thus show your minister that he can't draw the young. That will make him sick at heart and lead him to seek another field; the very thing you want.

7. Some churches have voted their ministers a long vacation, at the minister's charge, of course. This works remarkably well with oversensitive pastors. Somehow such men are prone to conclude that their room is preferred to their company, and act accordingly. But you must know your man in this case. He may be dull of comprehension, and only think this your way of showing your anxiety for his health and your general love for him. Gratitude may bring him back to you on the very Sabbath when you expect Dr. Sound as a candidate.

8. If worst come to worst, you can be out-and-out rude to him. Leave him and his out of all your invitations to dine. Send your Christmas turkeys around as usual, but never a one to him. Of course he won't stare at that. He never has really needed your turkeys. But the absence of the familiar old fowl would get all the dominion's children to asking questions, and some questions in the manse are worse than measles. Get the leader of the choir on your side. He can manage the minister's two girls out of the singing circle. And you must not forget the Sunday-school superintendent. He is a magic factor in this fight to rid the church of the preacher and promote the weal of Zion. Gain him over; and when the pastor comes into the school and waits, as usual, to be invited to say a few words, he will be allowed to wait.

Other methods of rudeness will suggest themselves to you if necessary. But more than likely you will be permitted to pass those sweet resolutions and make your retiring pastor a handsome purse before you're a third of the way down the above list. Some ministers leave without being experimented upon. Who knows but your's will if you wait a week or so!—*The Interior*.

## PUTTING SELF AWAY.

BY MRS. FINDLEY BRADEN.

A summer day in France when the cholera plague was at its height. A sad day for Louis Beaufort, although he was journeying homeward. Paris had already been left far in the rear, and each moment was hurrying him on to Marseilles—"plague-stricken Marseilles," the Parisian papers had called it, and he shuddered at the recollection. The morrow was to have been his wedding-day, and pretty Marie Calmet his wife. But that might never be now. His hot hand clutched a tiny tear-stained note. Reverently he smoothed it out, and read, for the hundredth time, its touching words: "Dear Louis—Aunt Juliette has the cholera, and I have gone to nurse her. Do not blame or praise me. It is only putting self away. But our wedding must be postponed. Do not try to find me until the danger is past. Stay in Paris. If I should die try to forget that you ever loved MARIE."

Louis Beaufort's heart was like lead in his bosom. Already it seemed that she was lost to him forever. Poor, self-sacrificing Marie! But he was going to find her, he must! What would life be worth without her!

Lyons was reached at last. Here, an omnibus train, filled to overflowing with refugees from Marseilles, slowly passed by. Fear was written everywhere on the sea of swarthy, unclean faces. It was a sad sight. All the up-trains were crowded, while he had but few fellow passengers. What cowards fright made of brave men! Then his thoughts went back to Marie. How frightened she must be! "Putting self away" why, she was putting away health, happiness, and perhaps life itself! Oh, it was terrible! Surely God would not permit such sacrifice!

He was flying along the shore of the Rhone now, and the slope looked parched and burning. Wearily he contrasted it with the green fields of the North. How hot it was growing, and how muddy the river looked!

He took from his breast pocket a tiny picture of Marie and began to study the delicate features. What a child she was, yet she had been brave enough to face the dreaded cholera! "Putting self away," she had said. The words came to him like a death-knell, and he again turned to the window, despairingly.

Near Arles, he passed whole fields of tents occupied by soldiers and others who had fled from Marseilles. What a long and dreary ride it was! He never forgot it. For the first time since starting, he glanced at his watch; it was just six p. m. M. Calmet, Marie's aged grandfather, was now closing his small shop, but where, in all that stricken city, was Marie? The suspense was maddening. Already he might be too late! But if she had been spared, she would yet be his wife. This was his sole comforting thought.

Then, by-and-by, after some miles of swift travel the train glided into Marseilles. Louis Beaufort caught glimpses of its familiar streets. They were still filled with busy people, hurrying to and fro. The depot was crowded. He saw many well-remembered faces, and he hurried away in the gathering gloom lest old friends should detain him. He glanced about him on every side, but could see no change. All the finest shops in the Rue de la Canebiere were yet open. Still, no signs of the plague. But the scene soon changed.

He hailed a passing carriage, and was driven to Marie's old home in the narrow and squalid Rue Caisserie. Ah, what sights and smells he met on the way! Filthy, towering rookeries, swarming with idle men, and panic-stricken women and children. Gutters filled with reeking water. Three hearses were slowly moving on their way to the Cemetery St. Pierre.

M. Calmet sat in his doorway. The house was cleaner than the rest, and still bore traces of Marie's careful finger. "Mon garçon!" the old man cried, "I knew you would come! I waited for you! But Marie has gone—I could not keep her!"

"Where is she?" he gasped.

"To Capelette, on the Toulon road. Her aunt has it—the cholera. Mon Dieu! she went to nurse her." "And you did not prevent her."

M. Calmet bowed his head. "She is in God's hands. He will not let her die."

"When did she go?"

"Six days since."

Louis Beaufort shuddered. Never in all his life had he been in the Quartier Capelette. It was the vilest of all Marseilles quarters, lying across the old ship canal. And Marie was there! She had indeed "put self away."

"Did she leave no word?" he asked hoarsely.

M. Calmet nodded. "You must not follow her."

"Tell me where she can be found!"

he demanded fiercely. "It will her death! I must go to her!"

The old man minutely described the locality, and soon Louis Beaufort was speeding across town to Capelette. Toulon road was a wide street without trees. Here and there were bonfires of tar and sulphur. The house he sought was a corner tenement. Eagerly he sprang up the creaking stair. A small door stood open. He peered in. Near by, on a low bed, lay two figures. The moonlight fell upon one face—it was Marie's.

What a meeting! The weak hands were stretched out in welcome, but the faint voice faltered, "Louis, mon ami, leave me! Do not touch me! I am dying!"

For answer, he clasped her to his breast. "Oh, my darling!" he moaned. "I cannot let you go from me. How will I live without you?"

"Hush!" she whispered. "God wills it so. I but obeyed the voice of Duty. Putting self away is a blessed thing, dear Louis."

He brushed back her damp curls, and tried to warm the cold hands, in his own. But he had come too late. Death was indeed approaching.

"Aunt Juliette is dying, too," continued Marie, resignedly. "She has not spoken for a long time. Please light the candle, Louis. I want to die with my eyes on your kind face."

Dumbly he obeyed. The pale, pain-drawn face brightened for a moment. "I knew you would find me. God did not let me die without seeing you again. I prayed that you might come. But it was selfish, I ought to say so."

"I will never leave you—in life," he murmured.

She pressed his hand convulsively. "I did right in coming here, did I not? I was so happy, yet I put self away! It is hard to die now, when to-morrow I might have been your wife. Pray for us, dear Louis—Aunt Juliette and me. We will be going soon."

Then Louis Beaufort knelt by the humble bed. He had not prayed for years, but words now came in a stream.

"Father of the good," he cried, "I give my darling back to Thee. Take her to Thy bosom—my little white lamb. Her short life has been a sweet song. Thou hast heard it up in heaven. She has put self away—the greatest of all earthly victories. Receive also this other soul. Thou knowest her life. Forgive my many sins. I am unfit to come before Thee. Help me so to live, that I may at last meet my darling in heaven."

Great sobs shook his frame. Marie's cold fingers tremblingly threaded his glossy curls. "Poor Louis, it is hard, but it is for the best. Aunt Juliette will be with me until you come. She has already gone before. Look! She does not breathe. She taught me to be good—she will have her reward. Kiss me, Louis! I will soon be far away."

Reverently, he touched her lips, brow and hands. A rare smile was on her face. Then, softly, sweetly, she began to sing a pretty hymn she had learned in childhood. All the English he had taught her was forgotten now. Slowly her dark eyes closed, and with a low murmur "Adieu!" her pure spirit went up to the "happy land" of which she had heard but a moment before.

Marie Calmet is now resting under the sods of St. Pierre. A white stone lies upon her grave. Three words are graven on it—words that will ever be the keynote of Louis Beaufort's altered life. They are—

"Putting Self Away."

—Observer.

## A TEST PRAYER.

"That thou mayest prosper and be in health even as thy soul prospereth." Which of us would dare to pray for our beloved with such a stipulation? Should we not ourselves shrink from such a prayer? For if our financial gains had to be measured by our spiritual gains, which of us would not tremble for our solvency?

Yet St. John loved Gaius dearly, and did not hesitate to make the one, in his case, the only condition of the other. Tender and loving wife, how do you pray for your beloved? "That he may prosper." Ah! Yes! Dare you add "as his soul prospers?" If you dare not, inquiry resteth with you; somewhere or somehow, all is not right.

Fathers and mothers, everthinking and working and saving for your sons and daughters, can you ask God to bless them with this solemn proviso? If not your affection has not touched its purest and most perfect form. It is a hard saying, perhaps, to ask God to measure his favors by their grace, but lips that can truthfully utter the prayer now will endorse it with thanksgiving in eternity.

John did not think it wrong to pray for his friend's prosperity with

the condition that it should not outrun his spiritual prosperity. The soul was to guard the body, the things which belong to eternity were to govern those pertaining to time. He even makes the prosperity of the soul the standard of the body's health, and though he wishes "above all things that Gaius may prosper and be in health," it is only in proportion to the prosperity of his soul.

If this rule is to be applied to us individually, how many are there who would have no claim to their bodily health, while their soul was sick and blind, and deaf and dumb? And yet the Apostle considered it the safer rule, and his prayer for Gaius was but the endorsement of that earlier wisdom, which declared that "the prosperity of fools destroy them."

This is the most solemn and frequent lesson of our day. Unconsecrated wealth, bringing forth unlimited desires, uncontrollable passions, and sin of every kind when it finished brings forth sin and shame and death all around us. Who can forget in this connection, the clever, godless, unscrupulous men, who but a little while ago were a romance of commercial prosperity, whose abuse of it led to the greatest of social crimes, and after whose footsteps shame and death followed hard. Many fearful examples the country has had that the health of the body is closely connected with the welfare of the soul. "There is a way that seemeth right to a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." The prosperity of the soul! This is the measure by which we must meet all earthly goods; the standard of our desires and prayers, both for ourselves and those we love. And though it be far above us, let us try to touch it, lay hold of it, and finally make it the condition of our every hope. For, when we are willing that both ourselves and those we love should prosper only as our "souls prosper," we shall not be far from that state which has the promise of "all other good things added unto it."

## SPEAK FOR CHRIST.

Speak for your Lord and Master. You tell me you are nervous. Never mind your nervousness. Try once. If you break down a half-dozen times, try again: you shall find your talents increase. It is wonderful how these breakdowns do more good than one keeping on. Just deliver your soul of what is in it. Get your heart red-hot, and then, like some volcano, that is heaving in its inner bowels, let the hot lava of your speech run streaming down. You need not care for the graces of oratory, nor the refinement of eloquence, but speak what you know; show them your Saviour's wounds; bid his sorrow speak to them, and it will be marvelous how your stammering tongue shall be all the better an instrument because it does stammer, for that God "hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, things which are not, to bring to naught things that are."—*Spurgeon*.

## WHO DID BEST?

An interesting story is told of a great captain, who, after a battle, was talking over the events of the day with his officers. He asked them who had done the best that day. Some spoke of one man who had fought very bravely, and some of another. "No," said he, "you are all mistaken. The best man in the field to-day was a soldier who was just lifting his arm to strike an enemy, but, when he heard the trumpet sound a retreat, checked himself, and dropped his arm without striking a blow. That perfect and ready obedience to the will of his general is the noblest thing that has been done to-day." And nothing pleases God so much as absolute and unhesitating obedience.

God only knows how blessed he could make us if we would but let him.

If a man is faithful to truth, truth will be faithful to him. He need have no fears. His success is a question of time.—*Professor Phelps*.

God screens us evermore from premature ideas. Our eyes are hidden that we can not see things that stare us in the face, until the hour arrives when the mind is ripened, and the time when we saw them is not like a dream.

A truly humble-minded man, who trusts in God, may have many arrows shot at him; but they do not hurt. He lies too low; they all pass over him, for God exalts him above them.—*Central Baptist*.

Anything which makes religion its second object makes religion no object. God will put up with a great many things in the human heart, but there is one thing he will not put up with in it—a second place. He who offers God a second place offers him no place.

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