

## TRIAL SANCTIFIED.

BY M. M. T.

I lay my cares and griefs away  
Like flowers, to press within a book,  
That when, upon some thoughtful day,  
I turn the leaves on them to look,  
Some memory sweet to me may come  
Of duty done for Jesus' sake;  
Of peace, from loss and sorrow born,  
The world can neither give nor take.

The year, with folded leaves, will hide  
All care and grief, all sin and loss,  
If Thou, dear Lord, wilt with me 'bide,  
To sanctify my every cross.

## The Pulpit.

## THE BLESSED MAN IN THIS LIFE.

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

"Blessed is the man that endureth temptation."—Jas. i. 12.

It does seem very startling at first sight that the blessed man should be described in this way. Notice, it does not say, "Blessed is the man that is tempted," nor "Blessed is the man that is tried by temptation." No, "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation." That is to say, the man who bears up under it, survives it, is not led aside by it, but endures it as gold endures the fire.

But observe, first, that it does not say, "Blessed is the man who is never tempted." I am sure that word has often been on our lips when we have been in the sharp fire of the enemy. We have said, "Blessed is the man who is never tried, never afflicted, never tempted. Oh when shall we get to the place where there shall be none of these trials and temptations?" But James says not, "Blessed is the man who is not tempted," but "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation."

Look, sirs, suppose we are professing Christians to-night, and as such, think that we have a genuine faith in Christ—that we have a bright hope of heaven—that we have a pure and fervent love to God—that we have in ourselves received the gifts and grace of the Holy Spirit, and that we are certainly the children of God: that is a flattering belief, and tends greatly to our present comfort; but suppose none of these have been tried. It would be a very presumptuous and unwise thing for us to pronounce ourselves blessed; for when such trial shall come—and come it will to us all in life or in death—suppose all our happy signs and cheering tokens should fail us. We cannot say that we are blessed till our graces have been tried and we have endured the test in God's great proof-house, then we are blessed, but not till then. He is blessed who has had his faith tried, who having been put into the furnace, has by that faith in God been made to walk safely amid the flaming coals, and to come out unharmed. Untried faith is questionable faith. Is it faith at all? Was there ever in this world a believer altogether without trouble, or a grain of faith which had undergone no trial?

Blessed, then, is the man that endureth trial. I would not like to have everything about me untried. You would hardly like to sleep in a bed concerning which you were not sure that it might not be damp and cause your death. One would not like to buy a house that he had never seen, or a yoke of oxen that he had never tried, or even a chess which he had not tasted. If your religion has never been tested, you can hardly be described as "blessed." "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation."

It may seem a fine thing to have a religion that you lay aside on Monday morning, after having carefully brushed it; it may seem correct and proper to put your Sunday religion into a box, with a sprig of lavender, or something to keep away the moth. But it is an awful farce. Your godliness will come out again on Saturday evening with your clean linen, and you will be very gracious on Sunday morning when you have put on your new suit and your sanctity, your hat and your heavenly-mindedness. As for the week—well, you do not want to wear your religion out too soon, and therefore you do not use it on Monday. You have other manners for Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. This is a wretched comedy. O, sirs, the sooner you burn such a religion the better! You need to have a religion which is tested every day in the week, and which stands you in good stead because it can endure the test. You are blessed if you have a religion which God gives, which God tries, which God sustains, which God accepts. As an uncultivated garden is no garden, so untried godliness is no godliness. A faith that will not bear strain and test is no faith. A love that cannot endure a temptation is no love to God at all. See, then, he is not blessed who is screened from temptation, but he is blessed whose faith, and hope, and love, and every grace will bear trial.

In these times, we need not wish for more temptations, for they are all around us. Men who live in

London need not go across the street to meet the devil. The very atmosphere of a great city is close and hot with the reek of sin. As flies in summer, so will temptations torment you, go where you may. Men of business, you need not ask for temptations; they are thick in every trade; they multiply like gnats. They swarm in the factory, the counting-house, the exchange, and the shop. The Christian man in public need not sigh for temptations; they will not be ashamed to solicit him in the open streets. This age tests the backbone of every Christian. A man had need to be a man at such an hour as this. We must not be dwarfs nor spiritual consumptives now. We have come into the very thick of the fight, and woe to the man who cannot endure temptation; but blessed is the man who can bear it even to the end. Dear sister in Christ, you think yourself patient! Have you any pain? Have you endured the loss of children or husband? If not, make not too sure of your patience. But blessed are they whose patience has endured the open grave, the constant gnawing at the heart, the bitterness of poverty, and the agony of an every day struggle for bread. The men who bear affliction in a gracious manner, these are the blessed people, for they have a patience that has been tested, a faith that has passed the ordeal, a love that has been more than a conqueror in trial. These, according to our text are the blessed people. The Holy Ghost pronounces them such.

And they are blessed among other things for this reason: because they have endured temptation through their love to God. Read the text again, "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation: for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised"—to them that endure temptation! No, "to them that love Him." So that those who endure temptation rightly endure it because they love God. They say to themselves, "How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?" They cannot fall into sin because it would grieve Him who loves them so well, and whom they love with all their hearts. To abstain from sin for any reason is so far good; but yet, you may abstain from sin from a motive which will lend no virtue to your abstinence. Some abstain from sin from fear of men, or from hope of gain; as the thief is honest when he sees the policeman, and the beggar becomes pious when a dole is to be killed another sin, as the miser shuns profligacy because he is too mean to spend his money riotously. But to abstain from sin because you love God—ay, that is the thing. To cease from evil ways because the Lord Jesus has loved you and given Himself for you, and you have been led to put your sole trust in the merit of His precious blood, this is a genuine work of grace. You love Him because He first loved you, and then you say, "Now will I with holy earnestness keep myself clean from every sin, and fly from everything that is not upright, and true, and honest, and kind, and good, and pure. I will purge myself, by the help of God's Divine Spirit, from all filthiness of the flesh and of the spirit." When you endure temptation out of love to God, then you are blessed.

"Well," says one, "I do not see the peculiar blessedness of this." You would, dear friend, if you had ever possessed it. I do not need for a moment to explain to the child of God what a blessed condition he is in who has endured temptation out of love to God: for there is first a main element of blessedness in the fact that it is a blessed thing to love God.

Then there arises out of the endurance of temptation a sense of God's acceptance. The text saith, "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, for he is approved;" that is the New Version, and a very correct one, too. Not so much when he is tried, but when he has been tried—when he has been put into the firing pot, and has come out warranted to be real unalloyed gold; when he is proved and therefore approved, then he shall receive the crown of life.

After the tried man stood against temptation, God says of him, "Now I know that thou fearest me," as he said concerning Abraham after he had tried him. "Now I know that thou fearest God." This approval of God breeds a holy delight in the soul. The soul becomes conscious of the approbation of God; and I venture to say that any man who has felt that approbation in his heart knows the beginning of heaven. Blessed is that man who consciously enjoys his Maker's approval, who can stand up before the infinitely Holy One, and say, "Al-though I have sinned, my Lord Jesus has washed me in His blood, and the Holy Spirit has helped me to resist the temptations which once overcame me; and I know that the gracious Father approves me." This, is, indeed, blessedness; I know

nothing to exceed it. Blessed is the man that steadfastly endures temptation, for the Lord Himself is well pleased with him.

There comes over the back of this a number of things to help to make such a man blessed; for he has great thankfulness in his soul. "O God," he says, "I thank thee that I have been kept while passing through those temptations." He is as glad as one who has been taken out of a burning house. I have known what it is to escape from a strong temptation without falling into it, and I think I have felt as grateful to God as a man would be who had seen a shark after him, and had almost been between its jaws, and had just slipped away as he heard the monster close his mouth with a snap. I remember standing under a building which was in course of erection and seeing a mass of stone fall from a great height just in front of me. What a thud it made! How narrow was my escape! How I started! But what joy filled my heart! So it is when one is delivered from temptation which began to overpower the heart.

It helps to make a man blessed when his mind is filled with holy gratitude to God who has preserved him.

"Kept alive with death so near,  
I to God the glory give."

says the man; and he is blessed by the thankfulness which he so gladly expresses.

Besides, another feeling comes over him—that of deep humility. "Oh," says he, "what a wonder of grace I am! However is it that I have escaped such peril? With such a base nature as mine, how have I been kept from destruction? I shall to-morrow perish and fall unless the Lord Himself be still my helper."

Putting his trust in God, that sense of his own nothingness, accompanied with a sense of his perfect security in God, makes him feel exceedingly happy. Hence such a man who has been hunted by temptation and driven into the cleft of the rock Christ Jesus, enjoys a very singular and remarkable blessedness.

And, once more, he enjoys a fearlessness of heart. It must be an awful thing to go about the world and feel, "I fell under the temptation the other day, and I would not have it known for all the world. I fell into the vile deed on such an occasion; and if it were known, where should I be?" Poor wretch! how a head of a man under that situation without wishing to be in it; but that must be heaven to the position of men who are conscious that they have not been true to conscience or true to God, and yet have kept up a flaming profession. What poor creatures are those jackdaws who strut about in feathers which are not their own! A guilty conscience is the back door to hell. But he who knows that, before God, he has stood though tempted, and that though often assailed he has never been vanquished, can walk through the world and care for no man. The tormented tongue of slander has no power with him; he has an antidote against the venom of malice. The noise and strife of this world can little distress him, for innocence walls him up against the onslaught of the enemy. He stands like a rock in the midst of the raging billows, for God has given him steadfastness of soul; and is not that blessedness? If it is not, I cannot tell what is. Young men beginning the Christian life, pray that you may be helped to endure temptation, for in that endurance lies blessedness, like a pearl within a rough oyster-shell. All of you that take the name of Christ upon you, ask for grace to stand fast in your integrity, for as the beauty of the palm is its uprightness, so is integrity the glory of the man. Ask for power to stand against every wind and wave, because you have heard Christ's word, and have practised them, and are therefore like houses that are built upon rocks. Ask for grace that your piety may be such as will stand every assault of the world, the flesh and the devil, for "blessed is the man that endureth temptation."

So ready are we to sin, that to prevail over one temptation is a great joy; to have overcome many temptations is a multitudinous blessedness; to have overcome them all will be an infinite heaven. The poet Spencer seems to anticipate that he shall all be overcome if the battle last long enough: just as a famous politician was wont to say that every man has his price. At any rate, it will be a great rapture to fight out the last conflict and conquer in it. Oh to be victorious in our last Armageddon! It will be a joy worth worlds to disprove the Spencerian stanza which I have alluded to, which may well make the boldest tremble:

"But all in vain; no fort can be so strong,  
No fleshly breast can armed be so sound,  
But will at last be won with battery long,  
Or unwarmed at disadvantage found.  
Nothing is sure that grows on earthly ground."

And who most trusts in arm of fleshly might,  
And boasts in beauty's chain not to be bound,  
Doth soonest fall in disadventurous fight,  
And yields his caitiff neck to victors most despite."

With this dark prophecy ringing in our ears, we can truly call him blessed who endures right on, and never starts aside, let the test be what it may.

## "AM I HIS?"

I went to our weekly prayer-meeting last Wednesday night. I always go when I can, though I am sure to take cold, the air is so chilly. I noticed two or three strangers in one corner of the dimly lighted room and wondered who they were. The minister opened the services by giving out a sepulchral hymn, which was sung in the usual doleful style. He then prayed his stereotyped prayer, in which he confessed with great minuteness and prolixity all the sins of which we are not specially guilty, and expressed a feeble, halting faith in God's pardoning love through Jesus Christ. After the prayer he announced as the second hymn:

"'Tis a point I long to know;  
Oft it causes anxious thought,  
Do I love the Lord or no?  
Am I his, or am I not?"

He exhorted us all to sing it with the spirit and the understanding. The singing was sad enough to suit the most despondent heart. I noticed during the singing that the strangers in the corner seemed very restless, and held a whispered consultation. As soon as the hymn was finished one of them, a small, lurch-backed man with a high forehead, an aquiline nose, and an eye that seemed to look into your very soul, arose and said:

"Brethren, I am Paul, sometimes called the apostle to the Gentiles. I am a missionary journeying with my friends and fellow laborers, Peter and John, 'who were in Christ before me.' We heard that there was to be a prayer-meeting here this evening, so we came in, hoping to be refreshed and edified. But brethren, if your prayers and songs represent your religion, it is not that which we believe in and preach. We do not say, as you sing, 'I long to know.' But we say, 'I know in whom I have believed.' We do not have anxious thoughts as you seem to have. We cast all our care upon him who careth for us. 'And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God.' I have just been writing a letter to the Philippians. But I told them to 'rejoice in the Lord.' I repeated the exhortation, saying, 'Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say rejoice.' And in a letter to the Thessalonians which I sent when a prisoner at Rome, I commanded them to 'rejoice evermore.' When Silas and I were in the dungeon we did not sing any such doleful hymns as you sing here. If we had the prison would not have been shaken. We praised God while our feet were fast in the stocks. Brethren, 'ye are come unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first born which are written in heaven, and to Jesus the mediator of the new covenant.' Yes, if you believe in Christ you have come. You are not in captivity that you should hang your harps on the willows or sing doleful dirges. You have entered upon the glorious liberty of the sons of God. Away then with all your doubts and fears. Rejoice in the Lord always and again I say rejoice."

He sat down, and a rough, earnest looking man arose. He said, "I am Simon Peter an apostle of Jesus Christ, and I say unto you strangers, 'Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ which, according to his abundant mercy, hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled and that faded not away, reserved in heaven for you, who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation, wherein ye greatly rejoice.' There are given to us exceeding great and precious promises, that by these ye might be partakers of the divine nature." If ye suffer for righteousness' sake happy are ye; yea, rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings, that when his glory shall be revealed ye may be glad also with exceeding joy. I heard the Lord Jesus say, 'I am the door; by me if any man enter in he shall be saved.' You all know whether you have entered the door or not. And if you have entered it you have his promise that you shall be saved. What right, then, have you to be asking, 'Am I his or am I not?'"

He sat down and the third stranger arose. He was younger than the other two. His face was like that of an angel. His voice was as musical as a woman's. He said:

"Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the sons of God

... Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him. We know that we have passed from death unto life because we love the brethren. Hereby know we that we dwell in him and he in us, because he hath given us of his Spirit. And this is the record, that God hath given unto us eternal life, and this life is in his Son. He that believed in the Son of God hath the witness in himself. I speak unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God, that ye may know that ye have eternal life. And this is the confidence we have in him, that if we ask anything according to his will he heareth us. O my brethren, how can any one who believes in such a Saviour as ours be sad? You ought to rejoice in the Lord always, as our beloved brother Paul says. The joy of the Lord is your strength. Your doubts and fears dishonor God and grieve the loving heart that bled for you on the cross. They are not evidences of humility, but of ingratitude and willful wicked unbelief. Sing again, sing:

"Give to the winds thy fears!"  
The singing woke me. I had dozed and dreamed while the minister was offering his long prayer. Yet Paul, Peter and John were there. They were not sitting in the corner as I imagined, but they were in the Bible. Their words of joy and hope which came to me in my dream, were before the minister, in the Holy Book. But instead of reading them and thus cheering our hearts, he would read all the wars in the old prophets. I have often wondered what the apostles and primitive Christians would say if they should return to the earth and attend some of our prayer meetings.

OBADIAH OLDSCHOOL,  
—In Interior.

## LONELY LABORERS.

Many Christians have to endure the solitude of unnoticed labor. They are serving God in a way which is exceedingly useful, but not at all noticeable. How very sweet to many workers are those little corners of the newspapers and magazines which describe their labors and successes; yet some who are doing what God will think a great deal more of at the last never saw their names in print. Yonder beloved brother is plodding away in a country village; nobody knows anything about him, but he is bringing the angels acquainted with him, and a few precious ones who he has led to Jesus know him well.

Perhaps yonder sister has a class in the Sunday-school; nothing striking in her or in her class; nobody thinks of her as a remarkable worker; she is a flower that blooms almost unseen, but she is none the less fragrant.

There is a Bible-woman; she is mentioned in the report as making so many visits a week, but nobody discovers all she is doing for the poor and needy, and how many are saved in the Lord through her instrumentality. Hundreds of God's dear servants are serving him without the encouragement of man's approving eye, yet they are not alone; the Father is with them.

Never mind where you work; care more about how you work; never mind who sees if God approves. If he smiles, be content. We cannot always be sure when we are most useful. It is not the acreage you sow, it is the multiplication which God gives the seed which makes up the harvest. You have less to do with being successful than with being faithful. Your main comfort is that in your labor you are not alone. For God, the Eternal One, who guides the marches of the stars, is with you.—Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

## THE PILLAR OF LOVE.

In a certain district in Russia, there is to be seen, in a solitary place, a pillar with this inscription: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend." That pillar tells a touching tale, of which many must have heard. It was a wild region infested with wolves, and as a little party travelled along, it soon became plain that these were on their track. The pistols were fired; one horse after another was left to the ravenous wolves, till, as they came nearer and nearer and nothing else remained to be tried, the faithful servant, in spite of the expostulations of his master, threw himself into the midst of them, and by his own death saved his master. That pillar marks the spot where his bones were found; that inscription records the only instance of attachment. But there is another, nobler still. There is another pillar, and on it I read, "Herein is love, not that we love God, but that he loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins." That pillar is the Bible—the noble pillar of Scripture—written all over with loving words, and telling of salvation.—Sel.

Ho! for Christmas.  
1885!LEMON'S  
VARIETY STORE!  
(Established 1844.)

Boys and Girls supplied with all Christmas Knickknacks.

Sleds and Sleighs; Moccasins and Snow-shoes, Blackboards, Cars, Blocks, Gun-boats, 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 GRATE 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, PATENT ROCKERS, &c.

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

EASY CHAIRS.

Furniture of all kinds

and qualities in large Warerooms.

Feathers, Mattresses and Spring Beds, Women-wire Mattresses, (Open-top 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—

Lemon & 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 months 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.

T. W. Smith's

GREAT HOLIDAY SALE

—OF—

OVERCOATS,

Boys' Ulsters and Reefers,

Tremendously Cheap, Call and See.

LINERS, DRAWERS, & READY-MADE CLOTHING FOR BOTH MEN AND BOYS. VERY CHEAP.

Men's Overalls, Trunks and Valises.

The Cheapest in the Market.

FUR AND CLOTH CAPS.

Will be sold regardless of Cost.

LADIES' SACQUE CLOTHS.

At a Great Sacrifice.

OVERCOATING IN EVERY STYLE.

Exceedingly Cheap.

BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBERS,

AND OVERSHOES.

At Low Price.

The above goods, with a variety too numerous to mention, must be sold to make room for Spring Importations. Be sure to call and examine stock.

Call in the Tailoring and Custom Department, we cannot be outdone in Style, Neatness and Fitting, by any others in the trade.

Our Stock of Cloths is large, of the latest and best makes, and will be made up to order and satisfaction guaranteed.

THOMAS W. SMITH,

Fisher's Building,

QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON.

decl44

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 Worsted Overcoatings, Diagonal and Corkscrew Coatings, Worsted 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.

Sabbath School Libraries

AT HALL'S BOOK STORE,

FREDERICTON.

SABBATH SCHOOL BOOKS

AT HALL'S BOOK STORE,

FREDERICTON.

SABBATH SCHOOL PAPERS

AT HALL'S BOOK STORE,

FREDERICTON.

SABBATH SCHOOL CARDS

AT HALL'S BOOK STORE,

SUPPLY'S REGISTERS

AT HALL'S BOOK STORE,

S. SCHOOL CLASS BOOKS

AT HALL'S BOOK STORE,

FREDERICTON.

LIBRARIANS' BOOKS

AT HALL'S BOOK STORE,

Very Low Prices.

M. S. HALL,

Opposite Normal School,

FREDERICTON.

may13-1y