

What will Heaven be?

What will heaven be?
A place where all is gain,
Where souls are free from stain,
Where hearts can feel no pain
Through all eternity.

What will heaven be?
A place where blessings flow,
Where curse and want and woe
And death we shall not know
Through all eternity.

What will heaven be?
A day without a night,
With Christ the source of light,
In His effulgent bright
Through all eternity.

What will heaven be?
A place more beautiful far
Than gem or shining star,
Where saints God's jewels are
Through all eternity.

Christian Intelligencer.

Memorial Service.

Sermon preached in the Temple Barrington by the Revd. T. H. Siddall May 8th.

In memory of the late captain Charles E. Stanley; who with all the crew were lost on the voyage from Rangoon to England.

Scriptures read: First and one hundred and forty-fifth Psalms, Text, Psalm 112:4.

"Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness."

The designations of a Christian in the old testament are marked by great simplicity and oneness of idea. "A good man, just, perfect, righteous, upright," all expressive of God, and divine qualities in man, God-likeness, which in some degree characterise the upright. Each and all the words—designations—express the character of God: "Good and upright is the Lord," and "is just and holy in all His ways."

By "His light we walk through darkness." The darkness of life's tangled maze; sorrows gloom; and death's dark night. For "light is sown for the righteous."

"In darkest shades if thou appear, My dawn is begun: Thou art my soul's bright morning star, And thou my rising sun."

The general truth of the text, is richly expressed in the comforting words of Christ, "Lo I am with you always."

"Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me."

Words truly rare, precious, in the hour of storm, death and bereavement. "Cast upon God in such hours, the 'helpless soul,' cries:—

"Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide:
O, receive my soul at last."

1. The upright, who are they? Not the sinless. "For all have sinned," but the "upright in heart." In affection, desire, and purpose. Made so by the manifold grace of God. Having a bright aim, and can say, "my soul followeth hard after thee; thy right hand upholdeth me." Also, "whom have I in heaven but thee! and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee." Possessed by singleness of object and purpose. Ruled by the "one thing"; "but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press to-ward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

Living a mixed life, in a mixed world of good and evil; according to light, and opportunity, the upright seek to please God. Enjoying an ever deepening sense of His presence which is light. For "God is light." An ever-present voice saying, "let there be light," revealed in pressing obligation and duty. Our brother heard that voice, and obeyed its invitation. He broke with the darkness of sin, its spirit and rule, he entered into the light of divine service, and was baptized by Elder McKeown, April 9th, 1882, and united with this church. About two years ago for the first time I met with him. During his visit home after a long absence, we had some special meetings in which he took part. His testimonies were marked by devotedness, directness and decision. He was ever willing to show himself on the Lord's side. He was deeply interested in Temperance at home and abroad and upheld his principles with zeal and energy; he aided us in putting a stop to the clandestine sale of liquor around the shores. The manifest features of his character, were manliness, reality, and frankness. A high sense of duty combined with breadth and firmness of principle characterised the outflow of his life. Beloved as husband, father, brother and friend; esteemed and noticed by his employers, he sought to walk uprightly in the fear of God.

The Revd. S. P. Long of the Seaman's Mission, Rangoon, writes to his widow. "We all have been much affected by the sad news of the good ship 'Charles Connell,' which your husband commanded. I was much on board the vessel, and not only learned

many good things of your husband, but also to love him very much. We here mourn with you; and hope with a genuine hope to meet and greet friend Captain Stanley, in a world where shipwrecks do not occur. We are glad to enclose letters written to the papers of this city testifying to the good impression he left when among us."

The mother of a boy, one of the crew, writing to the owners as to the chances of the vessel ever arriving, mentions in her letter something her son had written. "He says the captain is a very cautious God-fearing, christian man, which I was pleased to hear. He conducts family worship every night. It is a great comfort to me at this time to think of the many blessings that Andrew received on board the 'Charles Connell.' What a blessed testimony! From all parts of the world where he had been, like witness is given to his integrity and Christian truthness."

2. The darkness—its nature and character. Sin is darkness. Lovers of sin, the sin-bound, dwell in darkness. Not of necessity but of choice. "He giveth day, thou hast thy choice, To walk in darkness still."

"He giveth day," "the day spring from on high hath visited us, to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet in the way of peace."

"For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Now the voice of the gracious spirit is come, "walk in the light of the Lord."

The darkness—mystery—of life, sorrows, trials, and sad bereavements belong to all. Be we upright or not, we escape not. But what of the light and hope, "unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness." "We know in part, and what we know not now we shall know hereafter." Light clear, full, beyond. When the "morning breaks and earth's vain shadow's flee." Till then upspringing light "in the darkness," in an abiding presence, sure promises; assured help; needed light. "Who shall separate us from the love of God." "Darkness cannot hide from thee."

"There is a day of sunny rest,
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may hide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light."

"Hope thou in God. The eternal God is thy refuge; and underneath are the everlasting arms."

"Oh! words with heavenly comfort fraught!
What'er I do where'er I be, still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me."

Again the darkness of death shrouded in mystery as to much we long to know. Often do we wrestle with questions in our hours of meditation, only to reveal to us that our eyes are weak, and our sight is dim. But in reason's blindness, and nature's darkness faith lifts the gloom in light and we hear a voice saying, "I am the resurrection and the life." That is our anchorage, "the one bright light in the clouds."

Inexpressible our thoughts and feelings when by the dying—"We watched the close of all life balanced in a breath; we saw upon their features fall the awful shade of death." Before us they changed positions, out of the darkness—mystery of death into the dwellings of eternal light. Beating, throbbing hearts in responsive love, and sympathy cheered them to the "margin of the river," dark river of death. Sadly we followed their bodies to the silent land, the city of the dead. By the narrow house we stood, saw the last, the close. Not so with those whose "bodies rest beneath the surf," not so with those who wait, watch, look, listen, "for footsteps that never return." In such circumstances death indeed is darkness; loss indeed, is sad and painful. Dark night! Yes! But not starless. The stars shine brightly. "His way is in the sea, when 'thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee." And, "as thy day so shall thy strength be."

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face."

3. The light—what is it? Life, hope, consolation, rest. "In Him—Christ—was life, and the life was the light of men." Blessed life!

"The Lord is my light and my Salvation." Unto the upright. Glorious Hope! "The Lord shall be thine everlasting light." Says "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Peaceful rest! None other teacher before or since, has so spoken. Rest! The rest of life in a presence in the darkest hour, to cheer and lift. Of hope, "parent of hope immortal truth," in "precious promises."

"Tis heaven all heaven descending on the wings,
Of the glad legions of the King of Kings."

In the assurance of assured immortality. "Because I live ye shall live also." Not lost, but gone before. "They sleep in Jesus and are blest." Sleep, "I shall be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness." Where? "In the land of the hereafter." "To day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." "Absent in body present with the Lord." Absent to us in body yet present. God has given to us affections and objects for them. The objects change positions but the affections remain. Not less was Christ after His Ascension, to His disciples, but more, not less are the upright, made so by Christ, to those who remain behind. No! but more in true hearts. "The memory of the just is blessed," and a blessing. Sometimes the upright are removed hence to touch hearts dear to God, and them, and though dead yet speak.

Further there is the light imparted by promised reunion in the mansions of the just. "Where I am there shall ye be also." How rich the hope! "Religion pillows on the heart." To see Him who doeth all things well! And those who die in Him, who now, "rest from their labors." The anticipation is gladness in the Lord. By such thoughts may each and all bereaved realize that "at evening time there shall be light."

As a church we pray that the God of all comfort will comfort your hearts; and grant you the rich consolations of His Grace, imparting life, hope, peace and rest. "In His light may you see light." To all—"Be ye also ready for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh." And:—

"Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness."

The Great Salvation.

The fact of salvation, and of a great salvation, ought to drive away despair from every heart that hears of it. If you are a sinner, you are the very man for whom the gospel is intended; and I do not mean by this a merely complimentary nominal sinner, but an out-and-out rebel, a transgressor against God and man.

If you want any other argument—and I hope you do not—I would put it thus: great sinners have been saved. All sorts of sinners are being saved to day. What wonders some of us have seen! What wonders have been wrought in this Tabernacle! A man was heard at a meeting pleading in louder tones than usual; he was a sailor, and his voice was pitched to the tune of the billows. A lady whispered to a friend, "Is that Captain F—?" "Yes," said the other, "why do you ask?" "Because, the last time I heard that voice its swaying made my blood run cold; the man's oaths were beyond measure terrible. Can it be the same man?" Someone said, "Go and ask him." The lady said, "Are you the same captain I heard swearing in the street?" "Well," said he, "I am the same person; and yet, thank God, I am not the same!" O, brethren, such were some of ourselves!

I was reading the other day of an old shepherd who had never attended a place of worship; but when he had grown gray, and was near to die, he was drawn by curiosity into the Methodist chapel, and all was new to him. Hard-hearted old fellow as he was, he was noticed to shed tears during the sermon. He saw that there was mercy even for him. The surprise was great when he was seen at the chapel, and greater still when, at the Monday night, he was at the prayer-meeting; yes, and heard at the prayer-meeting, for he fell down on his knees and praised God that he had found mercy. Do you wonder that the Methodist shouted, "Bless the Lord?" Whenever Christ is preached the most wicked of men and women are made to sit at the Saviour's feet, "clothed, and in their right minds." Why should it not be so with you? At any rate, we have full proof of the fact that sinnership is no reason for despair.—C. H. Spurgeon.

WHY?

I would like to have a few quiet words with you.
Do you not see that you are cultivating a habit of fretfulness? How easily angry words spring to your lips. How often you say things you would gladly unsay, but you cannot change the direction of the arrow after it has left the bow.

How often do you throw a dark shadow on hearts on which should fall only the tranquil light of peace. Have you not noticed when in the woods the birds cease their singing at the loud tones of the passer-by? No wood-bird is so shy as the joy birds of the heart. When they hear the angry tone or chiding word, they are silent. And how many joy-birds you have silenced in the nest of the heart!

"But I didn't mean it. I didn't say anything."
Aye, but you did mean it. You

have learned (oh, sad knowledge) how to cut deeply with a sentence that seems to have no edge, except for the ear for whom you intend the wound. And you need not deny it, for you deliberately made that gash in the happy heart of one who ought to be dearer to you than life.

And do you not see that these words are streams that channel deeper the gulf of alienation between you and your loved ones? This gulf once made is not easily filled.

And yet how one sympathizing, affectionate word from you would change tears to smiles!

Why do you cultivate this cruel tendency? Does it make you better or stronger? Do you go to your task with quicker step because you have assassinated happiness in a human heart?

"But do you think I can overcome this tendency to angry and cruel speech?"

Yes, I do. One of the best friends I ever had was an old gentleman who died at the ripe age of eighty years. He was a Christian. He was genial, charming. I can see now the merry twinkle in his eye. Yet he told me that in a certain period of his life, he found the tendency to peevishness, fretfulness, growing upon him. He had a sharp talk with himself, and determined to cultivate another habit, and he did it.

Why cannot you?—New Theology Herald.

The Duty of Refusing to Do Good.

Every pastor and preacher is invited, and is expected, to do good in more directions than are really open to him, in the possibilities of time and strength and clear demands of personal duty as pastor and preacher. Unless he learns to refuse resolutely to do much of the good while others think he might do, he will fail to do all of the good which he ought to do; as, indeed many a pastor and preacher has thus failed, through trying to do the good outside of his proper sphere which he ought to have refused to attempt to do. Every philanthropic business man, every large-hearted capitalist, every well-disposed and sensible citizen, is asked, day by day, to have a share in well-doing to an extent that would cripple him for efficient service in any one sphere of right endeavor, if he attempted a favorable response to all of these appeals which he recognizes as in the direction of unmistakable good. He must decide what good to do, and what good to refuse to do, or he will do no good as he ought to do it. No man anywhere can begin his daily task in the morning without practically refusing to give help in a thousand directions to those who are sick, who are sorrowing, who are starving, who are oppressed, or who in some way are in bitter need at points where he could give them help if it were not his duty to do something else just then instead of doing good in that way. In fact, all the good that is done in the world is done at the cost of the doer's refusal to do some other good instead of that good. And so it ever must be.

The real question for every man to consider is not, What good can I do? but, What good ought I to do? The surgeon could prematurely leave the patient on whom he was operating; but he ought not to do so. So in the case of the foreman of the fire department, or the coast-guard commander, or the wife and mother watching and nursing, what could be done is a possibility in two directions, what ought to be done is a possibility in only one direction. A capitalist could give all his money away at once to relieve the sufferers by an earthquake, or a pestilence, or a flood, or a conflagration; but that is no proof that he ought to do this. A pastor, or a business man, could turn aside from the special interests committed to his charge, and spend all his time and strength in ministering to personal sufferings in other spheres than that which he has promised to fill; but it may be his duty not to do this, in spite of the possibility of its doing. The good which a man ought to do, he ought to do; and the good which a man ought not to do, he ought not to do—even if he could.—S. S. Times.

The Turning Point in Earl Shaftesbury's Life.

The incident which influenced his whole career and led him towards a life of philanthropy was indeed a strange one. It occurred when he had been at Harrow about two years, and was yet a boy between fourteen and fifteen. He was one day walking along down Harrow Hill, when he was startled by hearing a great shouting in a side street; and then he beheld a coffin carried by four or five drunken men. Staggering as they turned the corner, they let their burden fall, and then broke out into foul and horrible language. Horrified at the sickening spectacle, he gazed

spell-bound, and then exclaimed, "Can this be permitted, simply because the man was poor and friendless?" And before the horrid sound of the drunken songs had died in the distance, he had resolved to devote his life to the cause of the poor and friendless.

Nearly seventy years afterwards when walking down the same hill with Dr. Butler, the son of his old master, his companion asked him if he could remember any particular incident which induced him to dedicate his life to the cause of the poor and wretched.

"It is almost extraordinary that you should ask me that here," he said, "for it was within ten yards of the spot where we are now standing that I first resolved to make the cause of the poor my own." And he then told Dr. Butler the incident just recorded. Mr. Hodder suggests that a suitable monument should be erected there, such as a stone seat, like that which marks the spot above the vale of Keston, where Wilberforce conversed with Pitt, and determined to bring forward the question of the abolition of slavery.—The Quiver.

His Love To Me.

To an invalid friend, who was a trembling, doubting believer, a clergyman once said, "When I leave you, I shall go to my residence, if the Lord will; and when there, the first thing that I expect to do is to call for a baby that is in the house. I expect to place her on my knee, and look down into her sweet eyes, and listen to her charming prattle; and, tired as I am, her presence will rest me, for I love that child with unutterable tenderness."

But the fact is, she does not love me; or, to say the most for her, she loves me very little. If my heart were breaking under the burden of a crushing sorrow, it would not disturb her sleep. If my body were racked with excruciating pain, it would not interrupt her play with her dolls. If I was dead, she would be amused in watching my pale face and closed eyes. If my friends came to remove the corpse to the place of burial, she would probably clap her hands in glee, and in two or three days totally forget her papa. Besides this, she has never brought me in a penny, but has been a constant expense on my hands ever since she was born. Yet although I am not rich in the world's possessions, there is not money enough in this world to buy my baby. How is it? Does she love me, or do I love her? Do I withhold my love until I know she loves me? Am I waiting for her to do something worthy of my love before extending it to her?

"Oh, I see it," said the sick man, while the tears ran down his cheeks. "I see it clearly; it is not my love to God, but God's love to me I ought to be thinking about; and I do love Him now as I never loved Him before." From that time his peace was like a river.

Rest of Soul.

Christ is the "Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley." Believers are the best that swarm about the rose, sighing, rejoicing, lunging, and enjoying; flitting around it, either with the wings of prayer, or the opinions of delight; and there is no end to the humming about this flower, both day and night, in the true Church. From it we derive our honey every day—forgiveness, peace, courage, and strength; and its fullness is inexhaustible. Many Christians are indeed, only working bees: day after day they swarm and flutter about the Rose, and never properly attain to rest. But how great is their folly!

Observe on a summer's evening how other bees act, and then go and do likewise. Wearied by the heat and labor of the day they slumber peacefully in the calyx of the flowers. The latter inclose them with their tender petals, and the gentle whispers of the evening zephyr rock the reposing and well-secured insect on its balmy couch. How sweet the rest! So do thou also slumber in the calyx of the Rose of Sharon. Forget thyself in thinking of Jesus. Be He thy all, and His promises, and merits the covering over thee, and the pillow beneath thy head. O, then, what does it matter if the tempest howls without, and croaking night-birds flutter around thee? Soft is thy couch, and the banner over thee is Love.—Krumpholtz's *Elisha*.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING.—This is the season of the year when the blood needs to be cleansed and purified. The best preparation that we know of to accomplish this is *Gates' Life of Man Bitters* and *Invigorating Syrup*, they extract the water and purify the blood, regulate the bowels, increase the appetite, excite the liver to action and renovate the whole system. A dozen bottles only cost five dollars and fifty cents, if every person should use this quantity each spring we are sure that they would save pounds in the long run as it will certainly ward off disease and save many a sickness.

Dyspeptics, Suffer no Longer.

Read the following statement:

ATLANTIC N. S., Feb. 7, 1877.

MR. CALVIN GATES:

Dear Sir,—This is to certify that I have been troubled with the Dyspepsia for about two years, and have taken almost every kind of medicine within my reach that has been prescribed for the disease, but could find no relief. I took one bottle of your BITTERS and one bottle of your INVIGORATING SYRUP, which effected a complete cure. You are at liberty to publish this for the benefit of other sufferers.

I am, respectfully yours,

MRS. W. H. GRAVES.

Sworn to before me, LACOMBE S. TUPPER.

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P. S.—Reference, by permission, to the Editor of this Paper, who has two of our Organs in his Church. Mc 4. & Co. Fredericton. mar10 ly

Notice of Sale.

TO William Rosborough, at present of the City of Fredericton, in the County of York, mason, and Elizabeth W. Rosborough his wife, and all others whom it may in any wise concern:

Notice is hereby given, that under and by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the twenty-fifth day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one, and registered in Book Q 3 of the York County Records, pages 46 to 50, under No. 31553, made between the said William Rosborough therein described as of the Parish of Kingsclear, in the County of York, mason, and Elizabeth W. his wife of the one part and Mary McLean, therein described as of the Parish of Saint Marys in the County of York, widow, of the other part, there will, for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured by the said Indenture of Mortgage, default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at Public Auction at Phoenix Square in the City of Fredericton, on Saturday, the Fourth day of June next, at twelve o'clock noon, the Lands and Premises described in the said Indenture of Mortgage as follows: "All that certain parcel of land situate lying and being in the Parish of Kingsclear, known as being called the Woodworth Place, and is abutted and bounded as follows, viz:—On the front by the River Saint John, on the lower or easterly side by land owned and occupied by Robert Forsey, on the upper or Westerly side by land occupied by the heirs of the late Stephen Lowell and on the rear by the highway road leading to Woodstock, the same containing seventy acres more or less," being the same lands deced by Letitia Mills and Betsy Ann Mills to the said William Rosborough by deed dated October 8th, A. D. 1880. Also all that certain other piece of land situate lying and being in the Parish of Kingsclear, known as being called the Mills Homestead, and is bounded as follows, viz: "On the front by the River Saint John, on the lower or easterly side by land owned by Isaac Kilburn, on the upper or westerly side by land owned by Allan Palmer and on the rear by the Queen's Highway road leading to Woodstock, the same containing thirty acres by estimation more or less," being the same lands deced by John Mills to the said William Rosborough by deed bearing date the twenty eighth day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one.

Together with all the buildings and improvements, rights, privileges and appurtenances to same belonging or appertaining. Dated the twenty-ninth day of April, A. D. 1887.

W. H. BRADLEY,
GEO. E. VAN HORNE,
Executors of the Estate of the late Mary McLean.

J. A. & W. VANWART,
Solicitors for Executors.

NOTICE OF SALE

TO be sold by Public Auction on SATURDAY, the sixteenth day of July next, between the hours of Twelve o'clock noon and five o'clock in the afternoon, in front of the County Court House in the City of Fredericton, in the County of York, all the right, title, interest, property, possession, claim and demand either at Law or in Equity of Henry Braithwaite, which he had on the Fifteenth day of February, A. D. 1887 of in or out of the following described premises, to wit: All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the Parish of Stanley, County of York and Province of New Brunswick, and bounded as follows:—Running by the magnet along the Cross Creek road south fifty-four degrees and fifteen minutes west one chain and sixty-two and one-half links to a post; thence north forty-two degrees and fifteen minutes west six chains and twenty-five links to a post, thence north fifty-four degrees and fifteen minutes east one chain and sixty-two and one-half links to a post, thence south forty-two degrees and fifteen minutes east six chains and twenty-five links to the place of beginning, being part of number seven on Cross Creek road, located to one Ed ward Speer, and containing one acre, to be together with all the buildings and improvements, privileges and appurtenances to the same belonging or appertaining, the same having been seized under and by virtue of several executions issued out of the County Court of the County of York, at the suit of William T. McLeod against the said Henry Braithwaite.

A. A. STERLING, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, F. M. N. B.,
March 25th 1887.