

"As we are known."

BY REV. L. N. CARMAN.

When we pass from mist and shadow,
When, as we are known, we know,
Face to face, with open vision,
Shall acquaintance cease to grow?

Shall the hearts we read so dimly
In our best communion here,
Weary us by full revealing,
In that morning light so clear?

Shall we miss the glad surprises
That rejoice our spirits now,
As fresh loveliness appearing
Bids us in fresh homage bow?

Nay; not thus in bliss imperiled;
Christ hath endless depths to sound;
In whose ever-deepening lessons,
Strange, new rapture shall be found.

Ay, and more; while depths exploring,
Of the Uncreated One,
Each to each shall bring revelations,
As the endless ages run.

Joy in God and in each other,
Thus shall we attain for aye;
Known and knowing, farther, better,
And more blissful alway.

So shall none be home-sick ever,
Wearisome nor wearied here,
Creature and Creator yielding,
Some new joy eternally.

—Standard.

"And What Shall This Man Do?"

I can almost see the little group gathered in the dawn of that long-ago morning, on the shore of that blue sea, "sweet Galilee!" The bronzed, rough-looking fishermen, their brawny, naked arms weary with toiling "all night in vain," and the hard work of bringing the overladen net to land. But in the lonely group we can single out three figures—two are fishers: one, more rugged and rude than the other, yet none the less attractive in his wild, fearless strength and dark beauty; his hair and beard yet dripping with the spray of the sea, as in impatient haste he leaped from the slow boat and swam ashore to greet his Master.

The other, a fair, stately man, with his fisherman's coat wrapped about him in unstudied, graceful folds, his long, curling hair falling on his neck as he sits nearest the Master at the simple meal.

Suddenly the Master turns to his impulsive disciple, saying: "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these?"

Without hesitation comes the quick answer, "Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee" and this after his bitter denial of his suffering Lord! Thrice is the question asked, and Peter, grieved at the repetition, answers: "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee!" And to him, the changeable, impulsive, daring Peter, is the strange commission given, "Feed my lambs, feed my sheep!" and then how tenderly the Master prepared him for the end he must expect: "When thou wast young thou girdest thyself, and walkest whither thou wouldest; but when thou shalt be old thou shalt stretch forth thy hands and another shall gird thee and carry thee whither thou wouldest not?" and then, "Follow me!"

I suppose Peter was silent for a time after this talk. He was a brave man, and what honor for the Lord to talk thus familiarly with him! But Peter, always first to speak, and run, and question, turning to see where his companions were, sees "the beloved disciple," quiet, tender John, "whom the Lord loved," and straightway the query flashes through his mind, "What will come to John?" and no sooner thought than spoken, "Lord, and what shall this man do?"

I do not think there could have been even the tiniest shade of unkindness or impatience in the loving rebuke. Why should I not think that the infinite love shone here as ever elsewhere? Why should I not think that the Lord paused in his walk, and laying his pierced hands on his companion's shoulders, looked into his eyes with that divine love shining in his own and creeping into the sweet, low voice as he questioned this restless, curious heart, "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? Follow thou me." No; Peter could have found naught but love and sympathy in the voice of his Lord, and he had his work set apart and ready for him; his guide and way pointed out clearly; his example and pattern, whom he was commanded to "follow," in death as in life, the Son of the living God; his welcome to eternal life assured in the glad words, "I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also." What better recompense was there to be desired? To be accounted worthy to be with Christ! And Peter did not fail the trust reposed in him. Through stripes and imprisonment, shame and cruelty, he was the same, eager, steadfast Peter!

Unmoved from the purpose and governing power of his life, though he knew the end—at least of earthly life—was a dark, blood-stained cross! How came this marvelous

transformation? Whence came the strength and patience to this hitherto constantly erring one? Listen and I will tell you in his own words: "Who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation."

And from his own heart's questionings he comforts his brethren. "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you; but rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers in Christ's sufferings; that when his glory shall be revealed, ye shall be glad also with exceeding joy."

We are too apt to censure and criticize Peter. Nobly, faithfully, prayerfully, even unto the end, did Peter carry out his Lord's command. Trustingly he accepted the sad, cruel end. Lovingly did he feed the helpless lambs and the sheep of "the chief shepherd's" fold.

Dear, loving Peter! If we could be half as true and loyal, we should do well.—R. E. A., in *Journal*.

Stormy-Night Meetings.

Be particular to go to the prayer-meeting on stormy evenings.

I. Because your pledge covers stormy evenings as well as other evenings. If you are well and strong there is no reason why it is not just as much your duty to go on stormy nights as on other nights.

II. Because you are particularly needed then. Some cannot and ought not to go out on stormy nights. It is our duty to care for our health. But others always go to business, however stormy. These have no excuse for not attending prayer-meetings on stormy evenings. If there are young ladies who would go to a party, even in storm, then by all that is consistent they are required, not only by their pledge, and by others, but most of all by their own conscience to go. You are needed especially, withal, on a stormy night. The leader needs your support.

III. But, best of all, stormy evening meetings are often the best meetings. How cozy is the home scene, with warmth and brightness inside, while the storm rages outside! So is the prayer-meeting. After our walk to the church the room seems all the brighter. The company, too, is select. The wavering and cold are kept at home. Here are Christ's choice servants. The fellowship is more complete.

IV. A stormy-night meeting is the place in all the world for the weak disciples. The timidity which comes with a large and crowded room has no place here. Unwonted courage comes, and many a meeting on a dark, stormy night has revealed among the timid unexpected ability.

V. A meeting of this sort is a good opportunity to remove formality. Do not permit yourselves to be scattered around the room. Make a semicircle of a few chairs in one corner, and bring all there. Suggest that one respond after another, as they are seated. Let the leader begin aright, not rising stiffly, but trying to conduct himself as though the meeting were held in some room of a house. I have often known a meeting on a most unpropitious night, signalized by the taking part of some whose voices had never been heard.

I often look back with amusement to my first rainy night meeting. I sat in my study waiting for the ringing of the bell. At last I went to the church, only to find it all dark. Meeting the sexton the next day, I was informed that the pastor before had ordered that no bell be rung on a rainy evening. I countermanded that order, and said that there would always be a meeting, even should it rain in torrents. And as I look back to those days, I recall what heavenly places we found on some of those nights, and how true we found the promise concerning the place "where two or three are gathered together in my name."

—Baptist Weekly.

The Indwelling Word.

If we really get the Word of God into our hearts it will transform our lives. Its truths are not merely for knowledge, but every one of them has to do with life. Canon Westcott says: "The noblest truths are not given to us for an intellectual luxury, still less for a moral opiate of spiritual charm. They are for the inspiration of our whole being, for the hallowing and for the bracing of every power, outward and inward, with which we are endowed, and for use in the busy fields of common duty."

The words of Christ are spirit and life. A little grain of musk hidden in one corner of a large drawer filled with garments, will soon pour its pungent odor through the whole drawer, saturating every thread. So does the Word of God, truly hidden in the human heart, touch and saturate with its holy sweetness the whole life. In a German tale a wonderful lamp set in a fisherman's hut changes the rude hovel and all its poor furniture to silver. The Divine word is a heavenly lamp, which when set in a sinful human

life transforms it all from glory to glory, until it stands at last in transfigured beauty before God.

One invariable effect of this indwelling will be the cleansing of the life. We must be cleansed to "polished shafts" in God's hands for His use. An old writer says: "Be thyself blameless of that which thou rebukest. He that cleanses a blot with blotted fingers makes a greater blot. And no earthly word will cleanse us, because in the purest human word there is sin, which will leave a stain on the life our hand touches. But the word of God is cleansing. It keeps us from sin and purifies the heart's fountains."

Another effect in this indwelling is transformation into the likeness of Christ. Every fragment of divine truth which comes to us we should instantly turn into life. Every divine word that we ponder deeply opens to us a vision of beauty or excellence, something very lovely, a little of Christ's own image; and we should at once strive to paint the vision of our own life, to realize the beauty in ourselves. The Bible is not rightly used if we do not thus try to get every word of it which we learn transmuted into life and character. To do this requires the closest vigilance over ourselves and the most loyal fidelity to divine truth.

A Difference And A Reason.

"So you've lost your pastor?"

"Yes; but he wasn't much of a pastor."

"No?"

"No; he was a preacher. I don't want a better man in the pulpit, but as for pastoral work, why, he hasn't been in my house for a year, and there's old Mrs. Jones sick for six weeks, and she's only seen him once."

"Well, it wasn't so with us. Our church was his first charge, and we never had a better pastor. He called on every family three times a year, and when mother was sick he dropped in every day or two. And he knew all the children in town."

"He might do that and not do much. You could almost count your children on fingers. We have two Sabbath schools and nearly a thousand scholars."

"Maybe that's where the difference is. We have only about thirty families, and you have three hundred."

"That's so. A preacher would find it hard work to visit three hundred families three times a year, beside dropping in on all the sick every other day."

Here ended the conversation, but the thinking went on, and the result was a visit to the late pastor and a study of his pastoral record, which, by the way, is kept with the neatness and accuracy of a bank ledger.

This shows that, while in the smaller church, which counted him a good pastor, he had made each year from one hundred and fifty to two hundred visits, in the latter church, which counted him a great preacher but a poor pastor, he had made a yearly average of over four hundred calls. The record showed also that funerals and miscellaneous addresses had increased in proportion. When the two friends met again the talk opened very bluntly:

"I wish we had our pastor back."

"I'd move right away to get an assistant. I don't see how any preacher can do all the visiting he did and have any time at all to study his sermons."

"Why, what has come over you? You didn't talk that way the other day."

"No, but I'm converted. I believe that no one shepherd can care for more than four hundred sheep. When a church has more than four hundred members it ought to colonize or get an assistant pastor."

Breaking Down.

Working for God is often painful as well as humbling. It entails suffering, and we are fitted for it by suffering. Why is this? Because the suffering brings us into closer fellowship with our Lord, who was the Man of Sorrows; because it brings us into sympathy with our brethren suffering all around us; because it humbles us. Do you know what is God's chief difficulty with us? It is not the filling us; it is the emptying us. It is not the edifying us; it is the pulling us down. And therefore it is that God's chief instrument of edification is the pickaxe. He must break us down, down, down; and whatever He gives us to do for His service, He will first of all show us that we are not able to do it.

In our armies, when a man is wounded, they take him at once out of the rank and put him in the rear to take care of him. He is not fit for the fighting till his wounds are healed.

Not so in the Lord's army. There the faint are in the heat of battle, and the wounded lead the vanguard. Look at the history of the church, and you will see that most, if not all, of those whom God has employed in a signal manner for His glory

have been, in one way or another, among the most afflicted of men, either in heart or in body—sometimes in both. Therefore do not be afraid of suffering. Do not think that suffering interferes with service. On the contrary, it helps it on. When, therefore, we offer our prayers to God, and ask Him to take us and make us, don't let us forget to put up another petition between these two, and ask Him also to break us. That is a short and comprehensive prayer. "Take me! break me! make me!" God answering that prayer can do something with us.—*Theodore Monod*.

The Spread of the Gospel in India.

One of the Methodist Episcopal missionaries from Lucknow writes encouragingly in the *Western Christian Advocate* of the gospel in India. He says: "We are having good times here in India. There never was such a time when the heathen in so great numbers were willing to receive baptism, and this, too, from the highest castes. Quite a number of Brahmins have recently come out on the Lord's side. An incident occurred recently which, to my mind, is quite indicative. In company with two of the brethren, I went to visit the old priest, who has lived for sixty-two years on the one rock, which he never leaves, save at the dead of midnight, when he goes to bathe in the sacred waters of the Ganges. This spot is one of the most revered in all India, for it is at the junction of the Jumna and Ganges rivers. As is usual, a number of pilgrims were gathered together at this spot, and a large image of the monkey god kept near at hand. We noticed the images of many of their deities scattered about the place and partly buried in the ground. Half jokingly, we offered to buy some. Much to our surprise, the priest in charge accepted the offer, but by doing so awakened the indignation of some of the pilgrims, so much so, indeed, as to terrify him somewhat; and he was about to desist from his effort to dig up the one we wanted to purchase, with the excuse that it was too firmly imbedded in the soil to be removed. Our Mohammedan driver, glad to desecrate a Hindoo god, said, 'I'll dig it up for you,' and at once seized the image and dragged it from its resting-place, and took it to our carriage, amid a storm of angry words from the Hindoos. The wonder is great that the priest would sell one of his deities—certainly a thing unheard of a few years ago. Does not this argue the weakening of this system of worship, and give a glad promise of the day when only Christ shall be known over this land of India."

Latent Talent.

No pastor, however diligent and skillful in working his church, has yet developed all its resources, any more than a mining prospector has ascertained the various crude treasures that lie beneath the surface of any country. No pastor can do a better work for the individual, the church, or the community than to diagnose the capabilities of each individual under his care and to assign work to each in accordance with the gift that is in him, and thus utilize for good every talent; keeping each department of the evangelistic work in good running trim, with such a division of labor as shall secure that each worker is in his appropriate place.—*Congregational Magazine*.

CHEER HIM.—"Give him a cheer," said one in a crowd gathered round a great conflagration, as he saw a fireman falter for a moment at the final effort that was needed to save a life. "Give him a cheer!" and as the admired huzzas was raised, the heart of the brave hero gathered new courage, so that he succeeded in his noble endeavor. Just in the same way the applause of a sympathetic and responsive audience bears up the speaker as the water does the ship that rides upon the waves. There is a constant action and reaction between the orator and his hearers. As Mr. Gladstone once put it, "He gets from them in vapor that which he gives to them in flood," and when they have got it they return it to him with interest. Thus, between them, they zig-zag up the mountain pathway until they reach the summit, whereon are conviction, decision and enthusiasm.—*New Princeton Review*.

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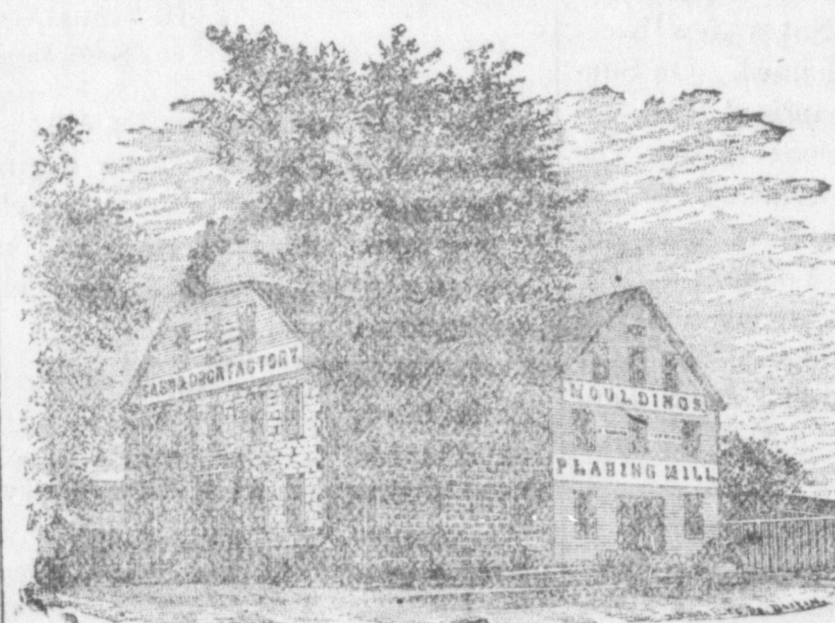
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