

## My Refuge.

Ps. civ. 17, 18.  
To the rock flies the coney,  
The stork to her nest,  
When tempests are gathering  
And black is the west;  
So swift, by life's trials  
O'erwhelmed and oppressed,  
I fly to my refuge,  
Jehovah my rest!

The nest, whither speedeth  
The storm-beaten bird,  
Aloft, on the fir-top  
By tempests is stirred:  
But the nest of my refuge  
No storm-wind can smite;  
'Tis the breast of Jehovah;  
I'm safe from affright.

The rock where the coney  
Securely may hide  
Is set in the mountain's  
Cold, pitiless side;  
But the rock of my safety,  
The home of my quest,  
'Tis the heart of my Saviour;  
How warm and how blest!

Then blow, thou wild tempest,  
I fear not thy might;  
Though blackly thou lowerest,  
My prospect is bright:  
Jehovah, my Saviour,  
I fly to thy breast;  
Dear rock of my refuge!  
Dear sheltering nest!

—Gospel Age.

## Labrador.

About the year 1741, not very long after Zinzendorf's visit, a Dutch vessel touched at St. Thomas, having on board a German sailor called John Christian Erhardt. This man came into contact with the quick religious life which then prevailed on the island, and was converted. Some years later he was in Greenland, and was greatly struck by the work carried on there among the Eskimos by the Moravian missionaries. With such proofs before him as he had seen near the Pole and near the Equator, it did not seem to him that any place could resist the influence of the gospel; and finding on the coast of Labrador a most miserable race of people, he became fired with the longing to do something for them. His thoughts on the subject were communicated to the Moravian bishop, and after a time a mission was planned. It did not at first prove successful, and Erhardt himself was murdered by the people whom he came to bless. But we know how determined the Moravians were when they undertook any work. In the face of many discouragements and early disasters they persevered, and now their mission in Labrador is one of the most famous in the world.

Labrador is a great tongue of land, about twice the size of the British Islands, which stretches up into the Atlantic from the north-east end of North America. It lies over against Greenland, and helps to form Hudson Bay. Its interior has only been partially explored, but it appears to be a region of bare hills covered with granite boulders, with plains of moss intervening, and towards the south forests of stunted pine and birch. It has no fruit-trees, and its most favoured spots are made almost incapable of any cultivation by the ice and snow.

The country is said to be colder than lower Greenland itself. At Hopevale, one of the Moravian stations, the thermometer has gone down to seventy degrees below freezing point. Sometimes snow falls to the depth of seventeen feet, the houses being completely covered by it. As the cold season advances the frost penetrates deeper and deeper into everything, and rocks often split with a loud report.

But the inhabitants were even less attractive to begin with than the country. They were Eskimos, but they were more degraded than those of the same race in Greenland. They had the same look, indeed, as they had; they dressed similarly; they lived in the same kind of houses; and they were as filthy and offensive in their habits; but they were less simple-minded than the Greenlanders, and had much more self-conceit.

It may sound strange that so sunken a race should be self-conceited; but this is the fact, and the fact illustrates in a curious way how natural is the spirit of self-righteousness.

A missionary was once speaking to some of them of human depravity; but they repudiated the doctrine. It might apply to foreigners, but it did not to them. They were told of some Greenlanders who had been washed in the blood of the Lamb; but instead of being touched by the story, they said that those men must have been very vile to stand in need of such a process. To a missionary who was discoursing one day on the great love of Christ in dying for sinners, a young Eskimo replied that it was not wonderful God loved him, for that he had never killed one European.

Not a promising field that, you will admit, by any means. But these

good men did not weary in well-doing. Having put their hand to the plough, they did not turn back because things did not all at once turn out as they wished. They continued to labor and pray and wait; and such results followed as have furnished materials for encouragement to many a weary missionary since in all parts of the world.

Here, for example, are two instances of the omnipotent power of God's grace in the gospel.

In the history of the Church occur every now and again stories of conversion so extraordinary that they encourage us to hope for the worst. Such were the conversions of Manasseh, of St. Paul, of Africaner.

A change as notable in its way took place in Labrador.

There was a man there, called Sagsigak, who was the terror of the neighborhood in which he lived. He had wallowed in every kind of abomination, had committed the most atrocious crimes, and had grown gray in Satan's service. But the grace of God touched his heart, and he who had been a monster of wickedness became a saint. The raging savage grew to be as gentle as a lamb.

The other case was still more remarkable.

When a missionary was one day preaching from the words, "The Son of man came to seek and to save the lost," the arrow shot at venture pierced the heart of a woman—a wretched creature, so degraded, so sunk in vice, so utterly abandoned as to be shunned even by her own not very elevated countrywomen. A great hope rose in her heart. Might not even she be saved? She came to the missionary and said, "I am the very worst of all; but you said he came to seek and save the lost. Will He not perhaps save even me?" She was welcomed to the Saviour. She became visibly a new creature. And when afterwards she spoke of her experience she told that she felt in her soul a joy so singular that she could not keep from weeping.

The story reminds us of the incident in Whitefield's life, when he proclaimed that Christ would receive even the devil's outcasts, and was taken at his word by a poor lost woman, who came to ask if there was really mercy for such as her.

A wonderful change has now been wrought on the very appearance of the country. The dwellings of the people are improved, so is their dress, and schools and churches rise in all the stations.

People like them who know what heathenism is, and what the gospel has made them, are not among the number of those who are indifferent to missions.

There are thousands among the members of the Scottish Christian Churches who are at this day refusing to contribute one penny a year for the conversion of the world to Christ. Just let us think, all of us, what is the case with ourselves. Let memory recall what we have been doing in this connection. Do you, reader, recollect precisely what you have done for the heathen? Was it a penny you gave, or more; or was it—nothing?

In any case, the people of Labrador and Greenland are not in this respect so inconsiderate. They have no money, but such as they have they give—the furs of foxes, the flesh of seals, or anything that can bring an equivalent in money. And they do so on this principle, "We are indeed poor, but we are anxious that others as well as ourselves shall receive the gospel, which has been so sweet to our souls."

A number of years ago a boat belonging to the Hudson Bay Company was driven ashore on the coast of Labrador near one of the Moravian stations. The crew expected nothing but to be murdered by the natives, of whom they had conceived the worst opinion; but to their surprise, they were rescued by the people, conveyed to a comfortable house, where they were taken care of, and where they heard women singing Christian hymns at their work. And when they were able to go, they were sent away rejoicing.

These men could never afterwards speak of their venture without tears. It was no question with them, the question of the advantage of Christian missions.

The story recalls another, the scene of which was laid in the South Seas.

A new England whale-ship was wrecked on an island which one of the crew recognized as a place where he had seen some of his companions in another ship, on a former voyage, destroyed by cannibals. They were now helpless, however, and one of their number crept tremblingly to the brow of a neighbouring hill to take a survey of the situation, expecting nothing, however, in the long run but a cruel death. But what was the surprise of those left behind to see their look-out man, who had stolen cautiously up the

hill, start up to his feet when he reached the top, and waving his hat round his head, give a loud "Hurrah!"

What was it that thus turned his fear into confidence, and made him shout as his companions drew nearer him. "Safe! safe! safe!" It was because he had caught sight of a Christian church rising peacefully from out of the midst of a clump of native huts.

The missionary had been before them; the power of the gospel had been displayed; and the rough sailors knew that there was security under the shadow of the Cross.—F. C. Record.

## "Make It So Plain That I Can Get Hold Of It."

On the sixteenth day after the battle of Gettysburg, I entered the room where a young wounded Colonel was apparently near to death. As I entered he was roused from his stupor, and beckoned me to his bedside, and threw his feeble arms around my neck.

"O my father, how glad I am to see you. I was afraid you would not come till it was too late. I am too feeble to say much, though I have a great many things to say to you; you must do all the talking. Tell me all about dear mother and sister."

I soon perceived by the appearance of those in the house that there was no hope entertained of his recovery. But as I could no longer endure the agony of suspense, I at last inquired of the doctor, "Doctor, how long do you think he can live?"

"Not more than four days. He may drop away at any hour."

"Have you, or has any one, told him of his real condition?"

"No. We have left that painful duty for you to do, as we have been expecting your arrival for several days."

As I entered the room with the dreaded message of death pressing on my heart, the eyes of my son fastened on me.

"Come, sit by my side, father. Have you been talking with the doctor about me?"

"Yes."

"What did he tell you? Does he think I shall recover?"

There was a painful hesitation for a moment.

"Don't be afraid to tell me just what he said."

"He told me you must die."

"How long does he think I can live?"

"Not to exceed four days, and that you may drop away any hour."

With great agitation he exclaimed,

"Father, is that so? Then I must die! I cannot, I must not die! O I am not prepared to die now. Do tell me how I can get ready. Make it so plain that I can get hold of it. Tell me, in a few words, if you can, so that I can see it plainly. I know you can, father, for I used to hear you explain it to others."

"Twas no time now for tears, but for calmness and light, by which to lead the soul to Christ, and both were given."

"My son I see you are afraid to die."

"Yes, I am."

"Well, I suppose you feel guilty?"

"Yes, that is it. I have been a wicked young man. You know how it is in the army."

"You want to be forgiven, don't you?"

"O yes, that is what I want. Can I be, father?"

"Certainly."

"Can I know it before I die?"

"Certainly."

"Well, now, father, make it so plain that I can get hold of it."

At once an incident that occurred during the school days of my son came to my mind. I had not thought of it before for several years. Now it came back to me, fresh with its interest, and just what was wanted to guide the agitated heart of this young inquirer to Jesus.

"Do you remember while at school in—your home one day, and I having occasion to rebuke you, you became very angry, and abused me with harsh language?"

"Yes, father, I was thinking it all over a few days ago, as I thought of your coming to see me, and felt so badly about it that I wanted to see you, and once more ask you to forgive me."

"Do you remember how, after the paroxysm of your anger had subsided, you came in and threw your arms around my neck, and said 'My dear father, I am sorry I abused you so. It was not your loving son that did it. I was very angry. Won't you forgive me!'"

"Yes, I remember it very distinctly."

"Do you remember what I said to you as you wept on my neck?"

"Very well. You said 'I forgive you with all my heart,' and kissed me. I shall never forget those words."

"Did you believe me?"

"Certainly. I never doubted your words."

"Did you then feel happy again?"

"Yes, perfectly; and since that time I have always loved you more than ever before. I shall never forget how it relieved me when you looked upon me so kindly, and said 'I forgive you with all my heart.'"

"Well, now, this is just the way to come to Jesus. Tell Him 'I am so sorry,' just as you told me, and ten thousand times quicker than a father's love forgave you, will He forgive you. He says He will: Then you must take His word for it, just as you did mine."

"Why, father, is this the way to become a Christian?"

"I don't know of any other."

"Why, father, I can get hold of this. I am so glad you have come to tell me how."

He turned his head upon his pillow for rest. I sank into my chair and wept freely, for my heart could no longer suppress its emotions. I had done my work, and committed the case to Christ. He, too, I was soon assured, had done His. The broken heart had made its confession, had heard what it had longed for, 'I forgive you,' and believed it.

I soon felt the nervous hand on my head, and heard the word 'father' in such a tone of tenderness and joy, that I knew the change had come.

"Father, my dear father, I don't want you to weep any more, you need not. I am perfectly happy now. Jesus has forgiven me. I know He has, for He says so, and I take His word for it, just as I did yours."

The doctor soon came in, and found him cheerful and happy, looked at him, felt his pulse, which he had been watching with intense anxiety, and said,

"Why, Colonel, you look better."

"I am better, Doctor. I am going to get well. My father has told me how to become a Christian, and I am very happy. I believe I shall recover, for God has heard my prayer. Doctor, I want you should become a Christian, too. My father can tell you how to get hold of it."

The Colonel still lives, a member of the Church of Christ.

I was made a better man, and better minister by that scene, where this dear son, struggling with his guilt and fear of death, was led to Jesus, and found the pardon of his sins. I there resolved never to forget that charge he made to me in his extremity. 'Make it so plain that I can get hold of it.'—Evangelist.

## A Woman's Worth.

In thinking how Christ weighs one soul against the "whole world," I think how great is the work of a Christian mother, who first saves her own soul, leads and keeps her husband in the service of Christ, trains her children as Christian workers, and has her home exert a Christian influence.

Such a mother is a sun in the centre of a system of souls, shedding light upon each one, and with a wonderful power of spiritual gravitation attracting them first toward herself, then toward Christ. Often when taken home with Christ her power of attraction is even greater, and her children duplicate her work. I believe many a consecrated mother who fears she is doing very little, will in the "grand review" see whole regiments of saved souls (many coming from generations not born at her death) marching victoriously into eternal life because of her consecrated influence and example. I am thrilled with delight as I think how Christianity's consecrated mothers shall "shine as the brightness of the firmament," as the "stars forever and ever."

Most of us men who are working with Christ are doing so because our sisters, mothers or wives first found Jesus and told him we were dead in sin. They brought Jesus to our graves, and wept with him there until he said to us, "Come forth," and we were resurrected from a death of sin to a life of righteousness through their telling Jesus. Some people say, when a girl or woman is converted, "Oh, it is only a woman!" Yes, but her soul is worth more than the "whole world," and who knows how many resurrections from a death of sin to a life of righteousness there will be because of her prayers. Christian girls and women, keep on telling Jesus where your brothers are dead and buried in sin! When Mary and Martha sent word to Jesus about their brother, Jesus waited until, humanly speaking, there was no hope. But he came, and Lazarus lived. Keep on telling Jesus even if your brothers are dead and buried in sin! Keep on until Jesus says, "Thy brother shall rise again." It was the Marys who first found the resurrected Jesus, and told the news to their discouraged brothers, the disciples.

Just "as it was in the beginning, is now," so it "ever shall be" that one of the greatest powers in the hastening of the fulfilment of the prophecy

of "the earth filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord," shall be women finding and knowing Jesus, and then telling Jesus about their brothers, and their brothers about Jesus.—N. W. Advocate.

## RANDOM READINGS.

As worldly joy ends in sorrow, so godly sorrow ends in joy.

As you learn, teach; as you get, give; as you receive, distribute.—Spurgeon.

A Christian's birth is like the Red Sea, that brings him into the wilderness; his death is like Jordan, that brings him into Canaan.

As lamps fed with sweet oil cast a sweeter smell when they are put out, so after death the memory of the righteous is precious.

A wicked man is like one who hangs over a deep pit with a slender cord in one hand, and is cutting it with the other.

Christians' hearts are as iron. If they once be made hot with the love of God, they will more easily be joined in love one to another.

The casting down of our spirits in true humility is but like throwing a ball on the ground, which makes it rebound the higher toward heaven.

As rivers and fountains proceed from the sea, and return thither again, so true grace in the heart, as a fountain, sends forth all its streams toward God—the ocean whence it flowed.

The sins of a good man are like weeds in a garden, which may hinder the growth of fruits and flowers, but (not permitted to get head) can not kill them.

As snow is of itself cold, yet warms and refreshes the earth, so afflictions, though in themselves grievous, yet keep the soul of the Christian warm and make it fruitful.

Our hearts are like instruments of music well tuned. They will make no melody in the ear of God unless they be gently touched by the finger of the Spirit.

Christians are like perfumes—the more they are pressed, the sweeter they smell; like stars that shine brightest in the dark; like trees—the more they are shaken, the deeper root they take and more fruit they bear.

As it is not a gown that makes a scholar, but the inward habits of the mind, so it is not putting on an outward cloak of profession that makes a Christian, but the inward grace of the heart.

A zealous soul without meekness is like a ship in a storm, in danger of wrecks. A meek soul without zeal is like a ship in a calm, that moves not so fast to its harbor as it ought.

As every shred of gold is precious, so is every minute of time. Many a man shifts his sins as men do their clothes—they put off one to put on another. This is but waiting upon the devil in a new livery.

We are in hot haste to set the world right and to order all affairs; the Lord hath the leisure of conscious power and unerring wisdom, and it will be well for us to learn to wait.—C. H. Spurgeon.

John Mason, an English Puritan divine of the seventeenth century, like many of his contemporaries, was not only mighty in the pulpit, but with the pen. His writings are a rich mine of spiritual thought and experience. The following are some gems from his works:

MAKE IT RIGHT.—There are few persons who are not conscious of having wronged their fellow-men. They may dispute it, or deny it; but they know that it is true, nevertheless. The question then arises. What should be done? There are many who know the wrong, but will not admit it; there are others still who both know and admit the wrong-doing, but who take no steps toward repairing the mischief they have wrought, or undoing the wrong which they have done.

Strictly speaking, the wrong act done can never be undone; the wrong word said can not be unsaid; but no man who has been guilty of wrong should rest satisfied until he has done his utmost to make suitable reparation.

If he has wronged his neighbour pecuniarily, let him make restitution, not in scrippled and scanty measure, but liberally, heartily and ungrudgingly. Let him restore fourfold. If he has said wrong things, let him promptly and openly recall them. Let his apologies be as distinct and hearty as his accusations have been. Let him in a manly and Christian way, so far as in him lies, remove all occasion of grievance. Let him see to it that the false impressions he has given be corrected, that the slanderous which he has uttered be recalled. Thus, and thus only, can he win back the love he has forfeited, and hope to receive the blessing of the Lord whom he has offended.

## A Creaking Hinge

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Ayer's Sarsaparilla has effected, in our city, many most remarkable cures, a number of which baffled the efforts of the most experienced physicians. Were it necessary, I could give the names of many individuals who have been cured by taking this medicine. In my own case it has certainly worked wonders, relieving me of

## Rheumatism,

after being troubled with it for years. In this, and all other diseases arising from impure blood, there is no remedy with which I am acquainted, that affords such relief as Ayer's Sarsaparilla.—B. H. Lawrence, M. D., Baltimore, Md.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured me of Gout and Rheumatism, when nothing else would. It has eradicated every trace of disease from my system.—R. H. Short, Manager Hotel Belmont, Lowell, Mass.

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